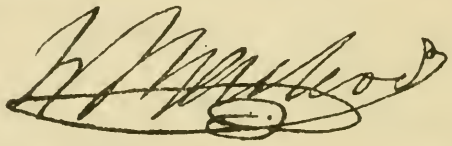
Milton Lockhart,
Carluke, N.B.

10 Sept. 64

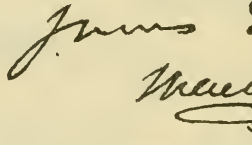
Mr. Murray

Did I ever reply to your note requesting autographs?
I believe not.
The reason is that I never have studying over how to write a telling, graphic, remarkable signature. I have utterly failed - but for it is I vary my signature with my correspondents.
When I write my wife or brother it is in this wise

When I write my children I
is D. N.B. Macleod
Singularly clear & unattractive!
I commend them & am
ever affectionate - Ever
as -



I Abraham Lincoln I
never give name them



I Am Dear Sir Yours
Jesus and Cook
& Bowing
Letter with Canterbury -

When I write a gentleman
like yourself I always
endeavour myself as
finer penthusel I can

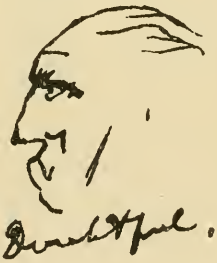
Yours

Believe I am a miserable
fool, knitting opinions.

I my brothers Herbert
I are Yours - make us

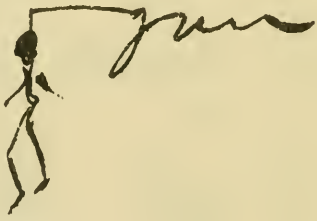
Melancholy Lemon Impossible Intolerable.

Obstinate



Dreadful.

How came that invitation
to turn up in my bag with
200 other letters, when am
ex and I any I should return
from lunch to dinner
to reply to him? Such
a nicety! When I am
here I received
this evidence of my
remembrance of him
from it on I smile.



MEMOIR OF
NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

MINISTER OF BARONY PARISH, GLASGOW;
ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS;
DEAN OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL;
DEAN OF THE MOST ANCIENT AND MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE THISTLE.

BY HIS BROTHER THE

REV. DONALD MACLEOD, B.A.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS, EDITOR OF "GOOD WORDS," ETC.

TWO VOLUMES.—II.

NEW YORK:
SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG & CO.
1876.

"Perish 'policy' and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
'Trust in God and do the right.'

"Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
'Trust in God and do the right.'"

"So long as I have a good conscience towards God, and have His sun to shine on me, and can hear the birds singing, I can walk across the earth with a joyful and free heart. Let them call me 'broad.' I desire to be broad as the charity of Almighty God, who maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good: who hateth no man, and who loveth the poorest Hindoo more than all their committees or all their Churches. But while I long for that breadth of charity, I desire to be narrow—narrow as God's righteousness, which as a sharp sword can separate between eternal right and eternal wrong."—*From his last Speech.*

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CHAPTER XIII.

1851—1856.

NORMAN MACLEOD was inducted minister of the Barony parish, Glasgow, in July, 1851; and on the 11th of August in the same year was married to Catherine Ann Mackintosh, daughter of the late William Mackintosh, Esq., of Geddes, and sister of his dearest friend, John Mackintosh.

He first lived in Woodlands Terrace, then at the western extremity of the city. The house stood high, and commanded a wide prospect from its upper windows. The valley of the Clyde lay in front, and over the intervening roofs and chimney-stacks his eye rested with delight on the taper masts of ships crowded along the quays. Farther away, and beyond the smoke of the city, rose the range of the Cathkin Hills, and Hurlet Neb, and the 'Braes of Gleniffer,' their slopes flecked by sun and shadow. From the back windows there was a glorious view of the familiar steeps of Campsie Fell. The glow of sunrise or of sunset on these steeps was such a delight to him that often, when he had guests, he made them follow him up-stairs, to share his own enjoyment of the scene.

The stir and bustle of the commercial capital of

Scotland were thoroughly congenial to him. He loved Glasgow, and rejoiced in the practical sense, the enterprise, and generosity which characterised its kindly citizens. The very noise of its busy streets was pleasant to his ears. His friends remember how he used to describe himself sitting in his study, in the quiet of the winter morning, and knowing that six o'clock had struck by hearing, far down below him in the Valley of the Clyde, the *thud* of a great steam-hammer, to which a thousand hammers, ringing on a thousand anvils, at once replied, telling that the city had awakened to another day of labour.

It was his habit to rise very early, and, after giving the first hours to devotion, he wrote or studied till breakfast time. The forenoon was chiefly employed receiving persons calling on business of every conceivable description, and the afternoon was occupied with parochial visitation, and other public duties. When it was possible, he reserved an hour during the evening for the enjoyment of music or for reading aloud. Every Saturday he took the only walk of the week which had no object but enjoyment. The first part of this walk usually brought him to John Macleod Campbell's house, which was two miles out of town, and, with him as his companion, it was continued into the country. But in whatever direction he went the day seldom ended without his visiting the Broomielaw, where, for a while, he would wander with delight among the ships and sailors, criticising hulls and rigging, and looking with boyish wonder at the strange cargoes that were being discharged from the foreign traders.

Few contrasts can be greater than that presented to the stranger, who, after gazing at the hoary magnificence of Glasgow Cathedral—the very embodiment of the spirit of reverence and worship—looks across the street at the plain square pile of the Barony Church. Yet, any one who knows the work with the recollection of which that unpretending edifice is associated, will be disposed to pardon its ugliness in consideration of a certain sacred interest clinging to its walls. When he was inducted to the Barony, Norman Macleod at once recognised his position as minister, not only of the congregation which worshipped there, but of the enormous parish (embracing at that time 87,000 souls, and rapidly increasing) of which this was the Parish Church. There were of course many other churches in the parish; it contained the usual proportion of dissenting congregations, in addition to some chapels connected with the Church of Scotland. These, nevertheless, were not only inadequate to the requirements of the population, but were unequally distributed, so that many densely-inhabited districts were left unprovided with either Church or School. There were also, at a depth reached by no agency then existing, those 'lapsed classes' which form in all large cities the mighty problem of Christian philanthropy.

Every Sunday he preached to crowds that filled every seat and passage; yet by far the greater proportion of those actually connected with his church were not rich. They gave him, however, from the first, such hearty support in the furtherance of all his measures for the good of the parish at large, that, in

spite of its comparative poverty, few, if any, of the congregations in the Church accomplished so much.

The Barony afforded a noble field for the development of his convictions as to the duties of the Christian congregation in reference to the manifold wants of society. When he entered on his new charge his mind was full of the subject, and he gave emphatic utterance, both in speeches and in magazine articles, to the views he was about to carry into practical effect:—

"A Christian congregation is a body of Christians who are associated not merely to receive instruction from a minister, or to unite in public worship, but also 'to consider one another, and to provoke to love and good works,' and as a society to do 'good unto all as they have opportunity.'

". . . It is a body. Its members are parts of an organized whole. The Lord's supper is the grand symbol of this unity. Other ends are unquestionably intended to be accomplished by this ordinance, but it is certainly designed to express this idea of unity. . . .

"We are profoundly convinced that,—apart from, or in addition to, the immense power of the Christian life operating in and through individuals, and innumerable separate and isolated channels,—the society of the Christian Church acting through its distinct organizations or congregations, like an army acting through its different regiments, is the grand social system which Christ has ordained, not only for the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints, but also for advancing all that pertains to the well-being of humanity. We hold that the Christian congregation, if constructed and worked according to the intention of its designer, contains in itself individually, or in conjunction with other congregations, material, moral, intellectual, active, and social forces which, when wisely applied to God's work on earth, are the best and most efficient means for doing it.

". . . But is this possible in a condition of society

constituted as ours now is? Is the conception not a fond imagination, or, if attempted to be carried out, would it not lead to such extravagances and fanatical disorders, as from time to time have characterised minor sects which, in seeking to be perfect Churches, have sunk down to be perfect nuisances? It may be said, only look at the elements you have to work upon! Look at that farmer, or this shopkeeper. Study that servant, or this master. Enter the houses of those parishioners, from the labourer to the laird. Is there the intelligence, the principle, the common sense—any one element which would combine those members into a body for any high or holy end? They love one another! They help to convert the world! Would it were so—but it is impracticable!"

To these difficulties he replied by indicating what, at all events, must be recognised as the will of Christ, in reference to Christian duty; and then showed how much latent power there is in every congregation which only requires sufficient occasion for its display:—

"Grace Darling, had she been known only as a sitter or a pewholder in a congregation, might have been deemed unfit for any work requiring courage or self-sacrifice. But these noble qualities were all the while *there*. In like manner we have seen among our working classes, a man excited by some religious enthusiast or fanatical Mormonite, who, all at once seemed inspired by new powers, braved the sneers of companions, consented to be dipped in the next river, turned his small stock of knowledge into immediate use, exhorted, warned, proselytised among his neighbours—giving, in short, token of a force lying hid in one who once seemed unfit for anything but to work on week-days and to sleep on Sabbath-days. Does not the Hindu Fakir, who swings from a hook fixed in the muscles of his back, and every popish devotee who braves the opinion of society by going with bare feet and in a comical dress,-demonstrate what a man can and will do if you can

only touch the mainspring of his being? It is thus that there are in every congregation men and women who have in them great powers of some kind, which have been given them by God, and which, though lying dormant, are capable of being brought out by fitting causes. Nay, every man is enriched with some talent or gift, *if we could only discover it*, which, if educated and properly directed, is capable of enriching others."

The Church demanded the discovery of these gifts, the personal influence of living Christians being the only agency sufficient to meet the evils of society.

"We want living men! Not their books or their money only, but themselves. The poor and needy ones who, in this great turmoil of life, have found no helper among their fellows—the wicked and outcast, whose hand is against every man's, because they have found, by dire experience of the world's intense selfishness, that every man's hand is against them—the prodigal and broken-hearted children of the human family, who have the bitterest thoughts of God and man, if they have any thoughts at all beyond their busy contrivances how to live and indulge their craving passions—all these by the mesmerism of the heart, and by the light of that great witness, conscience, which God in mercy leaves as a light from heaven in the most abject dwelling of earth, can to some extent read the living epistle of a renewed soul, written in the divine characters of the Holy Spirit! They can see and feel, as they never did anything else in this world, the love which calmly shines in that eye, telling of inward light, and peace possessed, and of a place of rest found and enjoyed by the weary heart! They can understand and appreciate the utter unselfishness—to them a thing hitherto hardly dreamt of—which prompted this visit from a home of comfort and refinement to an unknown abode of squalor or disease, and which expresses itself in those kind words and tender greetings that accompany their ministrations."

But even where there are the desire and the ability to engage in such a work, a wise organization is required to make them effective.

". . . There is not found in general that wise and authoritative congregational or church direction and government, which could at least suggest, if not assign, fitting work to each member, and a fitting member for each work. Hence little comparatively is accomplished. The most willing church member gazes over a great city, and asks in despair, 'What am *I* to do here?' And what would the bravest soldiers accomplish in the day of battle, if they asked the same question in vain? What would a thousand of our best workmen do in a large factory, if they entered it with willing hands, yet having no place or work assigned to them?" *

". . . The common idea at present is that the whole function of the Church is to teach and preach the gospel; while it is left to other organizations, infidel ones they may be, to meet all the other varied wants of our suffering people. And what is this but virtually to say to them, the Church of Christ has nothing to do as a society with your bodies, only with your souls, and that, too, but in the way of teaching? Let infidels, then, give you better houses or better clothing, and seek to gratify your tastes and improve your social state;—with all this, and a thousand other things needful for you as men, we have nothing to do. What is this, too, but to give these men the impression that Christ gives them truth merely on Sabbath through ministers, but that He has nothing to do with what is given them every day of the week through other channels? Whereas the Christian congregation or society ought not to consider as foreign to itself any one thing which its loving Head Jesus Christ gives to bless and dignify man, and desires man to use and enjoy. We must not separate ourselves from any important interest of our brethren of mankind, calling the one class of blessings

* Extracted from articles on "What is a Christian Congregation?" in *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* for 1852.

spiritual, and accepting these as the special trust of the Christian Church, and calling another class temporal, and recognising them as a trust for society given to the unbelievers. In so doing we give Satan the advantage over us. Let congregations take cognizance of the whole man and his various earthly relationships, let them seek to enrich him with all Christ gave him, let them endeavour to meet all his wants as an active, social, intellectual, sentient, as well as spiritual being, so that man shall know through the ministrations of the body, the Church, how its living Head gives them all things richly to enjoy! Every year seems to me to demand this more and more from the Christian Church. I see no way of meeting Socialism but this. I see no efficient way of meeting Popery but this. Organization is one stronghold of Romanism, and self-sacrifice for the sake of the Church is another. Protestantism cannot meet either by dogma merely, it must meet both by organization and government with Christian liberty, and above all by life."*

These views form the key to the general plan of his work in the Barony.

After having personally visited the different families under his immediate charge, he commenced to organize his agencies, with the determination to make the congregation the centre from which he was to work the parish. He first formed a large kirk-session of elders and deacons,† and at once gave the Court, over which

* Speech delivered at public meeting for Church Endowment in the City Hall, Glasgow, January, 1852.

† In the Presbyterian Church the congregation is governed by a court consisting of the clergyman and a certain number of the laity, who are ordained as 'elders.' Norman Macleod was one of the first in the Church of Scotland to revive the office of deacon, whose duties chiefly refer to charitable, financial, and other business arrangements. Elders and deacons act together in all matters except those purely spiritual, worship and discipline. With these the elders and minister are alone legally competent to deal. The Kirk-Sessions of the Established Church are recognised 'Courts,' with a legal jurisdiction, and are amenable only to the Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly.

he presided officially, direct control over all the agencies he intended to employ. However numerous might be the various 'workers,' male and female, who took an active part in missionary labour, all of them were under the direction and superintendence of the kirk-session. Even the names of those whose children were to be baptized, were regularly submitted to this body. In this manner he not only called forth the talents and energy of individuals, but so organized their work, under the constitutional government of the Church, that it went on smoothly and efficiently, even when he was himself obliged to be absent for a considerable period. He believed that the Presbyterian system, if duly administered, was admirably fitted for maintaining the union of individual energy with efficiency of government, and his experience amply confirmed his convictions.

One leading feature in his plan of operation was the establishment of district meetings with his people. For this end, the congregation was divided into twelve districts, according to their place of residence, to each of which one or more elders, with a proportionate number of deacons, were appointed. He held a meeting once a year in each of these districts, which all the families connected with his congregation, residing within it, were expected to attend. The minister, accompanied by the elders and deacons of the district, had thus an opportunity of meeting old and young in an informal and friendly manner. Kindly greetings were exchanged, explanations made as to congregational work, and pastoral advice given

on practical matters. The communicants in this way not only enjoyed personal intercourse with the office-bearers of the church, but became better acquainted with one another, and felt that the bonds of Christian fellowship were proportionately strengthened. This method of working became peculiarly useful when his increasing public duties made it impossible for him to visit separate households regularly.

The work of the congregation, as it was superintended by the kirk-session, was—(1) parochial; and (2) non-parochial.

1. The parochial objects included not only missionary operations dealing directly with the spiritual interests of the people, but also efforts for their educational and social improvement.

(i.) *The educational requirements* of his large parish gave him much labour and anxiety. For, although there were several day-schools supported by his kirk-session, and managed by a committee of their number, who visited them monthly and reported on their condition, yet there were districts where school accommodation had to be provided, and it fell to him to 'beg' from his wealthier fellow citizens the greater proportion of the funds required for this purpose. The toil which this imposed was great, and the task irksome. Nevertheless, during the first ten years of his incumbency, school accommodation was in this manner provided for two thousand scholars. He attempted besides, on fixed days of each month, to visit the day and evening schools, and examine, encourage, and advise the pupils.

As he came more in contact with the working classes,

he saw the need of still another educational agency. Evening classes were opened for adults, at which the interesting spectacle was presented of grown-up men and women (many of them married) patiently toiling at different standards, from the alphabet upwards. Schools of a similar nature had been attempted before, but had failed from insufficient care being taken in the appointment of teachers. He attributed the success of his schools to the fact that they were under certificated Government teachers. At one of these schools, there were sometimes two hundred and twenty grown-up men and women.

From seven to twelve Sabbath-schools, with sometimes as many as fourteen hundred scholars, were organized into a single society under the care of the session. With these schools the minister kept himself always well acquainted, and as frequently as possible gave expository lectures to the teachers, on the lessons. He also taught on Sunday, for several winters, a class numbering about one hundred, consisting of the children of members of his congregation.

(ii.) *For the social improvement of the parish* he founded the first Congregational Penny Savings' Bank in Glasgow, and established in one of the busiest centres of labour a Refreshment-room, where working men could get cheap and well-cooked food, and enjoy a comfortable reading-room at their meal-hours, instead of being obliged to have recourse to the public-house. The success which attended these endeavours led to the establishment of similar institutions on a larger scale throughout the city. In the

later years of his ministry, he also organized various methods of affording amusement and social recreation to the people connected with his missions.

(iii.) *The direct missionary and Church extension work of the parish* was continually enlarging, and at the same time changing ground. When he first came to the parish four chapels were without ministers or congregations. These chapels had been retained by the Free Church for several years, and it now fell to him and to his session to assist in procuring ministers for them, and to foster the congregations that were being formed. In other places, where a new population was rising, churches had to be built. In this way, as a sequel to the work of reorganizing chapels, six new churches were erected in his parish during his ministry, and in respect to most of these he had to bear a large share of the burden of collecting funds. While this work of church extension was going forward, his mission staff for overtaking destitute localities increased in ten years from one lay missionary, employed in 1852, to five missionaries (lay and clerical), with three Bible-women and a colporteur, all of whom were superintended by him and his session.

There were other parochial agencies, such as the Young Men's Association, Clothing Society, &c., which need not be particularly noticed.

2. His *extra-parochial plans* had reference chiefly to the raising of money for the missionary work of the Church of Scotland. Here also organization, and the intelligent interest in mission work at home and abroad, created by his continually affording informa-

tion to his people on that subject, bore remarkable fruit. For although, as has been stated, his congregation was not rich, yet there was scarcely another in the Church which contributed as much for missions as the Barony did, and he was accustomed to refer with gratification to the fact that the amount, large as it was, was made up chiefly of very small sums.

In order to maintain congregational life, and to promote a sense of brotherly unity, the kirk-session issued at short intervals Reports of their proceedings, and a social festival of the congregation was occasionally held, at which these reports were read, and kindly and instructive addresses delivered.

In this manner he carried out his ideas of the Christian congregation as a society united for work. And it was only by such careful organization, and by the development of the latent force of the membership of the Church, that he could have overtaken the labour which was crowded into the twenty years of his incumbency in the Barony.

The work here described, together with the study requisite for the pulpit—he had always two, frequently three services to conduct every Sunday—might well have taxed the energies of any man. Yet, during the years comprised in this chapter, he was able, in addition, to edit *The Christian Magazine*, and to contribute many articles to its pages; to write, under the title of 'The Earnest Student,' a Memoir of his brother-in-law, John Mackintosh; to publish the 'Home School' and 'Deborah,' and to take an active part in the public and missionary business of the Church. It was no wonder that the pressure of such

labour tried his strength to the utmost, or that in spite of his marvellous *physique*, he continually suffered from ailments which the world, seeing only his unfailing geniality, could not have suspected. His irrepressible humour and self-forgetfulness concealed from the eyes of strangers the burthen he was often bearing, alike of mental anxiety and of bodily pain.

From his JOURNAL:—

"*June* 3, 1852.—"What a year of mercies and of loving providences has this last one of my life been! I have come to a new parish—having the best living in Scotland (for which I feel deeply grateful!); a glorious field of labour. I have married, and have had a dear child born to me.

"I have as yet done little—I have done nothing, that the great world can ever hear of, or if they did, care for. As far as fame is concerned, I am but one of many millions equally eminent on earth, and equally unknown. But I am thinking of what I have done God-ward—of what He knows—of what will last in eternity; and when I consider what I might have done (therefore ought to have done, and therefore am very guilty in not having done), had I been daily earnest in prayer; had I been daily diligent and laborious in mastering those details in the Christian character which can alone insure success in the end: had I been watchful of my heart, careful in forming habits, conscientious in using my influence, saving of my time for reading, and improving my mind, and becoming a better scholar and a more learned man; had I laboured to make every sermon the best possible —what could I have done by the blessing of God on all! But I have been *frittering* my time. There has been a want of concentrated effort; a thousand little things connected with everything have scattered my strength. I have been deplorably slothful, and above all

procrastinating. This has been a frightful incubus upon my life—not doing in the hour the work which should have been done. There is no habit the want of which I have felt more than that of proposing a worthy end, whether of study or some plan of Christian benevolence, and working wisely and *doggedly* up to it for years. I am too impatient and eager to grasp the end which I vividly realise in my mind, but cannot bear to attain by a long, fagging attention to the dry, prosaic details which, by the wise decree of God, are the essential steps of ascent to the summit. But by the grace of God I shall fight against this evil, and put it down in time to come."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*Sunday, Sept.* 5, 1852.—What I propose for this winter is the following programme :—

"1. Rise as near six as possible. After devotion, give the mornings of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, to John's Memoir ; of Thursday, to the Magazine ; and Friday, Saturday, wholly to sermons.

"2. Keep the house till 1 P.M. ; at 9 A.M. prayers ; 9½, breakfast ; 10 to 11, letters ; 11 to 1, when not interrupted, the business of the morning continued, or public business, as may be necessary ; from 2 till 5, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, visiting sick, parish visitation, and calls ; 4, Friday and Saturday, to be given entirely to writing sermons ; 5, attend the evening adult class ; 6, as much as possible devote the time after dinner to my family and reading.

"May God in mercy help me ! I will begin to-morrow.

"*Sept.* 6.—Rose at 6. This day I begin the memoir of my beloved John. Oh my God and his, guide my pen ! In mercy keep me from writing anything false in fact or sentiment. May strict Truth pervade every sentence ! May I be enabled to show in him the education of the grace of God, so that other scholars in thy school may be quickened and encouraged to be followers of him as he was of Christ ! I feel utterly unworthy to undertake this

memoir, or of any of even the least of thy saints. But thou who hast given me this work in thy providence, and called me to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, wilt enable me, I doubt not, to show the riches of Christ as displayed in a poor sinner, and so to write that thy Church on earth will approve, because it is such as is approved of by Jesus. Hear me, Lord!

"*Oct. 8th*, 6 A.M.—Subjects for prayer—

"A deeper spiritual insight into the Divine character,—to be able to say, with increasing intelligence, 'Thine eye seeth me.'

"To be devoted and be ready to give up ALL at a moment's notice to Jesus; yea, in heart to resign all.

"I acknowledge that it is morally impossible for me without an omnipotent Saviour to do these things in any degree. Lord, I believe in Thee! I desire to have Christ's love to His people and the world. Alas! alas! what a microscopic shadow of it have I!

"Oh my God, make me indeed a father to my people! Help me to crucify this selfish, slothful, self-indulgent, heart! Help me constantly to forget self, and to seek, even to death, to do Thy will; for then only shall I find my truer self! Oh my God, pity me!

"*Oct. 11th*, 4¾ A.M.—Have been reading a little of 'Brainerd.' Next to the Bible, Christian biography is the most profitable. In as far as it is true, it is a revelation of the living God, through His living Church. The experience of the Church is one of the few accumulating privileges of the latter days. It is when I read some of the aspirations of Brainerd, that I feel how far away I am from that pure and lofty spirituality of mind, which is the very atmosphere of heaven. 'Though my body was wearied with preaching and much private conversation, yet I wanted to sit up all night and do something for God.' It is this real love to God,—this forgetfulness of self, this disregard to flesh-indulgence when compared with spirit-indulgence—it is this I so much need. Yet, blessed be God, there is nothing we should be but we shall be by His grace. 'But, Lord, how long?' When? Ah! let me cover my face with shame (let me be

ashamed because I am not ashamed more!), that I have not laboured, agonised thirty years ago. What might I have been now! An humble, earnest-minded servant, devoted to Jesus, converting thousands! May God Almighty enable me to redeem the short time, and to be His wholly and for ever!

"*Sunday morning, Oct.* 12*th, six o'clock.*—A lovely, peaceful morning, the atmosphere transparent, the landscape clear and pure, with its white houses, and fields and trees.

"Glorious day! the only day on earth the least like heaven. It is the day of peace which follows the day of battle and victory. 'And all this mighty heart is lying still,' the forge silent, the cotton-mill asleep, the steamers moored, the carts and waggons gone to the warehouse, the shops closed, man and beast enjoying rest and all men invited to seek rest in God! How solemn the thought of the millions who will this day think of God, and pray to God, and gaze upon eternal things; on sea and land, in church and chapel, on sick bed and in crowded congregations! How many thousands in Great Britain and Ireland will do this! Clergy praying and preaching to millions. This never was the device of either man or devil. If it was the 'device of the Church,' she is indeed of God.

"May the Lord anoint me this day with His Spirit!

"*Saturday* 18*th.*—Some things I see I must correct. (1) I must be careful of pence, as I find I am hideously extravagant with pounds. Lord help me in this thing! He who gathered up fragments, and who in nature lets nothing be lost, but turns all to some account, will help me. (2) To have a fixed time for devotion at night. 'Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under law, but under grace.'

"The God of peace sanctify you *wholly*, and may your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. 'Faithful is He who calleth you, who also will do this!'

"*Sunday, Oct.* 19*th,* 7 A.M.—(First day that I am late.) The closer we live with God, and the more our spiritual life in Him is manifested to the world in its results only, the better I think for ourselves. When the inner

life is revealed in words, it is apt to end in words, and to become cant. Spiritual pride is thereby nourished, and this is great destruction. Oh my God, enable me to thwart and utterly mortify my cursed vanity and pride, by giving me strength to hide all my good in this sense, not to speak to my nearest of good deeds done, but to do them cheerfully before Thee only, and to have the delight in making others happier and better, pleasing Thee, my Father, for I know Thou art so loving and good as to be pleased with Thy children who by Thy grace are in any degree imbued with Thy goodness!

"The less self-reflective good is, and the more outward and unconscious it is, the better.

"*Sat.*, 6 A.M.—People talk of early morning in the country with bleating sheep, singing larks, and purling brooks. I prefer that roar which greets my ear when a thousand hammers, thundering on boilers of steam vessels which are to bridge the Atlantic or Pacific, usher in a new day—the type of a new era. I feel men are awake with me, doing their work, and that the world is rushing on to fulfil its mighty destinies, and that I must do my work, and fulfil my grand and glorious end.

"Oh! to see the Church and the world with Christ's eyes and heart!

"I must cultivate the habit of much personal communion with God during the day; speaking in the spirit to Him as well as (or rather in order to) living in the Spirit.

"*Nov. 16th.*—Yesterday morning, as usual, rose at 5.50. A.M.

"Had a horrid nightmare—indeed, a series of them. What a sense of the horrible and awful we get in our dreams! What a sense of desperation—of sore, irresistible, mysterious, soul-subduing suffering! Immense despair! Dreams have taught me, more than my waking moments, the capacity of the soul to imagine and endure agony. Oh, what if our worst dreams of solitude, bereavement, desertion, and grapplings with resistless and hellish foes were realities! What if we were in a fatherless world!

"*Monday 18th.*—How my morning readings in Jonathan Edwards make me long for a revival! It would be worth

a hundred dead general assemblies, if we had any meeting of believing ministers or people—to cry to God for a revival. This, and this alone, is what we want. Death reigns! God has His witnesses everywhere no doubt—but as a whole we are skin and bone. When I picture to myself a living people, with love in their looks and words, calm, zealous, self-sacrificing, seeking God's glory, and having in Glasgow their citizenship in Heaven! it might make me labour and die for such a consummation.

"Strong west wind, grey clouds, and heavy, lurid atmosphere; on the whole a cold and cheerless day. They are at this moment laying Wellington beside Nelson, and finishing an era in British history. All eyes are attracted at this moment in London to one common centre—that centre a person, that person the saviour of his country. It is he who gives unity to the whole of that immense mass of human beings who now crowd the streets through which the body passes; and unity to that marvellous representation of all our nationalities in St. Paul's. Significant symbol of the future, when every eye shall see Him, and when a risen Saviour shall alone occupy the thoughts of an assembled universe!

"*Tuesday, Nov. 19th.*—5.45 A.M. Last night I went to Camlachie to receive communicants in connection with that chapel.

"Material preparations of stipend, beadles, committees, seem at the time mere dead things, but such details are inseparably connected with the great result Even as the boat which conveyed Christ to the country of the Gadarenes was connected with the cure of the Demoniac."

To his sister JANE :—

October, 1852.

"One chief reason of my writing to-day is immense *cockiness* at being able to report unswerving doggedness in early rising. I preached yesterday thrice, one of the services six miles out of town, and was up at quarter past five—fresh, joyous, and thankful! Room dark, curtains drawn, gas lighted, coffee-pot small and neat

(mark all this!), fixed by cunning mechanism over the gas, cup with sugar and cream, all so 'jolly.' Then begins the waking up of the great city, the thundering of hammers from the boilers of great Pacific and Atlantic steamers—a music of humanity, of the giant march of civilisation; far grander to hear at morn than even the singing of larks, which did very well in Isaac Walton's days, or the bleat of sheep, which can yet meet my mother's rustic tendencies."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Dec.* 11*th.*—I have spent a weary, weary month. Seldom have I done more, and done less. Oh! what a den of lions for the soul is the life of an active and ever busy minister! My difficulty is not to work, but to do so in the right spirit. I do not mean that I have been consciously living under the influence of a bad spirit, such as vanity, or pride, but rather that I have been without that calm and happy frame of mind which springs from a sense of God's presence, love, and blessing. My mind has been wandering without any ballast or guiding power, like a feather before the wind, almost every day since this fearful winter campaign has set in.

"(1) How insignificant I am as a mere workman; an insect in the coral island of the world which has been building for 6,000 years. Who was he who helped to build the palace of Nimrod? or the temple of Baalbec? or planned Karnac? Fussy, important, of immense consequence, no doubt! As he is, so shall I be—be at peace!

"(2) Jesus is governor! It is His work, and awful is it from age to age, from clime to clime! It shall go on without me—be at peace!

"(3) Why does God give me work at all? For no end whatever irrespective of my own good. He would thus make me better, and thereby happier, and educate me for my great work in Heaven. He would have me be a fellow worker, having fellowship with Him not only in activity, but also in peace and joy. But when I forget Him, or labour apart from Him, or with separate interests, I lose all!

The work becomes outward, senseless, unmeaning. Lord, give me quiet and peace! Let me work only true work in Thy Name, and by Thy Spirit, and for Thy glory!

". . . The thunder and lightning of Sinai had a very different meaning to an Arabian shepherd, who might be gazing on the spectacle from some distant peak, from what they had to Moses and the children of Israel. Material things may have a meaning to angels which they have not to us, and be sacraments of great truths. Who knows but the starry heavens are one great algebra?

" I believe thanksgiving a greater mark of holiness than any other part of prayer. I mean special thanksgiving for mercies asked and received. It is a testimony to prayers being remembered, and therefore earnest prayer. It is unselfish, and more loving.

" What should we think if an angel from heaven appeared to us some morning, and said: 'This day Satan, with all his power, subtlety, and wiles, may try to destroy thee; and Jesus bids me say He will shut His eyes and ears to thee, and send thee no help? This day thou hast duties to perform in a right spirit; Jesus bids me say He will not give thee His Spirit. This day the heaviest trials ever experienced by thee may be thine; Jesus bids me say He will not afford thee any support. This day thou mayest die; Jesus bids me say He will not be with thee. Jesus bids thee adieu for this day, and leaves thee alone with thy evil heart, blind mind, powerful enemies; hell beneath thee, death before thee, judgment above thee, and eternity before thee!' Oh, horrible despair!

" But why art thou not afraid of this when a day is begun without prayer? Art thou not practically saying to all this, 'Amen! so let it be?'

" Does God love a cheerful giver? and is He not one himself?

" A godly parent is a god-like parent, *i.e.* a parent who is God's image in the family—as God to them in life, teaching, love, character.

"A godly home-education is one which trains up the child by the earthly to the heavenly Father.

"That a parent may be as God to his child, he must first be as a child to his God. To teach, he must be taught; and receive, that he may give.

"What the father on earth wishes his child to be towards himself, that God wishes the parent himself to be towards his Father in heaven. Hence children are witnesses for God in the parent's heart, as well as the parents are for Him in the hearts of their children.

"What a compound of vanity, greed, and the selfishness which is hate that would end in murder, is that villain Haman!—mean, sneaking, stuffed with vanity and ambition! a thorough, contemptible scoundrel, whose hanging was well deserved! His very terror when condemned is so like the dog—quite like the cowardly rascal that would hang others, and smoke his pipe, or, half-drunk, babble over it with his Jezebel wife."

From DIARY BOOK of 1853:—

"RESOLVE, as a solemn duty owing to my parish, to refuse, after this date, public meetings in town and country, and all dinners when possible, and to confine myself exclusively to my great parish till at least April, *i.e.* four months, and not to be moved from this by any arguments, however plausible, but to submit to any amount of displeasure rather than give up a clear duty.

"*Jan.* 1*st.*—"God has been very merciful to me during the past year. I never had so unbroken a year of prosperity, in the usual sense of that word.

"I have preached about one hundred and forty times, seven of them for public collections, many for chapels. I have addressed about thirteen meetings for missions and other useful objects. Held seven mission meetings in my own church. Published a sermon and edited magazine. Organised (1) Schemes, (2) Industrial aid, (3) Female aid, (4) Endowment (5) Education committees in congregation.

Opened refreshment-rooms for working classes. Opened three chapels with three missionaries. Suggested and helped to carry out a proposal for two new churches, for which £10,000 is now collected. About to build three new schools. Have commenced work in Barnhill Poor House. Visited in twenty-two days about two hundred and twenty-two families. Have organized a congregational class of one hundred and ten from eight to fourteen years of age. Wrote report on Pauper Education.* I need to reform the schemes. Have had two large classes of young men and women for three months.

"The past year has been marked to me specially by the gift of my child; and what a gift! believing as I do that, in answer to prayer, the Lord will in His own way keep her with us in the bundle of life eternal.

"*April 7th.*—Fast-day. The kind of frittered life I am compelled (I may say) to lead, dipping like a sea-gull for my food ever and anon, as it is turned up by some wave on the surface, never diving deep, never soaring high, never at rest, injures terribly my moral being. My brain becomes like a bee-hive. so that when I begin to read and pray, my thoughts slide off to chapels or texts, or some scheme or sermon, while I utterly despise myself. I desire this day to be a day of self-examination, of thankfulness and quickening.

"It requires omnipotence to make me what I wish to be—simple, unselfish, and zealous, with nothing to keep the fire always burning, and the heart joyous, and the limbs strong, save the love of Jesus Christ."

* Among his many duties as minister of a parish, he had to give his attention to the administration of the Poor-law, and shortly after his induction, being shocked at the number of pauper children who were kept in the workhouse at Barnhill, he proposed the complete adoption of the 'boarding out' system, whereby the young would be brought up in the houses of decent people in the country. This was accordingly done. The following year he wrote a long and elaborate paper on the advisability of forming an industrial farm. This paper was printed by order of the Board, but its suggestions were never fully adopted.

To Mrs. Macleod :—

London, *May*, 1853.

"What a pious and Christian congregation I must have had with so many of the aristocracy! I did not preach any one of the more elaborate sermons I had with me, but one I had never written. But I was convinced it was best suited for the audience. I had great comfort in preaching it, because I felt a sincere desire to do good, which is always strength and peace."

From his Journal :—

"Cove, *August 27th*, 1853, *Sabbath.*—I have taken this Sabbath to myself, the only one for two years, except one in Paris. I need rest, and I am enjoying it.

"After my delightful congregational meeting in May, I went to London, preached missionary sermons for Wesleyans, spoke at the meeting of the Tract Society, and for our own missions, and then went with my brother George to Paris.

"It is awful to feel what a holy man with the ordinary measure of practical talent which I possess may do. We seek to be Goliaths, and are killed by pebbles. Could we begin in faith and be as little children, we should slay Goliaths! O my God, make me a good man! O my Father, come what may, make me a simple-minded, honest, humble and brave Christian! Let me seek no favour but Thine, and give my heart to no labour but in Thee and for Thee! With God my Saviour as my help and guide I may, ere I die, be a blessing to Glasgow, especially to the poor and miserable in it, for whom my heart bleeds.

"A lovely Sabbath-day, with calm seas, purple hills, murmuring waves, devout repose! When shall my brothers and sisters in the lanes and closes find such a Sabbath of peace and beauty in God!

"*Sept. 18th.*—Have had spiritually a good week, but physically one too much oppressed by labour. I have steadfastly kept my hours. My reading has been Baxter's 'Reformed Pastor' (very touching), and Mill's 'Political Economy.'"

The following letter was written to a lady whose son had been boarded with him in Dalkeith, and who was at this time a midshipman in the navy. The allusion to his method of training boys refers to the principle he acted on of frankly telling them of the temptations they would be exposed to in life—'better,' he used to say, 'they should hear all about it from me than from the devil;'—and he was overjoyed by now receiving a letter which showed he had acted wisely.

"I send without hesitation his letter to myself. I cannot express to you how gratified and thankful it has made me. In so teaching him, I followed my own convictions, and carried out a theory of education which I had long held, founded chiefly upon God's teaching in the Bible—in the Pentateuch specially, which in all its details of crime, and awful warnings, was to be read each year to the young as well as to the old. The evidence afforded by his letter of the success in his case of such a mode of instruction is most encouraging."

To Mrs. Dennistoun:—

"Did no shadows, or shades, or shades of shadows, such as seldom dim your fair spirit, pass over it, cast from the actual substance of my carelessness in not writing to you? My dog Skye, often and long the sole companion of my study, alone knows the sorrowings and repentings I have had anent unanswered letters! He has heard my groans, witnessed my tossings, and listened with dread to the stampings of my foot! until, with his quiet eye and loving wag from that eloquent and soothing tail, he has quieted me into better humour with myself. At present having no Skye, but only my wife and child, I am out of humour and ashamed of myself, and have lost self-respect."

"*Oct. 3rd.*—How shall I express my gratitude to God?

This afternoon my boy was born. I have felt crushed by the weight of God's mercy. To live in another being, and in the highest form of the human creation, is a great filling-up of the soul's cravings. What an object of love! The moment I heard of his birth I solemnly dedicated him to the Lord, and so did we both in prayer when we first met. We cannot wish him to be anything grander in the universe of God than a Christian. This we seek first, and for this we shall labour and pray. Whatever else may befall him, this we seek as the one thing needful for him, whether that is to be attained by sickness or health, by poverty or wealth. I pray that whatever else happens, should God so will that the whole family are to reach the shore on floating pieces of the wreck of a broken house, yet let us all meet there, and be for ever with the Lord!

"Into Thy hands, our God, we resign our children, and dedicate them to God the Father, through Jesus the Son, and in the Holy Ghost the Sanctifier, one God, our God, and our fathers' God. Amen!"

The Education question was at this time exciting keen discussion in Scotland, and when the proposed measure of Lord Moncrieff was before Parliament, its merits were debated by the Presbytery of Glasgow. Norman Macleod was one of the speakers; and, while he defended the parish schools, and could see no practical benefit likely to accrue to the nation by the severance of the link which united them to the Church, he argued strongly in favour of the Church herself attempting to find a basis on which the three great Presbyterian bodies in the country might co-operate for the furtherance of education. He wished the privileges of an Establishment to be recognised—

". . . . as a holy trust to be used for the good of the country at large, and of value solely as employed for this the true end of her existence in the State. So far from grudging to share with other bodies our peculiar advantages, I would hold it as a first truth, and entering into the essential idea of Christianity, that our personal and social blessings are given us not for selfish enjoyment, but to be shared as far as possible with others."

Under whatever form of management the public schools might be placed, he earnestly desired a higher and more practical system of instruction.

"We want, for instance, a higher class of industrial schools, in our large towns especially, for our females, where, in addition to the ordinary branches of learning, they must also receive instruction in shaping and making clothes, in washing and dressing them, and in cooking too, so as to fit them to become cleanly, thoroughly intelligent wives, and in every respect helps-meet for an artisan, who could make his home more attractive to him than the whisky-shop, and be themselves more companionable than its frequenters. We require a wider education for our artisans themselves, so as to train them up to such fixed ideas and habits as may fit them to meet the actual temptations to which they are exposed, to perform their duties as workmen, parents, citizens; and so as to enlarge, also, the field of their enjoyment as human beings possessed of various tastes which are capable of being cultivated, and made the sources of refined pleasure. To accomplish all this, I think we require a higher style of teacher, imbued with lofty ideas of his high calling, as the man who contributes so much to mould the character of the nation and to give a complexion to coming generations—a man, in short, with somewhat of the spirit of Arnold. I do think that a careful training of our people—to enable them to discharge their individual duties, such as steady labour, preservation of

health, sobriety, kindness, prudence, chastity; their domestic duties as parents; their duties as members of society, in courteous and truthful dealings, fulfilment of engagements, obedience combined with independence as workmen; their duties towards the State, whether with reference to their rulers or the administrators of law, along with information on the history and government of their country, and such like—that upon such points as these their training has been greatly neglected, and requires to be extensively improved, and based upon and saturated with Christian principle. I think we owe something to the Secularists in directing our attention to details in the education required for common life; while they ought to be grateful to us for imbuing the mind with the only power which will enable men to apply their knowledge to practice."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*April 23rd*, 1854.—I have been very busy with the memoir. The want of incident is my difficulty. I must always remember those reading it who never heard of his name. I have always felt an assurance that Jesus loved John too well to permit me to misinterpret that character, which had been proved by His own Spirit, and which was given me in providence to show to the world.

"*May 7th.*—I go to-morrow to London, to preach for the London Missionary Society, thankful in being honoured thus to help on the world's work of advancing Christ's kingdom. Whatever comes, I feel assured all will be well."*

He attended the General Assembly of 1854, and took a prominent part in nearly all the debates. In this Assembly—and this may be said of all those of

* His sermon on this occasion made a profound impression, and the Directors not only expressed their thanks, but repeatedly urged him to publish it. This, however, he declined to do.

which he was in after years a member—his addresses on the Missionary Reports gave a character of their own to the whole proceedings. The House was filled to overflowing when he was expected to speak; and his appeals, burning with courage, and zeal, and hopefulness, not only imparted new life to the Assembly, but increased the influence of the Church in the country.

In the Assembly of 1854 he first took a decided stand against the party which had ruled the policy of the Church for several years, and which had served in no small measure to alienate from her the sympathy of the nation by the persistency with which it opposed every public measure, however reasonable, that seemed to threaten any of her ancient prerogatives. The recent repeal of the Tests which had hitherto been imposed on the professors of the Scotch Universities—who, on admission to office, were required to sign the Confession of Faith, and subscribe the formula of the Church of Scotland—was now hotly discussed in the Assembly. The wiser leaders, while regretting the sweeping nature of the change, were prepared 'to accept the inevitable,' and made a stand against the section of extreme Conservatives, who not only wished to protest anew, but even proposed to form a new University in connection with the Church. Norman Macleod had too much common sense not to perceive the folly of resisting changes which the altered condition of the country rendered necessary, and gave expression to his views in a manner which startled both sides of the House, and which rang through the country

as the token of an unexpectedly liberal spirit rising in the Church.

"A great deal had been said about expediency, about the tremendous danger of vacillation, and the immense importance of what was called standing by their principles. It appeared to him that one of the greatest mistakes made by the Church of Scotland was constantly elevating things which were out-and-out matters of expediency, and maintaining that they were eternal principles. There were certain things that could never change. The eternal truth revealed by the living God was, from generation to generation, without change. But there were things that were flexible, and ought to be so; and the great error of the Church of Scotland had ever been the assuming of an attitude which was said to be one of principle, and injury after injury had been done to the Church, not because she would not sacrifice her principles, but because she would not modify her institutions to suit the times. Instead of doing this, she had resisted every change, and this had been the source of almost all the misfortunes which had ever befallen her. For one evil that could be pointed out arising from a wise and judicious yielding to the times, he would point out scores of instances, down to 1843, from which she had suffered from stubbornly standing on pin-points called principles.

". . . . It was proposed to go to the country for money to build a new College. He objected to that out-and-out. He objected to the national Church throwing herself loose from the national Universities, and sinking down to the position of a mere sect, and handing over the Universities to other parties. He warned them that if there issued from this House opinions which obtained no sympathy in the country, instead of gaining a hold on the affections of the people, they would come to have no more influence on the nation than the weather-cock on the top of the steeple affected the people passing in the street. Let them try to educate the country up to their principles before they proposed to them things in which the country had no sympathy.

". . . . He thought it only fair to say that he did not know of a single measure that had been passed by the Legislature which he would wish to see reversed—neither the Emancipation Bill, nor the Reform Bill, nor the Corn-law Bill, nor the University Tests Bill, nor any other Bill.

" He was one of those, moreover, who believed that the Legislature had a perfect right to modify such institutions as the Universities to meet the wants of the age. He was one of those who believed it was a fair and a right thing that men who did not belong to the Church of Scotland, but who, like her, held Protestant principles, should be permitted to teach in these lay chairs. He therefore wanted a Test, certainly, and so far he differed from the late Act; but he did not want such a Test as was desired by his fathers and brethren who formed the majority of the Church; nay, perhaps he ought to confess that he was so very heterodox, that he should not have started, or thought the world was coming to an end, even if it had been proposed to place a Jesuit in a Medical Chair, and on this simple ground, that if his limb were to be operated on, he should prefer a skilful Jesuit to an unskilful Protestant. He would rather have a man to do it well who sympathised with the Council of Trent, than a man to do it ill who believed in the Westminster Confession; and he rather thought the great majority of the House would, in such a situation, act on the same principles. He saw no reason why such men should not teach others to do well what they did so well themselves. But at the same time, he did desire that there should be a Test of some kind, and was very far from speaking lightly of the differences which separated them from Rome."

To the Rev. Thomas Gordon, Newbattle:—

Woodlands Terrace.

". . . Act of security! It might as well secure horse-power *versus* steam to all generations as secure anything which cannot be secured on its own footing—*i.e.*, because it is worth securing. The only acts which have any security for resisting modern changes are the Acts of

the Apostles—and they will defy either Strauss or Wiseman."

To Rev. A. Clerk, LL.D. :—

June, 1854.

"The General Assembly was a Dead Sea of commonplaces—flat, stale, and unprofitable. Not one flash of any idea or sentiment to rouse a noble passion in the soul. The Tests were of course carried by a large majority. I think the church is a poor affair at present, but has got a calling for the good of this land and of Christendom, which she alone can execute if she would!"

To his Mother, on his birthday :—

June, 1854.

"Well, dear, it was a noble Assembly, and God enabled me to do what I have every reason to believe was a needful and good work in it. I sought His aid, and He gave it to me. I was greatly solemnised, I assure you. The reports give you a poor idea of what I said. Each speech was about forty minutes, and nothing could exceed the cordial manner in which it was received.

"Forty-three years since, I lay on your knee, the object of a love that, as I have often said, is liker the love of God than any other, and which, in your case, dearest, has been as deep, constant, and unwearied as ever existed in any human bosom. I am not one of those who sigh for the past and fear the future. My motto is not 'backwards,' but 'forwards,'—on and on, for ever! I wish no year recalled, unless I had more grace with it to make it better and to improve it more for God's glory.

"'One generation cometh, and another goeth.' But I cannot wish more for my boy on earth than that he should at forty-three have parents spared to him to be such a source of happiness to him as mine are to me. God bless you both for all you have been and are."

From his Journal :—

"*June* 3.—I this day enter my forty-third year. I feel how much of my life is passed, and slowly but surely

the force that is in me to do Christ's work will begin to decline.

"Oh, my God, I have not hid my daily shortcomings from Thee. Thou hast forgiven me in Christ. My Father, never let me be without the indwelling of Thy Spirit for an hour, for it would be an hour of dreadful horror. Let my life be every day more unconscious of my own presence and more conscious of Thine. Make me an instrument in Thy hands for advancing Thy kingdom, reviving the Church of Scotland, and for uniting all Christians in this land.

"One man, O Lord, lifts up his voice and praises Thee that he has been born, because he knows Thee and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent, and knows that, while no man on earth deserves it, this is eternal life!

"*July* 23, 1854.—With the exception of the preface, the Life is finished and printed. Glory to God!

When I went to see John, I put the question, 'What shall be the end thereof?' How much has been seen of the end already!

"It was a strange feeling, to end a work which had given me his companionship for so long a time. It seemed like a second death!

"Thank God I have been enabled to write a biography without one word of untruth or exaggeration in it, as far as I know. It may not say enough, or go far enough, but all it says is true; as far as it goes, it is true.

"Does my dear friend know this is done? I believe he does, and that as far as it is true, and tends to glorify his Master in whose presence he is, and who is his all in all, so far he rejoices in it, so I add to his joy. What a delightful thought! For surely if he knows that his life has not been so unfinished as it seemed to have been, that he is by these memorials enabled to advance that kingdom much more than he could have done had he been spared to labour as a minister, surely this will fill him with deeper love to Jesus, and a profounder admiration of His love and wisdom, and so increase his own joy.

"What an infant in spiritual growth am I to him! But let his bright and beautiful example not cast me

down, but lift me up and stimulate me to labour more for Christ, and not to be slothful, but through faith and patience to follow him, even as he followed his Lord.

". . . . How strange that as yet my child knows not God! I have resolved that she shall not hear His name till she has language to apprehend what I mean, and that no one shall speak of God to her till I do so. This is a moment in her life which I claim as my own. I shall have the blessedness of first telling her of Him who I trust (Oh, my Father, for Christ's sake let it be—oh, let it!) shall be her all in all for ever after. For a time I must be to her as God: His shadow, His representative and her father on earth shall lead her to Thee, her Father and mine.

"Another system than this I know is generally pursued, and much is thought to be gained by cramming a child with holy words before it can hardly lisp them. I heard last week of ——'s boy saying to some one, 'I don't like God, for He sends rain.' This was quite natural, but what is gained by such instruction?"

To the late Mrs. MACREDIE, Adamton:—

"MY DEAR MADAM,—

"I make it a rule never to pen a letter except upon great occasions, or to remarkable persons. The last I wrote was on the great occasion of a Free Church minister bowing to an Erastian; and one also to my wife, when she did implicitly what I commanded her.

"I take up my pen once more. I need not say the dignity of the person to whom I write is a sufficient proof that I do not break through my rule. But the occasion is still more remarkable. What is it? What has happened in the political, literary, or religious world? Is Sebastopol taken? or is the Irish Society defunct? Has the Pope asked Miss —— in marriage? Is the Czar to be the Commissioner of next Assembly? Is Omer Pasha to be member for Ayrshire? Any or all of those suppositions would be nothing to the news I have to tell you. I assure you, nothing! Now, I would tell you at once, but I don't want to give you a shock; for I was told to

be cautious, and not to alarm you, but to break the intelligence quietly to you, and to take you, as it were, round the neck and breathe the thing in your ear. Besides, when one is happy—Oh! you see it, do you? 'Another son?' My dear lady, you shock me! What I wish to say to you is this—for I am sorry that I am in a hurry, and cannot possibly write so fully as I would wish, and therefore must be much more abrupt than is proper for one in your delicate health (though I find that such persons always live to an immense age) and so I must just tell you at once that—hush now, quietly, and don't get agitated. Believe me, you will survive it—softly, and slowly.

"Your daughter, Mrs. Dennistoun, remains with us from Friday till Monday, and I promised to write to you. That's all."

To Thomas Constable, Esq. :—

July 18th, 1854.

"I have always addressed you more as the friend of John Mackintosh than as the publisher of the memorials of his life. As such you will be glad to receive the conclusion of the last chapter, which I send by this post.

"I have been writing these latter pages since early dawn; and deeply affecting though they be, I cannot think they will cost my readers as many tears as they have cost me while penning them. I feel concluding this book as a positive loss to myself. It is like a second death and burial. It was never a weariness, but a delight to me. I fear that I have failed to convey but a very feeble impression of those days at Cannstadt. I wish it had been possible for me to have said less, and to have permitted him to say more; yet I cannot think any one will fail to discover in all I have written the details of a true story of one of the truest men that ever blessed the earth by his presence. For myself, I return my most hearty thanks to Almighty God for having honoured me so far as to have permitted these hands of mine to erect this memorial of my beloved friend for the good of the

Church and of the world. Many will think the work a small one in this world of many works and great teachers, but had I done nothing more than accomplish this one alone, I should feel that I had not been born in vain, and that it was worth living for. It has been begun, carried on, and ended in prayer; and with the sincere desire, above all others, that in him his Lord may be glorified.

"You know that I refuse all fee and reward for this book, in the shape of money. Love is its own reward, but I hope to receive an immense return for my little labour in hearing from time to time that the character of my dear friend is being better known and loved, and his example followed by many to the glory of God."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*September.*—I visited Geddes last month, and I feel that I have got *a whiff* of the same kind of air John breathed there. How strange! Kate and I both opened the first copy of the Memoir there! and that on the day after the anniversary of our marriage. We saw, too, old Saunders Rose, still alive and well and holy; and I held a prayer-meeting in the old place where John used to hold his, at Burnside.

"It was altogether delightful. And then Loch Shiel, John Shairp and his wife, and the Communion at Kilmallie together! The Lord be praised!"

When he undertook the congenial task of writing the life of his dear friend, he determined that it should be wholly a labour of love, and with the hearty consent of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Mackintosh, he resolved to devote whatever profit might accrue from the sale of the Memoir to the Foreign mission of the Free Church. Mackintosh had been a Free Church student, and the book was virtually his, and thus not only under a sense of the propriety of the act, but delighted

at the opportunity of giving expression to those feelings of good-will which he entertained for the missionary labour of all Churches, and especially of that Church which, in spite of recent controversies and separations, was yet nearest his own in doctrine and government, he forwarded with sincere pleasure £200 to her Indian Missions. The Free Church Assembly took the earliest opportunity of recording its thanks, which were embodied in the following minute:—

"In acknowledging receipt from the biographer and representatives of the late John Mackintosh of £200—the entire profit derived from the sale of his Memoir—the Assembly desires to record its deep and grateful sense of the faithful and graceful manner in which the Memoir has been written, of the loss which this Church has sustained in his premature removal, and of the considerate regard to his memory which has prompted this generous donation, and they instruct their Convener to communicate the same to Mrs. Mackintosh and the Rev. Norman Macleod."*

To Mrs. Macleod:—

Kirkaldy, *Oct.* 2, 1854.

"Kiss my boy for me on his birth-day, and pray with me for him, that whatever else he is he may be a child of God.

"Please—for there is a domestic propriety which is a gentile court to religion—have my father or George, or both,

* In forwarding this extract of minutes, the Convener, the late Dr. Tweedie, kindly expressed his own sense of the catholicity of spirit which had dictated the act:—"It supplies in some measure a presage of what will take place when external barriers shall be removed, and when all who love the Lord Jesus shall be verily one in spirit and in truth."

to dinner, and drink my boy's health in a good bottle of champagne, with all the honours.

"Glorious news this of Sebastopol! A great opening for the gospel."

To Mrs. Macleod :—

Crathie, *Oct.*, 1854.

"This has been a heavenly day of beauty—the sky almost cloudless; the stones on the hill side so distinct that they might be counted; the Dee swinging past with its deep-toned murmur.

"I preached without a note the same sermon I preached at Morven; * and I never looked once at the royal seat, but solely at the congregation. I tried to forget the great ones I saw, and to remember the great Ones I saw not, and so I preached from my heart, and with as much freedom, really, as at a mission station.

"And so the day has ended, for the present. The Lord brought me here. He has heard my prayer, and sustained my heart, and enabled me to do His will. And now I pray that this talent, given me in love, may be for His glory.

"Kiss the bairns, thank God for me, and in after years teach your boy this lesson—not to seek his work,

* It is interesting to compare with this the touching notice of the service recorded by Her Majesty :—

October 29, 1854.

"We went to kirk as usual at twelve o'clock. The service was performed by the Rev. Norman M'Leod, of Glasgow, son of Dr. M'Leod, and anything finer I never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable, so simple, and yet so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put. Mr. M'Leod showed in the sermon how we all tried to please *self*, and live for *that*, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come not only to die for us, but to show how we were to live. The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying, after his mention of us, 'bless their children.' It gave me a lump in my throat, as also when he prayed for 'the dying, the wounded, the widow, and the orphans.' Every one came back delighted; and how satisfactory it is to come back from church with such feelings! The servants and the Highlanders —*all*—were equally delighted."

but to receive it when given him, and to do it to God without fear."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*Retrospect.*—I had received an invitation to preach at Crathie when I was at Kirkaldy. I refused to go. I had announced the opening of my church, after it had been closed for two months to be repaired, and it seemed to me that my duty to open it was greater than to accept of Mr. Anderson's invitation to preach before the Queen. The going there, therefore, was not sought for by me. I returned home at eight Thursday night, and found a letter from Mr. A., stating that he asked me at the Queen's own request. My duty being clear, I accepted it. The weather was superb, and I was much struck with the style of the scenery. I have never seen Ross-shire, but I see a marked difference between the Highlands of Morayshire and Aberdeenshire and the West Highlands, especially in the glens, and the large, full-flowing rivers, such as the Spey, the Findhorn, and the Dee, which sweep so majestically through them, with abundance of elbow room, and not cramped by slate and granite into raging, roaring streams. And then the decided marks of culture in the valleys—the broad plantations, the green fields, and the stately homes of a wealthy aristocracy, and—that I do not forget it,—the colouring of the floors of the woods! No long, damp grass, but the glorious mosses, rich and golden, illumined by the fiery heather bell.

"The Sunday at Balmoral was perfect in its peace and beauty. I confess that I was much puzzled what to preach. I had with me some of my best sermons (as people would call them); but the struggle which had begun on Friday morning was renewed—as to what was best in the truest, most spiritual sense for such an occasion; until, by prayer, I resolved to preach without any notes a sermon I never wrote fully out, but had preached very often, perhaps fifteen times, solely because I found that it had found human spirits, and had done good. It was from Matt. xi. 28-30, Mark x. 17-31. I tried to show what true life is—life in the spirit—a finding rest through the

yoke of God's service, instead of the service of self, and by the cross of self-denial, instead of self-gratification, illustrated by the young man who, with all that was so promising, would not peril his happiness by seeking it with Christ in God.

"I preached with intense comfort, and by God's help felt how sublime a thing it was to be His ambassador. I felt very acutely how for our sakes the Queen and the Prince were placed in so trying a position, and was profoundly grateful for the way in which they had governed us; and so it was that I was able to look back from the future, and to speak as I shall wish I had done. It would be most ungrateful in me not to record this singular mercy of God to me; for I do know, and rejoice to record for the strengthening of my faith in prayer, that He did it. Thus I enjoyed great peace.

"In the evening, after daundering in a green field with a path through it which led to the high road, and while sitting on a block of granite, full of quiet thoughts, mentally reposing in the midst of the beautiful scenery, I was roused from my reverie by some one asking me if I was the clergyman who had preached that day. I was soon in the presence of the Queen and Prince; when her Majesty came forward and said with a sweet, kind, and smiling face, 'We wish to thank you for your sermon.' She then asked me how my father* was—what was the name of my parish, &c.; and so, after bowing and smiling, they both continued their quiet evening walk alone. And thus God blessed me, and I thanked His name. I posted home by Glenshee—not well—and was in bed all the week. So ends my story. I read its commencement and ending to remind me how God is always faithful. 'O ye of little faith, wherefore did ye doubt?'"

To the Rev. Mr. WATSON, Chaplain in the Crimea:—

"God bless and prosper you in your work. I almost envy you, dangerous though it be. I have such immense

* His father had preached before Her Majesty and the Prince Consort at Blair Athol on the occasion of their first visit to Scotland.

admiration of those glorious fellows that I would rejoice to be with them. It is right and becoming, too, that those who are soldiers only of Christ should share their danger, so as to help them to share with us the life which is eternal. We should not shrink at such a time, if God calls us to this work. No doubt you have made up your mind to die, and this is the true way of being brave and of finding perfect peace."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*January* 1, 1855, 7 A.M.—In the name of God the Father, Son, and Spirit, my God, I begin the year! I am Thine by creation and redemption, and by choice on my part; I am Thine for ever, and I desire to consecrate every power and faculty of body and soul to Thy service —knowing Thee, the ever-blessed One, Whose service is unutterable joy. To know Thee truly in any degree is joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Amen!

"The year '55 promises to be a very solemn one. What battles and victories, defeats and sufferings! What brave and illustrious men, afterwards to be the Nelsons and Wellingtons of Britain, or the Napoleons of France— are now in embryo! That civilisation, liberty, religion, peace will triumph, is of course as certain as that Jesus Christ reigns! He does reign—what a source of joy!

"I have established a mission to the hospital at Scutari, and am acting as secretary to it.

"*Jan.* 12*th.*—Nothing can exceed the present complexity of the politics of the world. This war is drawing all nations slowly into it like a huge maelstrom; and on what side, or with what damage, they are to be hurled out of the maelstrom, the Lord knoweth! America sympathises with Russia, solely because Russia opens up prospects of trade directly and indirectly, and is the enemy of her British rival—for the Yankees have concentrated all greatness in the dollar. Rome is against Russia on Church grounds, and Britain is now fighting Rome's cause with France and Austria. Prussia holds back. Sardinia, becoming Protestant, comes forward. Turkey, tottering to

her fall, from the inherent weakness of her false religious life, is in vain propped up by the allies, though this will make her fall only the more conspicuous, and show God's judgment on a lie.

"Peace! It seems to me as if the world was but mustering its forces for such a campaign as will revolutionise it and somehow usher in the glory of the latter days. I wish I could see the end. But I shall know it some day."

To Mrs. Dennistoun, on the death of her Aunt:—

January 29, 1855.

"How could that life have been, if her faith in Jesus was not faith in a real living Person? Could a mere delusion, a fancy, produce such a result of character, so true, so real, so deep, so long preserved, as she had? Impossible! and therefore one reads her life and death as a living Epistle, which speaks of the power of a living Saviour to keep the soul ever young, and ever fresh, in its tendernesses and sympathies; to enable one down to extreme old age to carry about with them the dying of the Lord Jesus in their mortal bodies, that so the life of Jesus might be manifested in them. How beautiful was her love, how enlarged, beaming from that bed like sunlight, on every one and every thing around. I would be an atheist if I could believe such a light could set for ever in darkness! It cannot be. It has never ceased, and never shall cease, to shine in God's own sky."

From his Journal:—

"*March 2nd.*—This night heard of the death of the Czar yesterday in St. Petersburg. How the news will run from mouth to mouth, and for one true mourner, how many millions will rejoice!

"There he lies, the giant man—the 'every inch a king.' Silent and dead as the marble of his palace.

"What shall be the effect? Peace? or, as I believe,

a European blaze, and the ultimate freedom of the world ?

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever !

"*April 27th.*—I leave this day for Edinburgh Communion, London Bible Society, Holland, and, D. V., home.

"I have had a healthy, happy and busy winter, and require some breathing time. May God in mercy sanctify it for my good, bring me home stronger in soul and body."

To Mrs. Macleod :—

London, *May* 2, 1855.

"I had a jolly sleep beside C——, who evidently dreamt he was a Highland terrier worrying another, from the barks which he gave in his sleep. The snores of M—— were quite orthodox. They were rather too barefaced a copy of those of his congregation. I never closed an eye, of course ! Poor fellow ! But I meditated so profitably that I counted only two towns on the way—Newcastle and York."

To the Same :—

London.

"Dined at ——'s. There was a party of eight or nine. Most of them English parsons, with the usual amount of thoroughly correct manners, large hearts, middling heads, and knowing nothing of Scotland except as a place in the Islands from which grouse come. But really '*very* nice—you know.' "

To the Same :—

Antwerp, *May* 4, 11 p.m.

"Enjoyed Bruges, and reached Ghent at 2. (O those glorious chimes of the old cathedral !) Saw the fine Cathedral and Van Eyck's delightful picture. O what truth ! what a love of nature ! what a taste for beauty had the Memlings and Van Eycks ! Some of the peeps through windows by the former and his minute painting of flowers and trees so delicious ! In Poussin's famous painting of

'Christ in the midst of the Doctors,' such a head of Charles V. is introduced, and of the Duke of Alva!"

To the SAME:—

THE HAGUE, *Tuesday Morning.*

"I have seen great paintings, but no great men.

"I have received much, very much kindness from the Van Loons and others, and I hope to meet as much more at Leyden and Amsterdam.

"The royal family were all in church, hearing dear Boucher, on Sabbath. The King was heard saying to his sister, when he went out, 'How sublime! I never heard anything like it.' 'Nor I,' replied the sister, 'but I have no words to utter what I feel.' It was indeed a noble discourse."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*June 3rd*, 1855.—I am forty-four. I preached on the birth of a child being a legitimate cause of joy.*

"Glory to God that I have been born! I praise Him and bless Him for the gift of existence in a world in which His own Son has been born a Saviour, a Brother, and in which He rules. I praise Him, I bless Him for such a gift, so worthy of Himself.

"Oh may I realise His purpose more and more by being more and more His own child in simplicity, humility, faith, love, and undivided obedience! Intense life in Christ is intense joy.

"I begin this week to visit my congregation once more. I feel that personal acquaintance and private friendship must be the foundation of public good. My schools are all paid for. I desire to dedicate my powers with more intense devotion to God.

"*June 8th.*—This day I heard my little girl mention, for the first time, the name of God. I had requested no one ever to speak to her of God until I first had this honour, but the new servant had done it; so I took the

* Published in *Good Words* for 1873.

child on my knee (in Bothwell, where we are) and asked her several questions as to who made her and everything, and she replied, 'God.' O how indescribably strange and blessed to my ears was the sound! It cannot cease for ever! My prayer, my daily prayer is that she and all my dear children may be holy from their infancy, and grow up Christians. This, indeed, can only be through the Spirit; but surely there is no necessity that they should grow up at any time hating God! Must they be as devils in their youth, and be afterwards converted? God forbid! My prayer and hope is that they shall grow up in the nurture of the Lord, and be His own dear children from their infancy. Why not love Him as well as me, their earthly father? Oh, beloved Saviour, take them as babes into thine own arms, and bless them and make them thine! May they never, never mention the name of God, but as that of a Father.

"Lord! my hope is in Thee. Let me not be put to shame."

To his AUNT, Mrs. Maxwell, after the burial of her husband at Campsie:—

BOTHWELL, *July* 20, 1855.

"We have just returned from that green spot where are gathering the earthly remains of so many who made the earth beautiful to us, and whose undying spirits make Heaven more homely to us. When standing there it was glorious to feel that we could not sorrow for one of our own there as 'without hope,' but in the sure and certain hope of a resurrection unto life for them in Christ. How peacefully did he, the last laid there, repose after his long and harassing journey! God alone, who knew his frame, and the mysterious influence which the frail body so mightily exercises over the mind, can tell what a life struggle he had! But he fought, and that was everything; and I heartily believe that he is now in His presence for evermore, with exceeding joy; and few there will cast their crowns down with more exceeding reverence, humility, and awe, and acknowledge more joyfully the exceeding riches of the grace of Christ bestowed upon him. I shall take good

care that my children shall hear of those uncles and aunts whom we all so much loved and admired—of their refined and exquisite honour, their deep and touching benevolence, their tender and sympathising hearts, their beautiful and transparent truthfulness, and admiration of all that was really good and true.

"In a few years that spot in Campsie will be full. I hope to lie there with my wife, and possibly my family. 'Then cometh the end.' With such an end we may well pray, 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'"

From his JOURNAL :—

"*August* 21*st*, 1855.—I start this day, with Dr. Craik, for the Paris Conference of the Evangelical Alliance. I am very glad to do so, for I have had a busy summer.

"I pray that good may come to the Church of Christ out of this Conference; that God may give us all humility, *justice*, love, and *wisdom*. May I be kept with a pure heart and single eye, speaking the truth in love, fearing neither the world profane nor the world religious, but obeying God's Spirit.

"Lord! keep my beloved ones in my absence; and keep my soul, spirit and body, for Thy glorious and eternal kingdom!"

To Mrs. MACLEOD :—

PARIS, *August*, 1855.

"Dinner at Herschell's; Krummacher, Count St. George, and others there. Went to the Exposition; the finest collection of paintings I ever saw. The heat past endurance; I walk twelve miles daily. The Alliance of no use; private meetings to-day to try and make it so. Heard a Puseyite sermon; horrid trash. No one from Scotland has preached. Bad arrangements. The life spent by us most agreeable and most useful to ourselves, but utterly useless to others, except the cafés. The Queen left to-day; the day glorious, the scene magnificent; felt my heart beat in hearing 'God save the Queen' as the

grand cortége passed along the Boulevards—she looking so well—the Emperor and Prince Albert on one side, and the Queen and another lady on the other."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*October* 1*st*, 1855.—Things to be aimed at and prayed for:—

"1. To perfect holiness. Is it possible that I shall habitually possess myself, and exercise holy watchfulness over my words and temper, so that in private and public I shall live as a man who truly realises God's constant presence—who is one with Christ, and therefore lives among men and acts towards them with His mind and spirit? *I*, meek, humble, loving, ever by my life drawing men to Christ—self behind, Christ before! I believe this to be as impossible by my own resolving as that I could become a Shakespear, a Newton, a Milton; yet if God calls me to this, God can so enable me to realise it that He shall be pleased with me. But will I really strive after it? Oh, my Father! see, hear, and help Thy weak and perishing child! For Christ's sake, put strength in me; fulfil in me the good pleasure of Thy will. Lord, pity me and have mercy on me, that I may famish and thirst for Thee and perfect holiness!

"2. To know and improve every talent to the utmost, whether in preaching, writing, speaking, acting. I feel convinced that every man has given him of God much more than he has any idea of, and that he can help on the world's work more than he knows of. What we want is the single eye that will see what our work is, the humility to accept it however lowly, the faith to do it for God, the perseverance to go on till death.

"Wise and loving Father! Magnify Thy patience in my wilfulness and stupidity, Thy strength in my weakness, Thy mighty grace in my paltry vanity, Thy love in my selfishness. Let not the fragments of my poorly educated mind and broken time be lost, but glorify Thyself in me, that when I die some shall feel and acknowledge Thy goodness in having created me, and given me to my fellow

men. What may I yet be and do in Thee! Oh let all worldly ambition be mortified, and a holy ambition take its place!

"Have been seeing ——; just dying; full of anxiety for his soul; deeply feel for him. Notice! how that one name of Jesus is all-in-all! Men may argue about the Atonement; but the fact of an Atonement alone finds and meets a sinner crying out for mercy. What can philosophy do for such, or an atonement of mere self-sacrifice? It would only deepen the sense of sin.

"*Oct.* 30, 5½ P.M.—I have this moment finished my little book on the Home School. I have made it a subject of constant prayer, and have sincerely tried to write what may do good to my fellow-men. I believe God will grant it such a measure of success that I shall not be put to shame. I do crave the reward of its helping human hearts to do God's will. If I am taken away, I feel it will be a pleasing little legacy to my beloved wife and children. The latter will learn what the former already knows, and what (thank God!) she sincerely sympathises with me in—for in this, as in all things, we are fellow-workers. The children will know what their father wished, prayed for, and resolved to labour for.

"There are stages in love to God found, I think, in the experience of all advanced Christians. The first is love, or rather gratitude, for what God has done or is to us; the second, love for what He is in Himself; the third, a love which, not satisfied with personal enjoyment, desires that the universe may share it, and is grieved, amazed, horrified, that any should be blind to it—that we ourselves should have been so, and see it so dimly. Do I desire that God should thus be glorified?"

To his sister JANE :—

"I know you would like a *yarn* about all manner of particulars, but it is simply impossible. I believe the time is soon coming when visits and messages by the telegraph will be common, but letters as much out of date as folios. The Apostle John's letters are not very long, but

the writing of them seems to have been uncongenial, for he frets against pen and ink. By the way, it was to a lady, who I have no doubt complained of his not writing as long letters to her as Paul did to some of his other friends."

To his Brother DONALD, then abroad:—

"I rejoice that you are getting into good French society. See as many persons as you possibly can—as various types of opinion as possible. Be not ashamed to confess ignorance, and be always asking, and you will learn much. Men, men—meet men!

"Beware with intense watchfulness against the sensualising tendency of excitement and living abroad. The society of the good is the best help against this—next to devotion."

"Of the 'igh Church."

To the Same:—

"I am glad you are at art. Try and get a vivid impression of the different schools. Study chronologically. I remember there are at Munich fine specimens of sketches by Van

"Would you not like to see how that Brother of ours in the Crimea is looking? Eh?"

Dyck, a number of wonderful Rubens, with excellent specimens of the Flemish school, Berghen, &c.

"We had a noble meeting of the British Association. All the leading men were in church. Had a glorious talk with Rawlinson—*sein eigener Standpunkt.*

"My liver is at present jolly."

"Do, my dear fellow, study hard at language. Study, you rascal, study!"

"*Jan.* 17, 1856.—Report this morning of the prospect of peace with Russia. Peace is joy as far as the present suffering is concerned. But as far as the interests of man are concerned, and the position of our country, I mourn the news. We have come out of this war lower in every respect in the world's opinion than we were when we entered it. I fear, if the war ends, that it will be merely to give time to Russia to prepare for another by becoming herself stronger, and biding her time till the Western powers are disunited. The salvation of the world now will be pushing missions in the East, and overturning all things from within, leave the without to come right in its own time."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Feb.* 29.—I have had one of the severest fourteen days of mental and bodily fatigue—chiefly, if not wholly, the former—which I have had for years. Last week, after a previous week of toil, there was Monday and Tuesday writing and dictating, changing and reducing a letter in reply to a horrid one from ———. The struggle —and it was, I am ashamed to say, dreadful—was to write and feel as a Christian, when my flesh could have so written that it would have been to him as flaying alive."

To his Sister JANE:—

Feb. 9, 1856.

"I have (as Jean used to say) been 'painfully exercised' by this unjust attack from ———. My struggle,

you understand, is between the temptation to yield to anger and my conviction that it is the will of Christ that I should so love him as to consider the evil in him, and seek to deliver him from it. How horrible to be obliged to fight at all, to feel the desire strong, to be unable to say, 'I love,' to feel the congeniality of revenge! O pride! O vanity! How I pray not only to speak and write as a Christian, but oh, dearest, to feel truly as one!

"As to John Campbell's book on the 'Atonement,' it is like himself, dark, but deep, and very true. I think it has led me captive. I shall read it again; but it finds me, and fills up a huge void. I fear that no one has read it but myself."

"*Sep.* 27*th.*—In May I went to London and preached for Herschell and the Sailors' Friend Society, and then went to visit my dear friend Mrs. Dennistoun at Tours. We had most delightful drives, visiting Mettray, Plessy de Tours, and the old Bastille of Loches. I attended the Assembly for a day in May. They carried, by an immense majority the India Education measure, for which Dr. Bryce and I contended almost alone."

This allusion to the India Education measure refers to a discussion, which had been agitating the Church for some time, as to the lawfulness of accepting for mission schools the Government Grants in Aid while these grants were given equally to heathen, or at all events non-Christian, schools. The extreme 'Evangelical' party contended against the Church condoning a measure which they thought ought never to have been passed by a Christian State. On the other hand Norman Macleod and Dr. Bryce held that it was impossible for the Government to take any narrower ground in dealing with a country circumstanced like India. They insisted that it would be

the height of folly in the Church to refuse assistance from Government in the matter of secular instruction, as long as she was left free to add religious teaching; and they were persuaded that to separate the mission schools from the educational system of India was simply to throw away an opportunity for exercising a wide and wholesome influence. The vote of the Assembly endorsed their views, and thus inaugurated a revolution in the policy of the India Mission of the Church.

From his JOURNAL.

"*Glasgow, August*, 1856.—The Evangelical Alliance met here. I made the first speech, bidding its ministers welcome. I had much happy communication with Sherman, William Monod, Krummacher and Kuntze from Berlin, and Herschell.

"I preached, on the 24th, to a great crowd, among others to Mr. Stanley who was introduced to me by John Shairp.* In the evening we had a prayer meeting

* The following letter from Mr. Stanley (now Dean Stanley) to Principal Shairp, written after this visit, gives a graphic account of the impressions he then formed:—

". . . . Campbell was a younger, thinner, sharper man than I had expected to see—a thorough gentleman—very interesting evidently and refined in thought, experience, and expression. But I thought him almost too spiritual, too ghostly; the stars shone through him; he would vanish at the cock-crowing. A beautiful mind and spirit, but too much insphered in its own light to be of much use to me.

"And now for the other. If Campbell was too much of a ghost, Norman Macleod is undoubtedly a man of flesh and blood. I first heard the service and sermon. The sermon was on John xii. 'Except a corn of wheat,' &c. To a fastidious taste it might have been too oratorical in manner and matter; but considering the audience and the tremendous effort, I did not object to it. I thought it admirable, truly evangelical, not a word of untruth—very moving in parts, full of illustrations, critical difficulties glanced at and avoided in the most judicious and yet honest fashion. In short, I don't know the man in the Church of England who could have preached such a

for winding up the *Scutari Mission,* which I bless God to have begun, carried on, and ended.

"*October 3rd.*—I am just starting for Balmoral. I believe I could not have travelled a week sooner, since I received the invitation the beginning of September at Kirkaldy, when I could not turn in bed. I go in Christ's name. He who has given me this work will give me grace to do it. Blessed and most merciful Lord, hear me, and deliver me from all vanity, pride, and self-seeking, and all the nervous fear which they occasion! Give me only faith in Thee, love to Thee, and all will be well, and bless Thy word for immortal souls, and for the good of those to whom Thou hast given such power in the world!

"*October 8th, Tuesday.*—I have just returned, and all my confidence in Christ has been vindicated. I preached on Sabbath, my subject being faith in a living, present, divine Saviour, the solution of difficulties. Miss Nightingale was among my audience. I was asked in the evening to dine at the Castle. The Prince spoke much to me.

"May the Lord bless all this for good! It is my deepest and truest prayer, that all may tend to His glory."

sermon; nor do I know such a man as I found him to be afterwards in converse, first in the vestry for a quarter of an hour, and afterwards for two hours here in the evening. Of course I have known men of greater abilities and character, but, if he be what he seems, I know no one who unites such thorough good sense, honesty, manly independence, with such working, stirring, devout energy and power of appealing to the mass. How gladly, but that he is better where he is, would I have made him an English bishop. We went over many fields together, and I am sincerely grateful to you for having made him known to me.

"I asked him about the Free Kirk and the Covenanters, and he charmed the cockles of my heart by his answer. 'The Free Kirk was just an outburst of Presbyterian Puseyism.' 'Laud and the Covenanters were just the same men on different sides, except that what one called 'church' the other called 'kirk,' and I am heartily glad they eat each other up. The Free Kirk are descendants of the Covenanters; they pride themselves on being 'the Church of the past.' That is just what they are, and I make them a present of it with all my heart.'"

Extracts from a private Note-book for 1856 :—

"How to spend the morning hour from 6 to 7 A.M. A short prayer for the Spirit of God, that it may be wisely and profitably spent. Devotional reading—Baxter and Leighton. Short meditation and prayer on what is read, with reference to individual application. A psalm sung quietly. The Scriptures read in order, with thought and devotion. Prayer."

From his JOURNAL :—

"As I opened my shutters this morning, the crescent moon, clear and well defined, and with a bright attendant star, occupied the blue sky with hardly a cloud. Of what use has that moon been during the past night! Many a pilgrim has tracked his way by her beams, and many a mariner by them has seen his port! But the sun is rising, and the moon must depart like the Mosaic ritual, and many an old patriarchal form of truth, before the rising of that Sun of Righteousness whose glory was all their light."

"There are men who no more grasp the truth which they seem to hold, than a sparrow grasps the message passing through the electric wire on which it perches."

"I received the following answers from two intending communicants, and they illustrate a fact which has often been impressed on me, respecting the possibility of persons being regular in church all their lives, and yet remaining ignorant of the simplest truths.

"Who led the children out of Egypt? *Eve.*

"Who was Eve? *The mother of God.*

"What death did Christ die? (After a long time) *Hanged on a tree.*

"What did they do with the body? *Laid it in a manger.*

"What did Christ do for sinners? *Gave His Son.*

"Any wonderful works Christ did? *Made the world in six days.*

"Any others? *Buried Martha, Mary, and Lazarus.*

"What became of them afterwards. *Angels took them to Abraham's bosom.*

"What had Christ to do with that? *He took Abraham.*

"Who was Christ? *The Holy Spirit.*

"Are you a sinner? *No.*

"Did you never sin, and do you love God perfectly? *Yes.*"

"*November 11th*, 1856.—Both sciatica and work I fear on the increase.

"I feel the pressure and the pain. What am I to do?

"1. Keep my temper and my peace in God, the calm of my inner shrine where He is, undisturbed by the noise of the thronging 'courts of the priests,' 'of the people,' 'of the women,' or 'of the gentiles' without. This is my first duty. There never can be a good reason for my losing inner peace with God. God help me!

"2. I must by His grace attend to details, and use right means to attain this end. 1. Early rising, and methodical division of time. 2. Acceptance of no more work than can be done in consistency with my health and strength. 3. Cultivating happy, cheerful thoughts of life, having a strong faith that God *is* and Christ *is*, and that the end shall be glorious to every 'soldier' who 'endures hardness,' in the grand campaign.

"God give me grace to rise as I used to do—at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 6—for it is always hard to the flesh!

"My Father, Thou knowest my frame! Thou rememberest I am dust. Thou carest for me. I can therefore cast my care on Thee, and so be careful for nothing. Keep me in Thy peace. Let me ever honour Thee as the best of masters by obedience to Thy will in all things, by honouring Thy laws whether relating to body or mind, and by doing all things and accepting all things with a calm spirit. Thou knowest Thy servant, and understandest his thoughts. Help me according to Thy word. Amen.

"I do not wish to fly to that blue sky, but by the

help of God Almighty to act a true and brave part amidst the smoke and mud and sin of Glasgow.

"Lord forgive me, if I seem to think I am enduring hardness! God have mercy on me for ever thinking my lot has a cloud—a speck of hardness in it. My cup runs over with mercies. I am in the lap of every indulgence, and if I fret, it is as a spoiled child."

CHAPTER XIV.

1857—1859.

IN 1857 he began to hold evening services for the poor, to which none were admitted except in their everyday working clothes. The success of a similar experiment, made many years before in Loudoun, encouraged him to make this attempt in Glasgow, in the hope of reaching some of those who, from poverty or other causes, had fallen away from all church attendance. For the first winter, these services were held in the Martyrs' church, which was filled every Sabbath evening by the very people he wished to get; the following year they were transferred to the Barony, where they were continued till a mission church was built. It may be safely asserted that this work gave him more interest than any other he ever undertook; and that he never addressed any audience with greater effect than that which he gathered from 'the streets and lanes of the city.' The pews were filled with men in their fustian jackets and with poor women, bareheaded, or with an old shawl drawn over the head, and dressed most of them in short-gown and petticoat. Unkempt heads, faces begrimed with labour, and mothers with infants in their arms, gave a

strange character to the scene. The police sometimes reported that several well-known thieves were present. But, however large and various the audience might be, he seemed to hold the key to every heart and conscience; and so riveted was the attention he secured, that not unfrequently an involuntary exclamation of surprise or sympathy would pass from lip to lip over the crowd. The following description of one of these evenings in the Barony is taken from an English newspaper:—

"I found I would not be admitted except I was dressed as a working man. The uniform of a dragoon was offered and accepted, but on second thoughts I preferred the cast-off working-dress of a coach-builder—a dirty coat, a dirty white flannel vest, striped shirt, red cravat, and Glengarry bonnet. Thus attired, I stood waiting among the crowd of poor men and women that were shivering at the gate, biding the time. Many of these women were very old and very frail. The night being excessively cold, the most of them had the skirts of their gowns tucked over their heads. Not a few of them had a deep asthmatic wheezle, most distressing to hear. Poor souls! they were earnestly talking about the Doctor and his sayings. I conversed with several working men who had attended all the series from the first, three or four years back. I asked one man if they were all Scotch who attended? He said, 'All nations go and hear the Doctor.' Another said, 'Highland Scotch and Lowland Scotch, and English and Irish,—in fact, a' kind o' folks comes to the Doctor on Sabbath nichts.' 'A' body likes the Doctor,' said another. One man, a labourer, I think, in a foundry, said, 'He kent great lots o' folk that's been blessed by the Doctor, baith Scotch and Irish. I ken an Irish Catholic that wrought wi' me, o' the name o' Boyd, and he came ae nicht out o' curiosity, and he was converted afore he raise from his seat, and he's a stanch Protestant to this day, every bit o' 'im, though his father and mother, and a' his folks, are sair against him for 't.'

"On the door being opened, a sudden rush took place in that direction. I found a *posse* of elders stationed as a board of inspection, closely examining old and young, male and female, and turning back all who had any signs of respectability. All hats and bonnets were excluded. My courage almost failed me, but as I had from boyhood been in the habit of doing what I could among the poor, and being so bent on ascertaining the 'way' of the Doctor with that class, I resolved to make the effort. My weakness arose from the fear of detection by any of the elders I spoke to in the forenoon. Pulling my hair down over my brow, and, in the most slovenly manner possible, wiping my nose with the sleeve of my coat, I pushed my way up to the board, and 'passed.' I found that none of the seat cushions, black, red, green, or blue, were removed; no, nor the pew Bibles or Psalm books, a plain proof that, by the test of several years, the poor of the closes and wynds could be trusted. The contrast between the forenoon and evening congregations in point of appearance was very great and striking; but in regard to order and decorum there was no difference whatever. When the time was up, a little boy was seen leading a blind man along the aisle towards the pulpit. On the boy placing the blind man in the precentor's desk, a poor man sitting next me nudged me on the elbow, and asked, 'Is that the *man* that's to preech till 's?' 'Oh, no!' said I. 'You'll see the Doctor immediately.' 'But surely,' says he, '*that* canna be the regular precentor?' 'Oh, no,' said I. 'This man, I suspect, is the precentor for us poor folks.' Here the Doctor—stout, tall, and burly—was seen ascending the pulpit stairs. He began by prayer. He then gave out the 130th Psalm for praise. Before singing, he commented at great length on the character and spirit of the Psalm, dwelling very fully on the first line, 'Lord, from the depths to thee I cried!' Nothing could have been better adapted for his auditory than the Doctor's consolatory exposition of that Psalm. The precentor by this time had got very uneasy, and had several times struck his pitchfork, and was ready to start, but the Doctor, being so full, and having still this, that, and the other thing to say, he

could not commence. At last, the Doctor looking kindly down upon him, said, 'You'll rise now, Peter, and begin.' He rose, and began. He, tracing the lines with his fingers on his ponderous Psalm book of raised letters, 'gave out the lines,' two at a time. It was a most gratifying spectacle, and said much for the advance of Christian civilisation. The Doctor next read the first chapter of the first epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians. The commentary on the chapter was most strikingly effective in point of consolatory and practical application to the condition of his auditory. In referring to the mother and grandmother of Timothy, he made a grand stand for character, which made the poor man next to me strike the floor several times with his feet by way of testifying his approbation. Had the Doctor's remarks on the subject been delivered from a platform, they would have elicited thunders of applause. He said the most valuable thing Prince Albert left was character.* He knew perfectly well that very many very poor people thought that it was impossible for them to have a character. It was not true; he would not hear of it. There was not a man nor a woman before him, however poor they might be, but had it in their power, by the grace of God, to leave behind them the grandest thing on earth, character; and their children may rise up after them, and thank God that their mother was a pious woman, or their father a pious man. The text selected was 1 Timothy vi. 12—14. The discourse was very plain, explicit, pointed, and amply illustrated, as by one who knew all the 'outs and ins,' difficulties and trials of the people before him, and they listened with breathless attention, and appeared to drink in all he said, as indeed 'good words' for them. Some of the children-in-arms sometimes broke the silence by their prattle or their screams, but the doctor, though uncommonly sensitive, never appeared the least put about."

The results of these services were remarkable. Many hundreds were reclaimed from lawless habits, some of the more ignorant were educated, and a large

* This description was written in 1861.

number became communicants. There was a nobility of character displayed by several of these working men which moved him to tears as he spoke of them, and gave him a deeper love than ever for the poor. Some of them took ways of showing their gratitude, the very oddity of which gave touching evidence of the depth of the feeling.*

His method of instruction was admirably adapted to the character of his audience. He was never abstract, but threw his teaching into objective or descriptive form, and not seldom *dramatized* the lesson he was enforcing. His counsel was not confined to things spiritual, but embraced such practical matters as the sanitary condition of the houses of the poor, healthy food, and the treatment of children, and was given so forcibly that the meanest intelligence could understand the *rationale* of his advice. His unaffected sympathy with the poor and ignorant in all their wants and difficulties was the secret of his power over them. His frankness and large human-heartedness commanded their confidence and won their affection.

"*March* 15, 1857.—I began, four weeks ago, my sermon to working men and women in their working clothes, on my old Loudoun plan, of excluding all who had clothes fit for church by day. And by God's great mercy I have crammed the Martyrs' Church with such. I never experienced more joy than in this service. It is grand. I do not envy Wellington at Waterloo.

* I remember on a Sunday evening returning with him, after one of these services, to our father's house. When the cab stopped, a rough hand was pushed in at the window. Norman understood what was meant, and on taking what was offered, received a warm grasp from some unknown working man, who had come from the Barony church, a mile away, to express by this act more thankfulness than he could find words to utter.

"I have just published 'Deborah,' a book for servants. What is written with a single eye, and seeking God's blessing, must, I think, do such good as will vindicate the publication. We shall see.

"*Sunday*, 29.—On the Monday after the former journal I was seized with dreadful neuralgia (as it was called). I spent the night in my study; on the floor, sofa, chair—anywhere for rest. It left me Tuesday, and then till Sunday I suffered several hours each day, the only agony I ever experienced. I spent another terrible night. Sunday last I was in bed. Since then I have been confined to the house, but, thank God, feel able to preach this afternoon and evening, though I have been writing with much sense of weakness of body. Then scarlet fever attacked my beloved boy on Tuesday. But oh! the *awful* mercy of God to me, he has had it as yet most gently. Was I sincere when I gave him up, all up to God last week? I hope so. As far as I know, I desire Jesus to choose for me; and, as far as I know, there is nothing could make me alter that calm resolution; but, as far as I know, there is also no man whose flesh winces more under fear of affliction, or who would more require the mighty power of God to keep him from open rebellion. Amidst all confusion, darkness, doubts, fears, there is ever one light, one life, one all—Jesus, the living personal Saviour!"

With the desire of promoting increased life in the Church, he wrote a series of articles in the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, in which he proposed the formation of a Church Union for the purpose of discussing questions connected with practical work, and for earnest prayer for the outpouring of God's Spirit. He believed that there were many ministers and laymen who were mourning in secret over faults in the Church which were a continual burden to his own soul; and that the best results might be expected if such men were only brought together for

conference and prayer. The state of the Church seemed to call for some such movement. 'What most alarms me is that we are not alarmed. What most pains me is that we are not pained.' 'Whether we are the Church of the past, or the true representatives of the Second Reformation, or any other reformation, is to us a question of comparatively little importance; but it is of infinite importance that we be the Church of the present, and thereby become the Church of the future. Let the dead bury their dead, but let us follow Christ and be fellow-labourers with Him in this world.'

After several preliminary meetings, the Union was formed, but it existed only two years, and the only memorial of it now remaining is to be found in the missionary breakfast, which is held during every General Assembly.

From his JOURNAL :—

"The second meeting of the Union is to-morrow. I have prayed often that out of that weakness God may ordain strength, to aid my dear but sore-wounded and suffering Church ; but, best of all, to help *His* Church, by saving souls and uniting saints.

"*April* 11, 12 P.M.—Sunday last I finished my winter's course in the Martyrs' Church, and invited all who wished to partake of the Lord's Supper to intimate their wishes to me on Tuesday in the vestry. On Tuesday evening seventy-six came for communion ! Of these forty-seven had never communicated before. Fifty-two were females ; twenty-five males. I never saw such a sight, nor experienced such unmixed joy, for all had come because blessed through the Word, and a great majority seemed to me to have been truly converted. Bless the Lord ! To-morrow,

please God, I shall give them the Communion in their working clothes at five in the church.

"I am persuaded that to succeed in doing permanent good to such it is necessary (1) To preach regularly and systematically (with heart, soul, and strength though!). (2) To exclude well-dressed people. (3) To keep out of newspapers and off platforms, and avoid *fuss*. (4) To develop self-reliance. (5) To give Communion on creditable profession, as the apostles admitted to the Church, and then to gather up results, and bring the converts into a society. (6) To follow up by visitation, stimulating themselves to collect for clothes.

"*Tuesday*, 13*th*.—What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?

"Sabbath was a day of peace and joy, and my sermon on 'God forbid that I should glory, &c.,' preached in great peace by me—and I believe found most profitable by my dear people. How could I convey to any other the profound and undying conviction I have of God being verily a hearer of prayer and a personal God? Whatever arguments were capable of shaking my faith in this, would shake my faith in God. I gave the Communion to sixty-seven working people in their working clothes. Having kept my intention secret, as I was terrified for *fuss* and a spectacle, none were present but the elders. I went through the regular service, occupying about seventy minutes. The whole scene was very solemn, very touching. I believe all were sincere.

"But now comes the great work of training them to habits of self-reliance and self-denial. I shall watch and labour, and before God shall tell the truth of my results. Failure may teach us as well as success. If I fail, then I will set a buoy on my wreck to warn others from the rock, but not from the harbour. My new elders were with me—God bless them!

"Last evening all was ended with a prayer meeting of the Union, I in the chair. My good and valued friends, William Robertson and Smith of Lauder, with me, also dear James Campbell.

"Then prayer and thanksgiving alone with my beloved

wife for the end of these five weeks since the night I sprang up in agony and spent a night of great pain in this room—my study! T. Θ. Δ.

"*May*.—I go to London this evening to speak for Tract Society. I preach twice for Herschell. On Monday, for the London Missionary Society; then home, dear home! And now, Father, I go forth again in Thy name, and desire to be kept true, humble, and unselfish: seeking Thy glory and Thy favour, which verily is life! Amen, and Amen.

"*May* 17.—I have returned, and give thanks to God! I spoke on Friday evening—very lamely indeed—for I was made so uncomfortable by a narrow and vulgar attack by —— on ——; and then by as narrow and more vulgar attack by —— on modern novels. I had to stick up for Jack the Giant Killer. I think I shall never enter Exeter Hall again on such occasions. The atmosphere is too muggy for my lungs."

The year 1857 was notable in his own spiritual history. He was attacked by an illness which for a time gave his medical advisers considerable anxiety, and was attended with such pain, that he had frequently to pass the greater part of the night in his chair; yet, during the day, when the suffering had abated, he was generally at his post of labour in the parish. For a while he took the worst view of his own case, but anticipated its issue with calmness. An autumn tour, however, in Switzerland, in which he was accompanied by his wife, and by his valued friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Campbell, in a great measure restored him. But, shortly after his return, Mrs. Macleod was laid prostrate by typhoid fever, which rendered her delirious for several weeks, and reduced her to so critical a condition that on several occasions her life was despaired of. He recognised the solemn

teaching which these days of terrible suspense contained, and his journals record the mental agony he passed through, as he tried to render willing obedience to his Father's will. It seemed a period when all the lessons of his past life—all his own sermons and teaching to others—all he had known of God and of the nature of Christian life as a life of Sonship—were gathered into one decisive question for his own soul. He literally wrestled in prayer, and fought inch by inch against self-will, until he was able to say, in peaceful submission, 'Thy will be done.' The effects of this time were immediate and enduring. He lived henceforth more entirely for God, and became much more tender, considerate, and patient towards others than he had ever been. There was no lessening of the old joyousness and genial humour; but he seemed to care less for the opinions of men, and looked more than ever to God alone.

It may now appear that the experience of this epoch in his life was as opportune as it was powerful. It came when he was about to enter a wider sphere of influence than he had hitherto occupied, and to encounter greater difficulties than those with which his past career had made him familiar. It was well, therefore, that his character should have been fortified, as it was at this period, to withstand the shock of conflicting opinions; and that, having been thrown so completely on God, he was able henceforth to be freer than ever of the influence of parties and their leaders.

"*June* 4.—For some days I have felt pain, and feared the return of my complaint. I have seen Dr. Laurie. I know

it to be very serious, and I feel now how this may be the beginning of the end.

"Yet how awing is the thought of the gift of life being rendered up! The opportunities of receiving and doing good here gone for ever; pain to be encountered, and then the great secret revealed! But every question is stilled, every doubt answered, all good secured, in and through faith in the name of Father, Son (Brother), and Comforter!

"Oh, God, enable me to be brave, unselfish, cheerful, patient, because trusting Thee!

"*Evening.*—I feel a crisis in my illness is passed. O my God, let not two such days of thought be lost to me, as those occasioned last month by my mistaken fears about myself."

To J. G. Hamilton, Esq. :—

Craigie Burn, Moffat, *July 7th.*

"Here I am, like a blackbird reposing in my nest in a green wood, beside a burn, surrounded by pastoral hills, musical with bleating sheep and shadowy with clouds. My chicks all about me, some chirping, some singing, all gaping for food, with my lady blackbird perched beside me, her glossy plumage glittering in the sun, a perfect sermon on contentment.

"Blackbirds put me in mind of *bills*, and bills of money, and money of those who need it, and then of those who are willing to give it, and that brings me to you. It is not for schools, churches, or schemes but for charity to help a needy gentlewoman. . . . .

"I am sorry to say that my complaint has not left me. I had a learned consultation in London with the great authority in such cases. He has put me on a regimen so strict that it would make a hermit's cell almost comfortable; and he commands rest. But this I cannot command for a month yet."

From his Journal :—

"*December.*—I am alone, with nothing to occupy me but my own thoughts, and come what may, perhaps it

may help on God's work in my soul if I try to express even in a very inadequate and crude way the solemn crisis through which I am now passing.

"Wednesday night my beloved one became so alarmingly ill that I lost all hope. The night was a memorable one to me. It was one of those awful soul struggles between life in God and the creature, which seem to compress the history of years into minutes. The only thing that gave me light was the one thought of doing God's will, and it did seem to me right, beautiful, good, that it should be done in any way. I was able to look up to my Father and say, 'Thy will, not mine.' But oh! oh! the struggle now! To be willing in truth, to bury my life out of sight, how hard! To have my true life in God alone—impossible! I am supported, I think (dear God, pity me!) I can say 'Thy will, not mine!' But to do this truly; to do it always; to do it in all things; to hang loose from life to all but Thee! O my Father, help me, teach me, for I desire faith and patience to have their perfect work. I desire to be made Thine wholly, and to learn obedience and meekness as a son; but O God, my Father, uphold me under Thy loving, but sore and necessary dealing. If she is taken away! If she is spared! 'Lord, into Thy hand I commit my spirit,' as unto a faithful Creator. Glorify Thy name!

"My Father, I lie at Thy feet, and desire to be led as a child, and to follow Jesus—to die with Him. Yet lead me not into deeper trial lest I perish. Yet, Amen—Amen—I trust in Thee! In the depths, in darkness, I trust in Thee. God forgive my fears; Thou rememberest I am dust."

To his SISTER JANE:—

22nd November.

"The nervous, distracted outward man is one, and the inner rest in God belongs to another being. They both sadly cross. But my faith is not shaken in Him. May it be found to His glory at His appearing."

"This is a quiet, peaceful day. Without—wind, rain, mist. Within—peace.

"All that man can do for her is done. She is watched every hour, and I am told there is hope, and that it is a mere question of time. Can the vessel weather the long storm?

"The mental history of this time to me is unparalleled. First the awful nervousness; then the soul battle, then the peace; the doubts, fears, agonies! and this day peace —perfect peace."

From his JOURNAL:—

"Beloved John Campbell and Dr. Macduff have been a great strength and stay.

"It is hard to describe my feelings. I now hope, yet fear lest for one moment I should be kept off the one life, the living God! I have resigned her into His hands. I know He will prepare me, for I desire first (as far as I know) that His kingdom shall come in me and by me. Then, on the other hand, should she be given back! A solemn battle has then to be fought whether or not I shall attempt to rebuild my house or die daily. I feel that God's grace will be required just as much for me if the precious gift is restored as if taken away.

"Lord, undertake for us. Thou seest our strength is gone. We lean on Thee, mighty and merciful one."

To his SISTER JANE:—

"Saturday night and Sunday morning was my third burial of her. I gave her up again, and the third was more than the first. God alone knows what such a night is. Yet His grace has been more than sufficient, and I hope I have been taught what years have failed to do.

"You see, dear, what a trying time it is, and you cannot wonder if the tension of the brain should make mine very hot at times.

"Everything is confusion—night and day mingled."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Thursday.*—All going on well.

"I hardly know what I think. The apparent actual

return to health does not at all affect me as its hopes did, for these quite convulsed me, while the reality only affects me by producing a sense of deep calm and thanksgiving.

"Certainly this has been without comparison the most solemn period of my life. Never have I so realised sorrow. I am anxious to gather up the fragments in any manner, however confused. I should like, if possible, to meet and sympathize with God in His teaching, lest it be lost—to understand what the will of the Lord is, and what is His loving kindness.

"God was teaching me (1) where my true life ought to be—in Him, and in Him only. (2) The sufficiency of His grace, to support and give peace in the most trying hour. (3) How beautiful His will is—how right it is that His glory should be the grand end of creation, and the sole ambition of the spirit of man. (4) How I deserved to be, not chastised, but punished for sin; and how hard it was for one who trusted in 'riches' to enter into the kingdom, or to sell all and follow Him!

"But my comforting thoughts were—

"(1) God's glory. What was right and beautiful in His sight was often very consoling. (2) That Jesus was in the house, and saw all, planned all, and would do all most tenderly, lovingly, and wisely. (3) That there was no depth to which He had not descended. If I made my bed in hell, He was there. I was much touched by the 22nd Psalm, in which, after uttering His own deep sorrow ('My God,' &c.) and recounting how our fathers had trusted God, He says, 'But I am a worm, and no man!' Think of that! As if His case was too desperate. (4) That patience must have her perfect work, and that faith must be tried and found precious. (5) That God wished me as a child to open my whole heart and tell Him everything. When David was told by Nathan that his child should die, he still prayed to God for its recovery. 'I doubt not,' says Hall so beautifully, 'God His Father took it kindly.' (6) That God was feeling keenly for me, even when afflicting me. As I heard of a father who used to suffer agony in dressing the wounds of his child; yet his love alone enabled him to do it, while putting her to so much pain.

"I have met extraordinary and wondrous sympathy; it utterly amazes me, and has given me a new and most touching view of my neighbour. Hundreds called to read the daily bulletin which I was obliged to put up. But everywhere it was the same. Free-Church people and people of all Churches called; men I never spoke to stopped me; cab-drivers, bus-drivers, working men in the streets asked after her with such feeling. I have heard of ministers in Edinburgh praying in public for us. I pray God this may be a lesson for life to make me most tender, meek, kind, and charitable to all men. O God, keep my heart *soft* towards my brethren of mankind. I never could have believed in such unselfishness. And so I have felt its good, for my heart warms to all good men more than ever, and more deeply do I hate and loathe sectarianism.

"I have had inexpressibly solemn teaching from my own sermons. How solemnly have they preached to me! Such as the first, on 'Raising of Lazarus,'* and my article written, without thought of this sorrow, for the December number of the *Christian Magazine*. O my Father, I desire to learn to speak with deep awe and modesty, as one to whom Thou mayest address his own words.

"The difference between preaching and knowing by experience in affliction, is as great as between being a soldier in peace and fighting at reviews, and a soldier in war and actual battle.

"How awful the trial is of even the hope of returning 'prosperity.' It is not—Oh no!—as if my Father grudged to make me happy, or as if affliction was His rule, and not His strange work; but I know that in His love he has been designing good for me—life, and life more abundantly; that to produce this He has sent sorrow; that His purpose has not been hid from me, but that I have seen it and approved of its righteousness; and that in answer to prayers, many and fervent, from His people, who desired first that He should be glorified, He has been pleased to remove (in hope as yet) this great sorrow. I

* Afterwards published under the title, "The Mystery of Sorrow," in "Parish Papers."

feel it will be a terrible loss, an abuse of God's grace, a receiving of it in affliction in vain, unless my life is re-baptized, our relationship far more inner and spiritual, and our walk more in the light of heaven. I have been called to a higher, purer, nobler life. I have had three burials of her, and on each occasion Jesus seemed to say, 'Lovest thou me more than her?' and thrice he has given her back, but with the awful reservation, 'Follow thou me,' 'Feed my sheep.' And now I feel God's grace is required for each day; for what should my future life be? not an occasional funeral, but a daily dying!

"O God omnipotent! let Thy strength be perfected in my weakness."

"*Friday.*—I am still full of anxiety, and feel the rod yet on me. Father, let patience have her perfect work, and prepare me to meet as a child all the changes of Thy providence. Remember I am dust, and help me according to the riches of thy grace!

"The same. My hope is in Thee—in Thee only. God sustain. Undertake for me, my Father!

* * * * * *

"The Doctor has just left me, and he says, 'Well, I think all is safe.' This I have been hoping for during the last week. With what feelings do I receive the news?

"What means this? I have never shed a tear of joy. I who was wrung with grief, and could not, in prospect, bear the light of deliverance—who was crushed by the bare idea, 'maybe she will yet get better!' Yet I have never felt a throb, or the least of that excitement or tumult or leap of the heart which would seem so natural. Wherefore? I really know not. Is it the body, and collapse from over excitement? The Lord knoweth! But I shall not work myself up to an outward form of what might seem to be the right thing, but seek to be led by God into that state of spirit which is becoming in His sight. I feel as in a dream.

"*Monday, 21st.*—This day Sir George Grey informs me I am made a Chaplain to the Queen."

To Mr. WADDELL (a Member of the Session, on the death of his eldest child) :—

Saturday, 12*th Dec.*, 1857.

"I most deeply feel with you, my afflicted brother. God will enable you by-and-by, if not in the first darkness of the affliction, to know that it is *a Father* who sends the trial; and from your own tender love to your child you can in some degree realise the deep mystery of a Father's love to yourselves, and in your own hearts see a dim reflection of that love which passeth all understanding. You will remember, too, with new feelings, how His own well-beloved Son was a man of sorrows, how (see the 22nd Psalm) there was no depth but He Himself was in a lower; how He is thus able to carry our burdens, understand us, feel for us and with us as a brother. You will be taught also how God is seeking our whole hearts, and will put us to pain even at the moment of our greatest earthly happiness, just because it is then we are most apt to forsake Him as our eternal life, and to seek life in the creature. Nay, He will teach you to see how deep and true that love is which will give pain to those dearly loved in order that they shall not lose a full blessing, but see life more abundantly.

"I feel assured that God is dealing towards you in great love, though it is hard to see it at first, and most trying to flesh and blood to say Amen to this discipline by the cross. But do not go away sorrowful from Him! Hold fast your confidence. His purpose is mercy, and good. Seek first of all, that His will should be done in you, His purpose of good be realised by you. Your child is certainly with One Who is more gentle, tender, and loving than a mother—One Who was a child, Who knows a child's heart, Who was in a mother's arms. Your babe will be trained up in a glorious school; when you meet she will be a fit companion for you, and rejoice with you for ever.

"I have myself during these four weeks endured the greatest sorrow I ever experienced in life. I twice gave up my beloved wife to the Lord. I can witness to you of the power of God's grace to give peace in the darkest hour, and of how affliction is indeed sent for our 'profit,' that we might be partakers of His holiness."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*March* 15, 1858.—It is this day twenty years ago that I was ordained minister of Loudoun! I bless God for calling me to the ministry as He did my father and grandfather before me, and for giving me a place in my nation's Church. Donald is to be ordained on Thursday, and I introduce him on Sunday."

To the Rev. W. F. STEVENSON (on his recovery from fever) :—

March 24th, 1858.

"I do not know from experience what a man's feelings are when coming out of such a death in life as you have passed through, but from what I personally know of sorrow, or escapes from danger, there is little of that joy or excitement of any kind which most people picture to themselves. I have always felt my nervous system exhausted, my feelings listless, my intellect dull, and my moral being shut up to a quiet thankfulness, a simple leaning on Christ, with little more in my mind than that I was nothing and He was all, and no stronger desire than henceforth to be kept by Him and in Him. Everything about our *Ich-heit* is so base, earthy, mean. He must be all in all. Yet how difficult and perplexing a thing to the vain, proud, self-willed man is the simplicity which is in Christ!"

From his JOURNAL :—

"*April* 5.—On Sunday night I finished my second winter's course of sermons to the working classes. The church was full. I preached about an hour and a half to them. Yet though I had preached twice during the day, I felt as if I could have gone on till midnight. There is something overpoweringly interesting in seeing fourteen hundred people in their poor clothes drinking in the word! I never preach as I do to them. I feel what it is to be an evangelist.

"Last night I had a meeting of my old communicants, and a very delightful one it was.

"I admitted a year ago sixty-nine to the communion

for the first time. These sat down at a separate service, in their working clothes. At the next communion upwards of twenty had got clothes, and joined other churches, as I had no sittings for them. A large number, about twenty, I think, sat down in their working clothes. At my ordinary communion others had got good clothes. Now I find that, with the exception of nine, all are attending church, fit to join at the ordinary communion. These nine are too much in difficulty from want of work to get good clothes yet. They will sit down in their working clothes. I have steadfastly kept aloof from giving clothes, lest it should be looked on as a bribe and injure themselves and others. See the result!

"I am now collecting for my Mission Church at Kelvinhaugh, and God is greatly blessing me in it. T. Θ. Δ."

He was made deeply thankful by receiving from the working men themselves, on more than one occasion, such testimonies as the following to the benefit they had derived from his teaching:—

". . . . We thank God for having led you in the midst of your multifarious and onerous duties to think of us, and we thank you for having been the willing instrument in His hand of first rousing us from our indifference, and leading us to take a manly and straightforward view of our condition. Though the novelty which at first attached to these meetings has passed away, some of us know that their influence for good has been most enduring. . . . . Not content with bringing us, as it were, to the entrance of the Saviour's Church and leaving us to go in or return as we pleased, you have led us into the great congregation of His saints on earth, and have invited us to take our places among our fellow-believers at the Lord's table, so that we might enjoy similar privileges with them. Those of us who have accepted this invitation have nothing of this world's goods to offer you in return, but we shall retain a life-long gratitude for your kindness—a gratitude which shall be continued when we shall meet in that

eternal world which lies beyond the grave. . . . . We beg you will accept of these expressions of gratitude in place of 'the silver and gold' of which 'we have none,' and we subscribe ourselves, with much regard,

"THE WORKING MEN."

A working man, who signs his own name 'on behalf of a number of others,' writes—

"We are not aware whether you know of any case in which your labours have been successful in arousing the careless, and in effecting reformation in character and disposition; if not, we can assure you that such instances are not rare, as even in our own neighbourhood many have been brought, through your instrumentality under God, to bethink themselves and mend their ways."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*April* 30.—The University of Glasgow has this day conferred the honour on me of the degree of D.D. How sad it makes me! I feel as if they had stamped me with old age, and that it was a great cataract in the stream leading more rapidly to 'the unfathomable gulf where all is still.' And it is so. I have at best but a short time for work. O my God, brace every nerve of my soul by Thy mighty Spirit that I may glorify Thee on earth, and as a faithful servant redeem the time and finish the work which Thou hast given me to do!"

To the Rev. J. E. CUMMING:—

2nd June, 1858.

"I have not myself found travelling congenial to much inner work. The outer world of persons and things I always relished so intensely that I required an extra effort to keep to quiet reading and prayer. One possesses such an 'abundance of things,' that they are apt to become 'the life' for the time. But I doubt not that the sobriety of weak health may act as a counterpoise, keeping the soul

in hourly remembrance of its true and abiding life. I have no doubt you will find a blessing in going thus to 'rest awhile.' It is good to be made to feel how God's work can go on without us, and to be able to review from without our past work, and to be more cast on God Himself, and thus be more emptied of our own vain selves.

"When we are weak, then are we strong. The least are the greatest. I pray you may every day be drawn nearer Christ, and return to us stronger in body and soul."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*June* 3, again!—I am now forty-six, and the future uncertain! And so this life of mine, which seems to me about to begin, is fast ending! I declare it makes the perspiration break out on my brow. Oh, cursed idleness, desultory study, want of hard reading and accurate scholarship when young,—this has been a grievous evil, a heavy burthen to me all my life! I have wanted *tools* for my mental powers. Had my resources been trained by art, so that they could have been wisely directed during my past life, I feel that I could have done something to have made me look back with more satisfaction on these bygone years.

"O my Father, if I but felt assured that I should be a little child, then would I never mourn the loss of my first childhood, nor fear the coming on of my old age!

"Glory to Thee now and for ever that I have been born twice in Thy kingdom!"

To Mrs. MACLEOD (during her absence with his family in the country):—

THE STUDY, *July 26th*, 1858.

"Why do you leave me here to be devoured with rats and grief? The house is horrible. I am afraid of ghosts. The doors creak in a way that indicates a clear connection with the unseen world. There are noises too. How slow must Hades be if spirits find Woodlands Terrace at this season more exciting! How idle they must be if to frighten a parson is their most urgent work! And yet

on my honour I believe there is one going at this moment up the stairs."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*September* 6.—I have been too busy to be at rest with my family at Elie. I start to-day with Leitch * for a dash into Switzerland. May God guide me and keep me holy and wise, that I may return home fit in mind and body for my winter work!"

To Mrs. MACLEOD :—

PARIS.

"Drove to Bois de Boulogne, paid considerably, and saw nothing but the driver's back. My money goes as usual—like snow. Mammon was no doubt a devil; he enters into the coin, and it rushes down steep places for ever into the abyss, and never returns. Best love to my mother, who, were she here, would go on the stage, or think she was dead, or if not, that the Champs Elysées were theologically so."

ZURICH, *Friday*, 10*th September*, 1858.

"At Basle I called for Auberlen. We spent the rest of our time in the Institution for training Missionaries, and had all my principles confirmed and illustrated.

* The late Principal Leitch.

"Had a most exquisite drive by railway to this place. As we were crossing a valley, the range of Bernese Alps burst suddenly on our sight, every mountain-side and peak gleaming on their western sides with the intense furbished gold we saw at Mont Blanc. I gave a cry of wonder and joy that started the whole carriage—all but a Cockney, who kept reading all the time a Swiss guide-book. I shall never forget that second introduction to the Alps. When we arrived at Zurich we drove to the old hotel; but we did not look fine enough, and only a double-bedded room was offered, and refused. Angry at this, I would not go to the Baur, but came out at the first hotel the 'bus stopped at. This *Gasthof*, you must know, presents to the *Gasse* but one enormous gable with seven stories, covered by a projecting roof. Within, it contains a combination of short stairs, passages, kitchens, bedrooms, and eating-rooms, utterly indescribable as to their relative positions.

"There is a daily paper with the names of all the hotels and their guests. I see in ours '8 *Militär*.' These are common soldiers; the town is full of them, and a dozen are billeted in our lobby. I hear the drummer practising in the Speise Saal. At first I was disposed to be sulky, but

Boss so thoroughly enjoys it, and is so thankful for having come to this sort of hotel, that he has brought me to his own mind. My window commands a glorious view of the lake, and the roofs of half the houses. Well, I find I am nowhere so happy as at home. Very truly I say that, even here. My own fireside and my home parish work are the circles within which is my earthly Paradise."

RAGATZ, 12*th September*.

"The baths of Pfeffers are, I think, in their way, the most wonderful scene I ever beheld. Conceive a huge fissure about five hundred feet deep; the edges at the top uniting like two saws—now in contact, and then an open hole through which you see the blue sky and the intense green trees waving in light some hundreds of feet above you—fifty feet below, the raging stream. It is a wondrous gorge that! We ascended by a zig-zag path about a mile higher, and came up to the pastures. Oh! what a sight of green uplands, villages, church steeples, ranges of precipices, snowy peaks, mountains lighted up with the setting sun, and what tinkling of hundreds of goat-bells! I could have sat down and wept. As it was, I lifted up my heart in prayer, and blessed God for this one glorious sight, and I felt I could return home with thankfulness."

CANNSTADT, 20*th September*, 1858.

"I preached yesterday forenoon in Stuttgart, and in the afternoon here. The English clergyman read the liturgy in the morning. The congregation excellent; afternoon crammed. I know not when I felt a Sabbath more truly peaceful, happy, and profitable to myself, and I hope and believe also to others. Walked by moonlight along the old street, stood before the house, went to my old *post* * beyond Hermann's Hotel; recalled all the past year we were there with its dark sorrows and great joys, the past eight years with its constant sunlight; prayed, and looked up to the old stars which shone on me, and brought me then such true light in the same spot.

"I had great delight in preaching, and had such a vivid realisation of our dear one's life in heaven and his hearty realisation of that 'kingdom and glory,' which I feebly attempted to express."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*September* 27*th*, 1858.—I have this day returned, refreshed and invigorated in mind, spirit, and body.

* The point to which he and John Mackintosh walked every day.

"My route was London, Paris, Basle, Zurich, Wallenstadt, Ragatz, Pfeffers, Bellinzona, Isola Bella, back by St. Gothard, Lucerne, Zurich, Cannstadt, Heidelberg, Mannheim, the Rhine, Rotterdam, Leith. Time, three weeks. Cost, £23 10*s*. Gain, undying memories, health, and happiness."

"*November* 2.—On my return I found the command of the Queen awaiting me to preach again at Balmoral. Preached in peace and without notes. After dinner the Queen sent for me. She always strikes me as possessed of singular penetration, firmness, and independence, and very real. She was personally singularly kind, and I never spoke my mind more frankly to any one who was a stranger and not on an equal footing.

". . . . The agitation renewed anent non-intrusion. No reform requiring an Act of Parliament will interest me unless it unites Presbyterianism in Scotland. That is the thing to be sought."

"*January* 16.— ———'s birthday. God bless my child! Make her simple, earnest, true, and, above all other things in the universe, Father, give her love to Thee, that in all her difficulties she may consult Thee and yield to what her conscience tells her to be right, that in all her trials she may trust Thee and honour Thee by grace, and that she may ever seek to please her Saviour in soul, spirit, and body, which are His! Hear *us*, our God, who daily pray for our beloved children whom Thou hast given us in Thy great love. Amen!"

The centenary celebration of the birth of Robert Burns created immense excitement in almost every region of the earth where Scotchmen could congregate, and in the poet's native land was the signal for the outbreak of a bitter war between the pulpit and the press. There were fanatics on both sides. Admirers of the poet would not brook exception being taken to their hero-worship; this provoked, on the opposite side, unmeasured abuse of his character and

influence. The sacred name of religion was so constantly invoked in the quarrel, that no clergyman could take part in the festival without risk to his reputation. Norman Macleod, however, felt it would be unmanly not to speak what he believed, and, accordingly, accepted the invitation which had been sent him to appear at the Glasgow Celebration. As he was the only clergyman on the platform, his presence was greeted with unusual cheering. Every word he uttered in praise of the poet was, as might have been expected, loudly applauded; but as he had come to utter his convictions, he was quite prepared for the storm of hissing, mingled with cheers, which arose as he adverted, delicately but firmly, to those features of the poet's productions which every religious mind must deplore. His speech was a vindication of his own position as a Scotchman and a clergyman, and before he concluded the audience showed how heartily they appreciated his independence and honesty.

"There are two things," he said, "which to me make Burns sufficiently memorable. One is, his noble protest for the independence and dignity of humanity, as expressed, for example, in that heroic song, 'A man's a man for a' that.' Another is, his intense nationality—a noble sentiment, springing, like a plant deeply rooted for ages in the soil, and bearing fruit which nourishes the manliest virtues of a people. Few men have done for any country in this respect what Burns has done for Scotland. He has made our Doric for ever poetical. Everything in our land, touched with the wand of his genius, will for ever retain the new interest and beauty which he has imparted to it. Never will the 'banks and braes of bonnie Doon' cease to be 'fresh and fair,' nor the 'birks of Aberfeldy' to hang

their tresses in the bright atmosphere of his song. He has even persuaded Scotchmen 'o' a' the airts the wind can blaw' most dearly to 'lo'e the west,' though it comes loaded to us, who live in the west, only with the soft favours of a 'Scotch mist.' So possessed are even railway directors and rough mechanics by his presence and his power, that they send 'Tam o' Shanter' and 'Souter Johnnie' as locomotives, roaring and whistling through the land that is called by his name, and immortalised by his genius. How marvellously has he welded the hearts of Scotchmen throughout the world. Without him they would, no doubt, be united by the ordinary bonds of a common country that cannot anywhere be forgotten—a common tongue that cannot anywhere be easily mistaken—and by mercantile pursuits in which they cannot anywhere be wanted. But still these ties would be like the cold hard cable that connects the Old and New World beneath the Atlantic. The songs of Burns are the electric sparks which flash along it and give it life; and 'though seas between us may be cast,' these unite heart and heart, so that as long as they exist, Scotchmen can never forget 'auld acquaintance,' nor the 'days o' lang syne.' And yet, how can a clergyman, of all men, forget or fail to express his deep sorrow on such an occasion as the present for some things that Burns has written, and which deserve the uncompromising condemnation of those who love him best? I am not called upon to pass any judgment on him as a man, but only as a writer; and with reference to some of his poems, from my heart I say it—for his own sake, for the sake of my country, for the sake of righteousness more than all—would God they were never written, never printed, and never read! And I should rejoice to see, as the result of these festivals in honour of Burns, a centenary edition of his poems, from which everything would be excluded which a Christian father could not read aloud in his family circle, or the Christian cottar on his 'Saturday night' to his sons and daughters. One thing I feel assured of, is, that righteously to condemn whatever is inconsistent with purity and piety, while it cannot lessen one ray of his genius, is at once the best proof we can give

of our regard for his memory If his spirit is cognizant of what is done upon earth, most certainly such a judgment must be in accordance with its most solemn conviction and most earnest wishes."*

Some influential members of the Presbytery of Glasgow at this time moved an 'overture' (as a formal representation is called) to the General Assembly on the subject of Lay Patronage. At once perceiving the importance of the question thus raised, he supported the proposal in a long speech, and it is interesting, in the light of more recent Scottish ecclesiastical history, to notice the care with which he had already weighed the difficulties besetting the policy, in which he was afterwards to take a conspicuous lead.

". . . . I dare not conceal my own honest convictions of the extreme difficulty of getting a hearing in Parliament, a conviction strengthened when I think that, in 1843, we

* He afterwards received the following characteristic letter of thanks from the late able and lamented Dr. Duncan, Professor of Hebrew in the Free Church College, Edinburgh.

29th January, 1859.

"I have just read with delight the extract from your speech at the Burns Centenary Meeting. The works of Burns are a power whose influence is to be felt, and will continue to be so, in this country and beyond it; a very mixed one it is true. In all such things we are bid to choose the good (thankfully, as all good is of God) and refuse the evil. 'Abhor that which is evil and cleave to that which is good.' I can deeply sympathize with the moral tone of feeling which turns from the whole with the loathing which the smell of the dead fly causes—the miasma which it spreads. I cannot, however, think that the zeal of some 'abounds in all wisdom.' To abolish Burns is not possible, and it is pleasing to think that the 'non omnis moriar' may be applied to our great lyrical poet, not only with safety, but to so great advantage.

"I beseech you prosecute the idea of printing a purified centenary edition. The pearls must be rescued. Why should our children not have them clear of the impure dross or sand, and placed in as fine a casket as the hallowed genius of the nation can produce?"

had far stronger claims to be heard than now, and when the evils calling for legislative enactment were far more pressing. I argue from the general temper in which Parliament legislates; the whole tendency of legislation in Parliament, as you will see from year to year, being not for sections of the community. But if Parliament is willing and ready to hear us, I for one would most assuredly be deeply thankful for a legislative measure that should enable us to cure the evil.

"There is another way of looking at this case, which seems perhaps to be the more important, when regarded with reference to Scotland. Many people say, 'What have we to do with other Churches, and with the opinions of the Free Church, or of any other Church? We have to do with ourselves.' I say we sink down to be mere sectarians when we say we have only to do with ourselves and not with the country. I say, as a National Establishment, we have to do with the nation; as a National Scotch Establishment, we have to do with Scotchmen; and I should never like to hear any great question discussed merely with reference to its relationship to our Church, and not in its relationship to our country. When we look at this question in reference to the whole of Scotland, I think it is still more complicated. I believe that the welfare of Scotland, as a whole, is bound up with Presbyterianism. Scotland, as a country, will rise or fall with its Presbyterianism. It is warped into its whole historical past, into the hearts of our people, as not one other element in our national greatness or history is. The second point, I think, you will agree upon, is that the interests of Presbyterianism in Scotland are bound up with the Established Church. I do not say the Established Church exclusively, but I say the Established Church inclusively. The Presbyterianism of Scotland might be the better of a vigorous Presbyterianism always lying outside of the National Establishment, but I think it would be much worse if there was no National Establishment at all. Now what is the present state of our Church in reference to Scotland generally? Episcopacy has unfortunately alienated a very great number of the upper classes, not from the Church of Scotland merely, but

from the Presbyterianism of Scotland. I would wish to talk gently and kindly on this subject. I am very unwilling to attribute motives. There are many Episcopalians whose families have been so from generation to generation. Many of these have never belonged to the Church of Scotland, and are yet most hearty friends of the Established Church; some of them are among her kindest and most generous friends. There are others, again, who have become Episcopalians from the fact of English education; and there are others who have become so from—I hardly know how to express my meaning, but perhaps a little *flunkeyism* would not be a bad term. While there is a great mass of educated gentlemen of this persuasion, many of whom are my personal friends, and for whom I entertain the greatest possible respect, there are, along with these, clergy and laity, who are antagonistic for conscience sake, not only to the Church of Scotland, but to Presbyterianism. Looking, again, to Presbyterians, we see that there is a great number of the middle classes who do not belong to the Established Church, and who are even antagonistic to it. In these circumstances, I do not myself see how the Established Church can remain as she is, and continue to be the National Church. There is no use of entering on the question whether it will last your day or mine, but it is perfectly clear that, as a National Church, if she is to represent the Presbyterianism of the nation, this state of things cannot last. Should we not deplore, for the sake of Presbyterianism in Scotland, and for the sake of all Churches, that this noble old Presbyterian Establishment should be permanently weakened, or should fall? Presbyterianism is linked inseparably with the holy memories of the Reformation. Every Reformed Church in every part of Europe—let me say so to Episcopalians—took the Presbyterian form, either in fact or in theory; in France, in Spain, in Italy, in the National Church of Germany, in Switzerland, in Holland, in Sweden, and Norway, this was the case. Are we now to have no representative National Presbyterian Church speaking the English language—and this, too, in the present state of Episcopacy and Romanism? Well, if we are not to be permanently weakened as a National Establishment, we

must gather the masses of Presbyterians now lying beyond our pale. In one word, I think it is the duty of our Church, as a National Church, to entertain not only privately in our hearts, but publicly, the question of union with the Free Church. I assume that such a union is essential for their welfare as for ours. We should cease without it to be national in the strongest sense of the word, and they would cease to be national in their principles, and sink down to be Voluntaries, instead of retaining the convictions and principles on which they left the Establishment. I do not think we can exist worthily as a great National Church unless some such union takes place. But before that union is possible, there must, in the nature of things, be legislative enactment. It is not possible with the present state of our law with reference to the induction of ministers, not to speak of our laws affecting spiritual independence. The Free Church men have justified to the whole world the seriousness and strength of their convictions on these points; and if we are to be as one again, these convictions assuredly must be respected by us—at all events they themselves will respect them."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*February* 11.—A girl born to us. We give her to the Lord. Bless His name!

"*March* 12.—'We give her to the Lord,' and this night it would seem as if the Lord would take her to Himself. She has been seized with cholera and seems very weak.

"*March* 15.—The anniversary of my ordination twenty-one years ago! I have attained my majority as a minister. Praise the Lord for it!

"In proportion as I realise how the Lord has made me an instrument of good, and ever heard my prayer, and blessed my miserable labours; in that proportion do I feel how deep and real is my sin. Where has been the habitual yearning for souls, the cherishing them as a nurse her children; the constant prayer for them; the carrying their burden; the prompt action; the devotedness; the

love to Christ always? I truly feel that the thief on the cross owes no more to God's grace than I as a minister do. My sins and defects as a minister would overwhelm me, unless I believed in that glorious atonement made for the worst: justification by faith alone. Father, in Christ, forgive thine unworthy servant! Enter not, enter not into judgment, for he cannot out of Christ be justified! I plead Thy free grace alone.

"My dear babe now seems fast approaching her end. I baptized her myself on Sabbath morning.

"How strange that she knows no one in the universe! Yet how known, how cared for, how beloved! How different will her education be from ours! Yet I do not envy it now. The old earth, where Christ Himself learned obedience as a child, is the grandest school.

"20*th*.—Now, though not out of great danger, there is hope. It has been a most blessed time! We gave her to the Lord, I believe, sincerely. We give her still, as far as we know our hearts. We prayed beside her; but, with the yearning implanted in our hearts by our Father, we cried to Him to spare her; and God knoweth how I feel it is His doing, and in answer to prayer, if she is spared.

"God bless my sermons to-day on Missions in St. Andrew's and Barony! Hear me, Lord, for my heart is in it!"

There were few important questions brought before the Assembly of 1859 on which he did not speak at length; most of them touched on matters in which he had special interest. The subject of the revival, which followed on the great American awakening of 1858, was then rousing attention in Ireland and in many parts of Scotland. He never doubted the possibility of a great outpouring of the Spirit, and, at the beginning of the movement, he wrote and preached much in its favour. Later phases of it compelled him, however, to modify his expectations as to its

results; but the incredulity with which the very idea of a Revival was regarded by many of the clergy, grieved him even more than the exaggerations of over-zealous supporters. When the question came before the Assembly of 1859, it did so in a shape which excited in him a feeling of positive indignation. A minister labouring in a poor parish in Aberdeen, had permitted several earnest laymen to address his people from the pulpit; and the Presbytery, avoiding any expression of opinion as to the character of their teaching or its results, had thought proper to rebuke their more zealous brother on the technical ground of having allowed laymen to speak in church. This unsympathetic method of putting down an earnest, and, at worst, a mistaken attempt to do good, touched Norman Macleod to the quick.

"A few Christian men," he said, "came to Aberdeen and were brought within the sacred walls of one of the churches there. He did not know whether they preached a sermon or not; he did not know whether they stood in a pulpit fifteen feet, or on a platform seven feet high, but he knew that they addressed people upon the unsearchable riches of Christ, and that as Christian men they spoke from their hearts to thousands.

"The only fault found with these men seemed to be that they addressed immortal souls on the truth of Christianity within the walls of a church, but he had been brought up in the belief that the Church of Scotland attached no peculiar sacredness to stone and lime. It had been pleaded at the bar that these men might go to the street. But there were many laws that were tolerable only because they had liberty occasionally to break them; and surely all Church laws must subserve the one grand end for which all Churches exist. They might have decency, order, regularly appointed licentiates, and regularly ordained

men, and death all the while. This was not a time, when there was so much necessity for increased spiritual life, for the General Assembly to occupy a whole night in finding fault because a minister permits a layman to preach the gospel from a pulpit."

He also spoke upon Home Missions, and in the course of his speech took occasion to repudiate some of the accounts that were commonly given by social and religious Reformers of the condition of Glasgow, and of the state of the working classes there. No one knew better than he the characteristic faults of those classes; but he emphatically denied the exaggerated statements as to their habits, with which sentimental proposals for their improvement were often supported. It must also be confessed that he was hurt by the manner in which his views had been misrepresented by that advanced section of abstainers who were ready to brand a man as an abettor of drunkenness if he did not inculcate their special opinions. His tract on Temperance had been more than once most unjustly handled by these people, and partly provoked by such criticisms, but still more as vindicating for working men the liberty which was not denied to other classes, he spoke with a warmth and frankness which startled many.

"The city of Glasgow has somehow or other got such a very bad name for its weather and its morality, that one would suppose, from the statements made in some quarters, we sat soaking in water all the day, and soaking in whisky all the night; that we were engaged in cheating our neighbours on week days, and on Sabbath-day sat sulky and gloomy in the house. There has been a great tendency to exaggeration in describing the condition of the work-

ing classes. If people wish to advance teetotalism, they generally begin by showing what a dreadful set of blackguards the working classes are. When the question of the suffrage is brought above board, and if men do not wish to concede it, they say, 'Oh, you cannot grant it to the working classes.' These poor fellows are struck right and left, and the impression is given that in such a place as Glasgow there is nothing in the East-end but an enormous mass sunk in degradation, while, in the Terraces, and Streets, and Squares of the West-end there is a population almost entirely intelligent and pious.

"Do not let us fall into exaggeration. We have an enormous mass of ignorant people in Glasgow. We have a mass of Irish, neither under the care of priest or presbyter, and in a wretched, degraded condition; but I feel there is a vast number of steady, sober, God-fearing men amongst our working classes who are never heard of, and who, whilst these drunken fellows may be creating a disturbance in the streets, are sitting quietly by their firesides. Generally speaking, I must say the working classes are very like the upper classes. I find vulgar, dissipated, and indecent people in both classes. I must also state that the working classes have a respect for the clergy, and will always receive one with respect, provided he treats them with respect. But if one goes among the working classes he ought not to do so as if arranging for Popish controversies, or as a controversialist coming from one class to another. I am not going to argue the question, though I am ready to do so, but I hesitate not to say, as the result of my observation of Missions to Romanists as hitherto conducted in cities, that so far from their making Roman Catholics and the lower classes more accessible to the clergy, they have raised up barriers in their way which it is extremely difficult to overcome. So much do I believe this, that in my preaching to the working men at night, I tell them I am not going to attack Romanism or Popery, because that doing so has driven men from the gospel. I am going to preach the gospel only. And I know that Roman Catholics do come, brought by those who attend regularly. I am very glad that it is proposed

to combine the anti-popery agency with the home-mission agency, and I hope the Missionaries will go earnestly and lovingly amongst the people as brethren to brethren, not in the attitude of saying, 'You are wrong and we are right,' or 'We only want you to come from the Popish to the Protestant Church.' . . . .

"In regard to the means taken to educate the working classes we are too apt to forget that man is a compound being, a social being, and that it is important to help him to better house accommodation, and a better knowledge of natural laws. Above all, do not assume too high a standard as to the little luxuries enjoyed by working men. Some say the working man, in order to be temperate, must not taste a single drop of fermented liquor; and people, who have themselves their wine, may be heard talking wisely about the horror of the working man having his glass of beer or porter. I cannot talk in this way. I should feel it hypocritical. I would rather say to them: 'God has given it to you, don't take it as from the devil, but use it as from God. Don't take it in the publichouses. If you wish to use such things, do so frankly, and as in the presence of God, at your own fireside, or before family worship, and if the minister comes in offer him some, and don't be ashamed.' Do not let me be misunderstood as to what I say about temperance, because, remember, there is a tendency among a certain type of teetotalers to spread as facts all that can be brought against any clergyman who dares to lift up his voice against what threatens to be a terrific tyranny in Scotland. Now mark what I do say. Do not suppose that when visiting the houses of working men I am in the habit of taking anything from them; I never do so. Nor would I be understood to say that I would not seek to make teetotalers among the working classes. When I find that any of them drink to excess, I try to make them resolve to be teetotal; but I put it in this form: 'Christ desires temperance, and if you can't be temperate without being teetotal, then you must be teetotal.' In the same way some people, in order to save the working man from extravagance, say, 'Oh, this is dreadful; you have only from sixteen to seventeen shillings a week

and yet I have more than once found you with a pipe in your mouth.' Now why should he not smoke his pipe? Do you imagine we are to have the confidence of the working classes if we speak to them in that fashion? I would rather say to him, 'I'll give you tobacco to keep your pipe lighted, I like one myself.' In order also to have working men keep the Sabbath, some are in the habit of speaking to them against walking on the Sabbath, as if they were terrified to give them that liberty. But why should they wish to be less liberal than God Who has made us and knows our frame? Let us be fair and honest with the working man, and you will find him display no tendency to pervert your teaching if you deal with him in a spirit of liberality and in accordance with the laws of God properly interpreted. But when you are less liberal than God and draw the bow too much in one direction, it will rebound all the more on the other."

He concluded a long speech by expressing his conviction that the grand instrument for elevating the working classes, and all classes, is the gospel. Along with the gospel, many plans of doing good might succeed; without the gospel they would certainly fail.

To Miss Scott Moncrieff:—

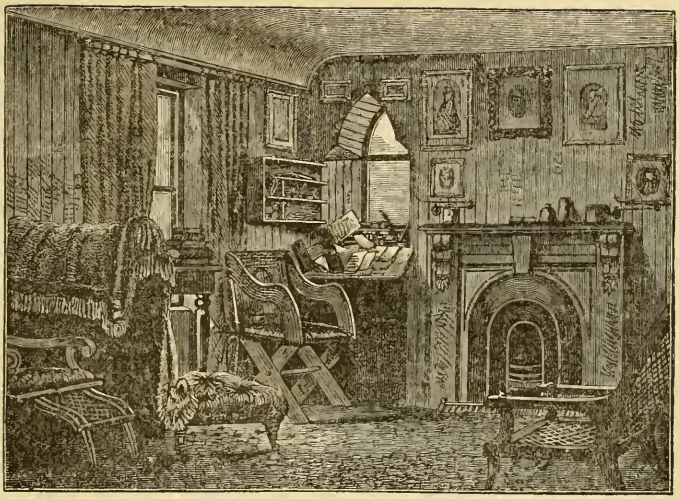
"I am sorry to say that my old sciatica has returned, which makes me quite a cripple in mind and body, and neither of these instruments can be well spared by the minister of the Barony. I had an American clergyman breakfasting with me yesterday, and he tells me that the Revival goes on like a great flood, ever deepening and widening without almost an eddy or a wave; churches full every morning at eight in all the great cities, and life universally diffused. If this is from man, he is not so corrupt—not a sinner, but a saint in his disposition. If it is from the Devil—he is not the Devil we have taken him for. But it is from God, and therefore to be desired and prayed for. My American friend will address a prayer

meeting in my church on the subject. Surely Scotland will share the blessing."

To the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson :—

September 27th, 1859.

"I have every intention of going to Ireland when the seed has reached the blade or full ear of corn. I think I shall then be able to have a truer understanding of the work. In the meantime I heartily recognise it as a work of God. Praise Him for it! The one unquestioned fact of universal religious earnestness is itself a grand preparation of the soil for the seed. We must sow with all our might. Who need a revival more than some of us ministers?"



The Back Study.

CHAPTER XV.

1860—61.

AS the next twelve years were the last, so they were the most laborious and most important, of his life. In addition to his onerous pastoral duties, he now accepted the editorship of *Good Words*. The voluminous correspondence which that office entailed necessarily occupied much of his time; but, besides numerous minor articles, he contributed to its pages, between 1860 and 1870, 'The Gold Thread,' 'The Old Lieutenant,' 'Parish Papers,' 'The Highland Parish,' 'Character Sketches,' 'The Starling,' 'Eastward,' and 'Peeps at the Far East.' For the greater part of the same period he presided over the India Mission of the Church; and during its course he had more than once to engage in painful controversies on public questions, which, to a man of his temperament, were more exhausting than the hardest work.

He had removed during the previous year from Woodlands Terrace to his future home at 204, Bath Street; and here, as a refuge from interruption, he fitted up a little library over an outside laundry, which was, to the last, his favourite nook for study. His writing table was placed at a small window which he had opened at a corner of the room, where he could enjoy a glimpse of sky over the roofs of the surrounding houses. It was at the best only a spot of heaven that was visible, but, such as it was, it afforded him some refreshment when, in the midst of his work, he caught a passing gleam of cloudland.

Those who were admitted to this 'back study' will remember the quick look with which he used to turn from his desk to scan his visitor, and the unfailing heartiness with which, even in his busiest hours, the pen was cast aside, the small *meerschaum* lighted, and throwing himself on a couch covered with his old travelling buffalo robe, he entered upon the business in hand. But the continual interruptions to which he was exposed* and the pressure of literary engagements gradually drove him into the habit of working far into the night, and as he seldom failed to secure at least an hour for devotional reading before breakfast, his sleep was curtailed, to the great injury of his health.

* Every forenoon there was quite a levée at his house, consisting chiefly of the poor seeking his aid on all kinds of business, relevant and irrelevant. On these occasions his valued beadle, Mr. Lawson, acted as master of the ceremonies. One day when Norman was overwhelmed with other work, and the door-bell seemed never to cease ringing, some one said, 'I believe that bell is possessed by an evil spirit.' 'Certainly,' he answered. 'Don't you know the Prince of evil spirits is called *Bell*zebub—from his thus torturing hard-worked ministers?'

Good Words was not projected by him but by the publishers, Mr. Strahan and his partner Mr. Isbister When Mr. Strahan (to whose enterprise and genius as a publisher the magazine greatly owed its success) asked him to become its editor he for a time declined to accept a task involving so much labour and anxiety. But he had long cherished the conviction that a periodical was greatly required of the type sketched by Dr. Arnold, which should embrace as great a variety of articles as those which give deserved popularity to publications professedly secular, but having its spirit and aim distinctively Christian. The gulf which separated the so-called religious and the secular press was, in his opinion, caused by the narrowness and literary weakness of even the best religious magazines. He could see no good reason for leaving the wholesome power of fiction, the discussion of questions in physical and social science, together with all the humour and fun of life, to serials which excluded Christianity from their pages. His experience while conducting the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* served only to deepen his desire to have an ably written periodical which would take up a manly range of topics, and while embracing contributions of a directly religious character, should consist mainly of articles 'on common subjects, written,' as Arnold said, 'with a decidedly Christian tone.'

From his JOURNAL:—

"*January* 1, *half-past* 12.—Into Thy hands I commit my life, my spirit, my family, my all!

"I have had more pleasure in preaching this year than any year of my life. Sabbath after Sabbath I have

had joy in the work, and have been wonderfully helped by God out of the pulpit and in it. I had my usual evening sermons with the working classes. But, strange to say, though it was a time of revival, and my heart longed for one, and a prayer-meeting was established for one, and I preached two months longer than usual, the results as to attendance and conversions were far poorer. I cannot yet account for this, except on the supposition that the good which flowed through this channel has gone through others into God's treasury. Amen.*

"The editorship of 'Good Words' was given me. I did not suggest or ask the publication, and I refused the editorship for some time. On the principle, however, of trying to do what seems given me of God, I accepted it. May God use it for His glory!"

* The following anonymous letter which he received expresses graphically the impression these services had on the poor.

"I hope you will excuse me, Sir, a poor woman, to address you, one of the greatest men of the City, but I feel so grateful for your unwearied kindness in preaching to us working-people many winters, just out of pure good-will for the real good of our souls; if the prayers of the poor are of any avail, I'm sure you have them heartily, you have no idea how proud we are to see yourself coming into the pulpit.

"I remember some of the lectures very well last winter on the Creation, on the fall of Man, the Flood, and Abraham offering up his son Isaac, and how delighted we were that night when you were on Lazarus, and Martha and Mary. I heard you on the mysteries of providence, and I understood it well, Sir, as I heard you mention how it was explained to yourself that night when you thought Mrs. Macleod was dying.

"Oh, Sir, I hope you will forgive me for using so much freedom as this with you, but I thought I might never have an opportunity of expressing my gratitude to you personally, but I thought a word from even an old woman would help to encourage you. I have heard you say your own faith was sometimes like to fail.

"I count it a great privilege to get leave to hear you, you speak so kindly to us. I never did this before to any one, but I never felt so much indebted to any minister before now. Sir, I hope you will forgive me if I have done wrong—it's for no selfish end, depend on it, or I would have given my name and address. I am just a widow."

To Mrs. Macleod :—

Highfield, *May*, 1860.

"This is a magnificent country, and the house stands on a gentle eminence, and there is such a glorious prospect of massy and majestic forest from it, with low blue hills far away. Spring is here in its full-flooded glory. The woods are smothered with songs and nests. The nightingales disturb one's repose. The roses are out, and a thousand flowering shrubs. But yet I can think of little but you and the bairns, and would prefer the confusion of the house with you all, to this grandeur and all the happiness of seeing my dear old friends again, without you. I walked through a lane of Scotch firs to-day, with such peeps of woodland and English glories as were awful. Yet somehow I am sad. It may be indigestion, or anticipated work, or perhaps the devil, or sin, but so it is.

"We had a grand lunch yesterday at ———'s. Noble pictures, a nice fellow, and lots of people who never knew of my existence, or I of theirs. They came and went like a dream. They might have been ghosts but for the tremendous luncheon they ate."

To J. M. Ludlow, Esq. :—

June 1, 1860.

"I saw in Paris all I wished to see, and more than I expected to have seen. I visited the jewellers and filemakers, and had a great deal of full and free talk with the men, through a patient interpreter. These men have made a deep and singularly favourable impression upon me. They seem to me to be the most hopeful class (and more hopeful than any I supposed to exist among the people of Paris) out of which to rear a strong, truthful, manly, living Church of Christ. Would God that earnest pastors met them as brethren, face to face, heart to heart! Honest fellows, I seem still to feel the firm grasp of their hands! Their muscles are firmly strung to their hearts, and vibrate from them. I do not think their associations have

had much success, but they prophecy a brighter future in better times.

"I have heard much of Highland revivals since I saw you. The fanaticism is dreadful, the evils monstrous, and the fruits small; yet life, life, is the one grand want of our Protestant churches, come how or when it may. All is dark to me save God.

"As to my taking offence, thank Heaven a pretty good schooling has developed, *à la* Darwin, a rather thin-skinned Celt into a tolerably fair specimen of a pachydermatous Saxon. I never take offence except when I believe a man tries to insult me, which I don't remember has happened. And then? Why enter on the discussion of such a nice bit of casuistry!"

From his JOURNAL:—

"*July* 20.—*Wellbank, Campsie.*—We have taken this sweet place for two months, and just as I was beginning to enjoy the old nest, and to commune with the old hills, the dear nurses of my youth, I am suddenly called away to Russia!

". . . I have been asked to aid my Scotch countrymen. I never sought it. I prayed God to direct me—and I have perfect peace from feeling it to be His will, and so I go. What more can I do to discover God's will than a call to work—prayer for guidance, a good conscience, and no argument against the work?

"It is strange that I have never mentioned in my Journal what has been so near my heart, my call to minister to dear Lady Bute on her deathbed! In December I was summoned by telegram to visit her. I found her sister with her. Lady Bute was almost speechless. I knelt beside her, and spoke into her ear, repeating suitable texts of Scripture. She evidently understood me, for while I spoke she suppressed her breathing so as to listen, and then, as I ended, she breathed rapidly, turning her ear away. May that dear boy know God as his Father, even as his earthly father and mother knew Him, and this will be, as eternity is to time, above all earthly riches

to him. I had prayers with him and his aunt. I offered to remain all night, and begged to be sent for in the morning. So ended a life full of deep interest. She had a singular and noble sense of duty—a refined sense of what was due to God and man—with a masculine intellect; a deep, tender heart to her friends, a marvellous, chivalrous devotion to her relations — father, mother, sisters, and son especially. I believe she is in glory—saved through Him whom she knew and loved sincerely. I was afterwards at her funeral. My dear Macnab was there, his beloved wife, and my own John Campbell. I accompanied Mr. Macnab afterwards to Carlisle. He died a month afterwards, and a more perfect Christian gentleman or finer man in all respects I never knew. He was *ausgebildet* within and without."

The following extracts are from letters written to Mrs. Macleod during his visit to Russia. An account of his tour and its impressions appeared in *Good Words* for 1861.

St. Petersburg, *August* 7, 1860.

"Met to-day old General Wilson, who came from Scotland when eight years old. He saw the Empress Catharine in 1784.

"Now, I must confess that St. Petersburg has as yet greatly disappointed me. The Neva is a noble river: St. Isaac's is, outside, a noble church. The bridge is fine, so are the granite quays; some of the statues fine—but the town as a whole is as dust to Paris. There is a mixture of big and mean buildings—a want of finish which reminds me of an American town.

"The heat is considerable: the gentry are absent. You see almost no military, no music, no *cafés*, no fine hotels; but a hot, white, glaring, dead slowness in the place. It is sad, not joyous—heavy, not gay. The service of the Greek Church is far less interesting than the Roman Catholic."

August 10.

"We have met several Scotchmen. I saw a Highlander in full dress in church, and, to his astonishment, addressed him in Gaelic. Curiously enough, I met three men together at a work—one was from the Barony, the second from Campbeltown, the third from Dalkeith.

"I preached the night before last on the top of a gas meter to about forty. Most of the people were from Glasgow. It was a queer sight. I sung the Psalms—no seats or books; lots of Russian workmen stood around to hear the Scota 'pope'—as the priests are called. 'My heart is full,' said a Scotch woman, taking my hand, 'I canna speak.'

"I spent three hours in St. Isaac's on Sunday; got my pocket picked. The service was beyond all measure tiresome. Crowds of priests with the Metropolitan at their head—most magnificent dresses. Chanting beautiful, voices exquisite, but vast sameness. It lasted three hours, and was followed by the kissing of the Cross and the Bible, &c. It would take pages to give you an idea of what is not worth knowing. It is externally worse than Rome. Russian life I cannot see. I know no more than you do of the country."

SWEDEN, *August* 31.

"I am here in a station on the railway, by the margin of a wild Highland Loch, having come out to visit a few Scotchmen. I left St. Petersburg on Tuesday week, without any regret, never wishing again to visit that slow, big, ill-paved, drosky-thumped, expensive capital.

"Thank God, there are, however, signs of life everywhere. Thousands of the Scriptures are being circulated in Russia. Gospel preaching is heard in Finland, and in Sweden. The dry bones are everywhere stirring, though the breath has come to a few only.

"The system of the Church in Sweden is quite perfect of its kind. No dissent is permitted. Every child is educated. All must be confirmed, and thoroughly taught, and examined in the small and larger catechism. Every one before getting a situation, even a servant, must pro-

duce a certificate in which is marked the number of times and the last, in which he has communicated. There is probably not a person, the vilest, who has not such. What is the result? formality, deadness, and an immense amount of corruption. The longer I live the more I am convinced that the more perfect the government, the less it should interfere with religion. If men won't do right because it is right, what is the good of it? Give me freedom with all its risks."

On his return from Russia his attention was directed to a speech made by a distinguished and much respected professor in a Scotch University, a keen advocate of Total Abstinence, who had taken Dr. Macleod's tract, 'Plea for Temperance,' as his text at a meeting of the League, held in Glasgow.

To Professor ——:—

GLASGOW, 1860.

". . . I am not in the habit of taking notice of all the 'hard speeches' which have been uttered against me by violent and unscrupulous abstainers. There are, I rejoice to know, among teetotalers very many persons whom I highly respect for their own and for their work's sake, and many intimate and dear friends with all of whom I am glad to co-operate in my own way, according to my given light and conscientious convictions. But I protest that there is also among them, a rabble of intemperate men, revelling in the pride of power which enables them as members of a great league, and under cover of an exclusive profession of self-sacrifice for the public weal, to bully the timid and to exercise all the tyranny possible in a free country over every man, especially a Christian minister, who presumes to dissent from their views of duty and to resist their demands, or who dares to defy their threats and despise their insinuations. Such men I never notice.

"But it is otherwise when a learned and Christian gentleman like you attacks me.

". . . Yes, I think your remarks were unfair, uncalled for, and calculated, as far as your influence and words extend, to injure my character, and weaken my hands in labouring among the working classes whose well-being is dearer to me than life. I must ask you to prove your assertions, and to justify your remarks on me and my writings more fully than you have done in your speech, and upon other principles than those of the League. I do not ask you to explain or defend the 'principles' of total abstinence, to show their harmony with Scripture, or their expediency as rules of action in the present state of society. All this I am willing for argument's sake to take for granted. But what I demand in justice from your hands is to prove that the principles, the argument, the spirit, or any one thing else in my tract is inconsistent with any other things in the Word of God, which I recognise as 'the only rule of faith and morals.' Nay, you are bound, in order to justify yourself, to prove my teaching to be so inconsistent as to have warranted you in exposing it as you have done, and in holding me up as a foe of temperance, and my tract as calculated to confirm drunkards in their vicious habits; nay, to ruin souls temporally and eternally. Pray keep to this simple theme. Put my tract and Scripture side by side, and in clear language, and with truthful criticism, point out the contradictions between Bible and tract, in word, principle, or spirit. Wherein do they differ? Wherein am I not of Paul, or of Cephas, or of Christ? Is it in my exposition and denunciation of the crime of drunkenness? Is it in my urgent recommendation to all drunkards to adopt total abstinence as essential in their case? Is it my toleration of the temperate use of drinks by Christian men, which in excess would intoxicate? Is it in admitting that in certain cases total abstinence should be adopted by sober men? Do point out, I beg of you, anything I have written which Paul or our great Master would condemn, and which warranted you holding me up as a foe of temperance, and as a real, though unintentional helper of the devil in his work of ruining souls temporally and eternally."

To the SAME :—

1860.

". . . I do not for one moment imagine that you intended to injure my character or usefulness; but I believe that your speech tended to do both, upon grounds which seemed to me unfair. I account for this in my own mind by the one-sided influence, pardon me for saying so, which the frequent and hard riding of a hobby produces on an eager and earnest rider, more especially when several thousand persons at an annual meeting like that of the League, are galloping fast and furious in the same heat. You allude also to what you are pleased to call my remarkable speech in the General Assembly of '59, as calculated to increase the danger of my teaching as given in the tract. I remember the speech well. My remarks made on that occasion with reference to the reformation of the working classes, proposed by total abstainers from alcohol and tobacco, were a mere episode in a very long speech on a great subject, and were not premeditated. They were published also in newspapers in a separate shape, and unconnected with the speech of which they formed a very unimportant part. For some time they were a common and favourite target for the fiery darts of total abstainers. Your allusion to them affords me an opportunity of stating that after mature deliberation I see nothing in them to regret or retract. It is still my belief that we must apply (and in this you will agree with me) the same principles in seeking to Christianize the habits of rich and poor; for, to use a vulgar but expressive simile, 'what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.' Since I do not therefore feel myself justified, in the General Assembly or out of it, in condemning the rich man for drinking his glass of wine after dinner, or even for smoking his cigar (to the horror of the excellent Dean of Carlisle) after breakfast, neither can I, without hypocrisy or impertinence, condemn the working man, who has fewer sources of physical gratification, for taking his glass of beer, or smoking his pipe if so disposed, at his humble fireside. It is not my special province to recommend either; yet neither am I called upon as a Christian

minister to condemn either. But I am not ashamed to confess that I would 'recommend' the working man who was disposed to take his beer, to do so at his own fireside, if I thereby helped to keep him from whisky, above all from the terrible temptations of the publichouse. All this I expressed, in the hearing of our friend Dr. Guthrie, upon oath to Her Majesty's Commissioners when giving evidence with reference to the working of the Forbes Mackenzie Act. For I firmly believe that one way of hindering men from sinfully abusing God's gifts, is to help them to use them according to His will; and that all reforms which ignore the lawful gratification of those universal instincts, physical, mental, and moral, which God has implanted in humanity, are essentially false, and in the long run will fail to produce even the specific good which their promoters intended, or will develop other evils equally, if not more destructive of the well-being and happiness of man. Hence my conviction is becoming every day more profound, that the gospel, as revealing God's will through His Son, is the only true and safe reform, for it does not ignore any item of man's complex nature, but equally and beautifully develops the whole. Believing this, I have humbly endeavoured honestly to keep my fellow men in accordance with what seems to me to be the will of God. Hence I have not contented myself with always protesting against a positive evil, but have also declared in favour of its opposite good, that so God's mercies may the more gladly be accepted and appreciated, and the devil's perversion of them be the more readily rejected and detested.

"What I have done may He within Himself make pure!

"One word more before bringing this correspondence to a close. It is a very painful thing for me to be ever and anon forced into the position of even appearing to be an enemy to total abstainers and their work. Because I have written a tract with heart, will, and strength against drunkenness, and striven earnestly with a solemn sense of my responsibility before God to accomplish its cure, on what I believe to be sound Scripture principles—an attempt which I rejoice to know has in many cases been successful—does it not seem strange and hard that I, of all men,

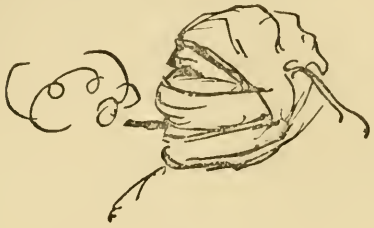
should be so frequently held up as a foe, a *quasi* friend, or in some way or other an enemy, of those who with equal earnestness, and I hope with greater success, are labouring in the same cause? If I have spoken or written harshly against teetotalers, you know it is not against them as a body, or against their work, but only against the injustice and tyranny of the fanatical portion of them, who, not only in public but in private, are in the habit of attacking, sneering at, or imputing all sorts of 'sensual and empty' motives to those who may be quiet, sober, God-fearing temperate men, guilty of no other fault than refusing to become total abstainers. Now all I demand is, that I and others who act on *temperate* principles—a class comprehending the vast majority of the Christian laity and clergy of this country—shall be treated as those who may be presumed, in the eye of charity, to have as much common sense, sound Christian principle, and self-denying philanthropy as total abstainers. Do let us have a free trade in those Christian virtues of justice, mercy, and kindness, which will make us all healthier and happier than can even thin French wine. Protest with me against all monopolies of principle and wisdom by any sect or party. At the same time I am willing to acknowledge that it is a very serious fault if I have ever spoken or written, even in ignorance, any sentiment which could induce a Christian brother conscientiously to suspect or to condemn me, or to look upon me in any other light than as a sincere friend and coadjutor of every man who seeks to elevate our working classes, and to make them more sober and God-fearing."

To J. M. Ludlow, Esq.:—

Glasgow, *December*, 1860.

"My correspondence has fallen so far behind that I have had to pause for three days in my voyage, yea to sail backwards to pick up the wretched craft. I am slowly beating to windward, every *sheet* to the breeze, not to speak of note paper. Do you understand my position from this description? If you do, pray explain it to me, for I don't. I only know that I am in a mess—never

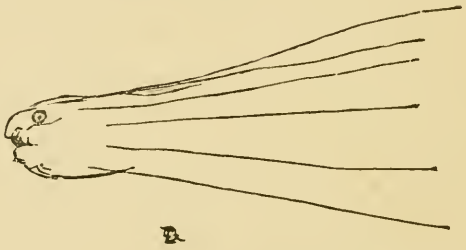
having been so before—no, never! . . . All the blessings of the season be with you! Kiss Hughes through the partition for me. The cold here is looking up to O, like a moon over its head. It has been several degrees *minus!* I have been sitting swathed for some days in the house thus—



I expect in a week to be thus—

To Principal Leitch:—

"Do send me an article on comets, or on the co-sine.



—taking an observation of his co-sine the comet.

Original sign.

From his JOURNAL :—

LAUDER, *February* 22, 1861.

"I have enjoyed here ten days of extra luxurious rest! No bell, no calls, repose, air, exercise (when it did not pour)! I have read a ton of MSS.—all Balaam save about one pound. I have written eighty-five letters, and so I return with a load of work off me, and a load of gratitude on me.

"I have been reading McCheyne. How thankful I should be if I had a thousandth part of his devotedness. How simple, yet how difficult! Who can doubt human corruption and utter vileness, when we find it difficult to devote ourselves to God!"

"*June* 3.—This day enter my fiftieth year—half a century old!

'Would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.'

"Verily God's mercies are more than can be numbered!

"I desire Thee, God, to help me to live more usefully, more devotedly to Thee; and, above all other things, to have fellowship with Christ in His mind towards all men, so as to be in everything a fellow worker with Himself.

"Many good people don't understand the purpose of *Good Words*, and so it sometimes shocks or *scratches* them—so much so that the Tract Society of Edinburgh have, I hear, debated how far they can patronise it; and I know the 'Pure Literature' (pure water, and sometimes pure nonsense) Society of London won't recommend it. They don't think 'Wee Davie' *—my dear wee mannie!—sufficiently up to the mark of piety because it omits important truth—just as St. James's Epistle and various other books of the Bible do! From my heart I regret this, because I believe it is the *fushionless*, unreal, untruthful, 'pious' story telling, which some of our tract societies alone

* 'Wee Davie' was written in his brother Donald's Manse at Lauder, during a snow-storm, and was finished after two sittings. When Norman tried, on its completion, to read it aloud, he was more than once so choked with tears that he had to lay it down.

patronise, that has produced the story telling without piety, but with more truth and more trash, which is devoured by the working classes. Now I have a purpose —a serious, solemn purpose—in *Good Words*. I wish in this peculiar department of my ministerial work to which I have been 'called,' and in which I think I have been blessed, 'to become all things to all men, that I might by all means gain some.' I cannot, therefore, write stories merely as a literary man, to give amusement, or as works of art only, but must always keep before me the one end of leading souls to know and love God. Most popular stories are based on the natural; the finest characters are assumed to have been the growth of the old man, at all events, to have been irrespective of any knowledge or recognition of Christ. Now I believe, in my soul, that all which one discovers of out-and-out good among men, really and truly, is ever found, as a fact, to have arisen from the recognition of the supernatural,—a power coming to the soul through Jesus Christ. Therefore, I must make this the open and confessed source of strength in my characters, because I find it in society as well as in the Bible. But, again, in writing sketches of character, I must also give that mixture of clay which all of us have, and express the inner life in print, just as I see it expressed in actual life; and I am bold enough to assert that my life sketches are truer far as tracts than those productions are, which make working men, ay, young children, speak like Eastern patriarchs or old apostles. I may be wrong in my idea as to how *Good Words* should be conducted, and I cannot, of course, realise it as I wish to do, but I have a purpose which I believe to be right, and can therefore pray to Christ to bless it; and can also humbly, but firmly, go ahead, whatever the religious world may say. I know that I seek so to conduct it that I would not be ashamed to have it beside me on my death-bed. If it is not pleasing to Christ, from my soul I desire that He may bring it to nought."

To Miss MARGARET CAMPBELL :—

February, 1861.

"I am going to finish 'Ned Fleming.'* I always have your brother Dugald before me as my hero—Ahi Memoria! How are they gone, 'the old familiar faces!' Yet they are immortal in memory. Those Campbeltown times and these old companions have had an immense influence on my life. The code of honour which emanated from your father's roof I always recognised as one of the great powers which have helped to build me up to what I am. We never told a lie! Yes, once, when we broke Bell Fisher's *crocks!* Innocent souls!"

To J. M. LUDLOW, Esq. :—

March 16, 1861.

"The articles upon the Deaconesses in *Good Words* seem to prepare the way for what you intended to write, or proposed to write, upon the useful sisterhoods in the Church of Rome. I shall be glad to have your views upon that most useful class of females; but do, my dear fellow, remember that you are writing for John Smith and his wife, up one 'pair' of stairs, after a tea-dinner at 6 o'clock; John indifferent to the movements of the starry heavens, and Mrs. Smith absorbed in the toes of John's stockings. Think of these (if you can) and you will write splendidly."

To Miss KEDDIE, on the loss of her Sister :—

ADELAIDE PLACE, *March* 17, 1861.

"It must be very terrible! The Saviour's words in His sense of loneliness amidst the crowd and even amidst His own disciples, will be full of meaning to you, 'I am not alone, for the Father is with me!'—but for that, the universe would have been a wilderness to His heart. Our human hands are too coarse to meddle with the fine network of the spirit. We break and confuse oftener than we harmonise and heal. But He can do it! and with what

* In the "Old Lieutenant."

wisdom, patience, tenderness and holy love! Oh what a mockery it would be if our social life in Christ ended here! It hardly begins here. Very soon you and your sister will meet, and when you talk over old times, you may be able to praise and bless God for this time, now so dark and trying. Most certain it is that God by such trials, when we wait on Him, trust Him and seek His kingdom, will purify us, and make us instruments more fit to glorify Him."

June 3, 1861.

"My beloved Parents,—

"Few men are able to begin a note with such words when entering their fiftieth year! I owe it to God to acknowledge that one of the greatest mercies in a life which has been one continued mercy, has been to possess such parents, and that they have been spared to journey with me through the wilderness for nearly half a century, and that their presence has always been a constant light of love which never once flickered. Most deeply do I appreciate the inestimable blessing thus bestowed on me and on their children's children.

"It is not likely that if I am spared to see another decade of my life, I shall have both or either of you to address. But oh! the mercy of entering old age with one's parents still alive, and then to pass from old age to eternal youth in the good hope of meeting them again for ever.

"If my birthdays now are more sobered than they were in early youth they are far more joyful. I every year bless God with a fuller heart that I exist and have lived in such an atmosphere of earthly love. Let me have your last, as I have had your early prayers, that I may fulfil my calling, and that, as a man with innumerable shortcomings I may prove in the main true and loyal to the best of Masters.

"Full of awe and thanksgivings for my mercies and full of love to you both,

"I am your devoted and affectionate first-born."

To J. M. Ludlow, Esq.:—

August, 1861.

"Comfort me by scolding me. Your genuine goodness, forbearance, and forgiving-heartedness, give me positive pain and make me hate myself, which is not comfortable. Out upon public life, magazines, and all articles! 'I would I were a weaver!'

"But I really had not another day in London to see you. I was worried to death by Dowagers and Dogmatics.

"You know why the town clerk of Dunfermline called the Provost *dog*-matic? Because 'the bodie got so cross in an argument about a Bible doctrine, that *he bited my thoomb!*'

"A thousand thanks for your kindness in not 'biting my thoomb,' but giving me your hand.

"As to the New Magazine, I have nothing whatever to say against any other craft trying to cross the wide ocean along with my own. There is room for all. I buy two or three penny papers now, instead of one. So is it with cheap magazines, if good.

"My calling is the gospel, to give myself wholly to it, as I know it and believe it. For this I live, and for this I could die. Therefore so long as I have *Good Words* there shall be 'preaching' in it, direct or indirect, and no shame, or sham, about it. This, along with my secularity, will keep it, so far, distinct from other periodicals.

"The sin of my articles is in what they do *not* say. 'Wee Davie,' poor little fellow! leaves out several doctrines. They say that the expression, 'Rest her soul in peace!' is so Popish, being a prayer for the dead, that it is 'most dangerous.'

"I have published, with many corrections, my sermon (not story) of Wee Davie, and 12,000 sold in a week. It is intended for the working men of Scotland chiefly."

To the Rev. W. F. Stevenson:—

Tigh-na-bruach, Kyles of Bute, *August* 14, 1861.

"I must try a volume of addresses to the working classes, or 'Barony Sermons.'* The spirit and teaching of the Magazine form a constant subject of anxiety. I want to intone all its services more with the direct Christian spirit, and shall do so, or give it up.

"As to Ned, the story is a serious affair with me. I wish to show the Christian life working in a boy placed in rather trying circumstances, and becoming stronger through falls and trials—to illustrate, in short, a life begun, like that of many, in the secret recesses of early life, and disciplined by Christ through a long course of years. I don't find the process, as described in most 'evangelical' tracts, by which many men become at last strong in Christ, to be true to life as I see it, so that good boys in tracts are not like those I have ever met with.—Ned is. Along with this I wish to excite interest in sailors, and to preach the gospel to those also who may hear for the sake of the story. I cannot think that I shall utterly fail, or injure the cause dearer to me than life itself, when I know that I have only truth in view, and daily pray to Christ to guide me. Oh! my dear friend, from my heart I say it, I would sooner die than consciously injure that cause by anything I write, should it gain me the fame of the greatest names in literature! As a literary production Ned is a twopenny affair, but I am encouraged to write it as a medium of preaching Christ."

To the Same:—

November 6, 1861.

"I sincerely thank you for your criticisms on Ned. I accept what you say about the humanity of the story. I wished to draw men towards me on the human ground, that so they might go up higher with me towards super-human good. The story points to that direction. The hands of Esau may lead wild men to listen to the voice of Jacob."

* Afterwards published under the title, "Simple Truths."

To Colonel DREGHORN (in answer to a letter reminding him of a promise to preach a sermon for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals):—

GLASGOW, 1861.

"I beseech you to have mercy on me as an animal, and get some other brute, equally willing and more able than I am, to preach your sermon. I have seven sermons to preach for collections in other churches before January—and I am engaged three times every Sunday till April—besides tons of other work on my back. I ask mercy with the donkey, dog, or carter's horse. My burthen is heavier than I can bear. Let the deputy chairman spare his lash. I have no power to bite or kick, I can only groan.

"I'll feed the next starved dog handsomely, shelter for a week the first wandering cat I meet, even put my shoulder to the next over-loaded cart of coal, or iron I see. I'll listen for two hours to 'David Bell.' I'll do any deed of mercy laid upon me that I am fit for, if you spare my back while editor of *Good Words*. In the name of every hard-used brute, lay or clerical, animal or spiritual, I crave your mercy.

"Yours in trouble."

In answer to Colonel DREGHORN'S repeated request:—

1861.

"Absence in Edinburgh along with the off-putting of the flesh, has prevented me from replying to your note. I shall honestly try to be with you if possible before the meeting is over to say a few good words for my brother donkeys, and all animals who like myself are too severely handled and cudgelled by the public. In such suffering you will I know sympathise."

To Mrs. MACLEOD:—

MONALTRIE, *September* 9, 1861.

"Dear kind Mrs. Fuller Maitland drove me to Crathie on Saturday. The Manse was full, *i.e.*, the minister, with a son and two grown-up daughters, a lady from England with grown-up son and daughter, a gentleman from Edinburgh and myself. How were they put up? The walls

know. I don't. But as I always say, no Manse was ever so full, but that (like a 'bus) one more could be taken in. I preached—by no means comfortably to myself. I could not remember one sentence (literally) and had to trust to the moment for expression. Lord John Russell there. But the Queen was most cordial in her thanks for the comfort I gave her, and commanded me to return next year. So I must indulge the hope that it was blessed far more than I could believe, judging from my own feeling. I preached in the evening for Anderson. I dined at the Castle, and spent really a charming evening. I had a long walk with Lady Augusta Bruce during the interval, and learned much from her about the death of that noble, loving woman, the Duchess of Kent, and of the Queen's grief. She was a most God-fearing woman. I have been presented by the Queen with a delightful volume of hymns which her mother was fond of. The Queen's distress was deep and very bitter, but in every respect such as a daughter ought to feel. The suddenness—unexpected by even Sir J. Clarke—of course shocked her. At dinner were present Princess Alice and her *fiancé*, Prince Louis of Hesse, Princess Hohenlohe, the Queen's half-sister—an admirable woman. I sat beside Prince Alfred, a fine gentlemanly sailor. We had lots of talk. After dinner I had a most interesting conversation, for about half-an-hour, with the Prince Consort, and a good long one with the Queen. In short, it was a most agreeable evening."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*Last night of* 1861.—The happiest time I have had yet at Balmoral was this last with the dear good Prince, whom I truly mourn.

"The death! What an event for the nation! I have received a letter from Lady Augusta Bruce, which is very delightful, although sad."

CHAPTER XVI.

1862—63.

HIS theological views were gradually expanding into a more spiritual and living apprehension of the purpose of God in Christ. The character of God as a Father had always been the central article of his creed, but there were wider applications of it into which his keen sympathies were constantly leading him. The subject of the atonement of Christ much engrossed his thoughts, and although he had been long familiar with the views held on that subject by his cousin, Dr. J. Macleod Campbell, he now found in them new meaning and adopted them more fully. 'As far as it goes his teaching seems to shed a light on the nature of Christ's sufferings, which cannot pass away, because springing out of the eternal nature of things.' He may afterwards have diverged, in regard to some minor points, from what Campbell taught him, but he certainly never recurred to the conception of the sufferings of our Lord as penal, or to those notions of the nature of salvation which it involves. Feeling that fresh light had been shed on the purpose of God in Christ he advanced hopefully into new regions of thought.

From his JOURNAL:—

"*April* 20, *Sunday.*—I am confined to the house by bronchitis, and enjoy deeply and thankfully this blessed calm, this holy rest. What a gift from God is this holy day! I thank God that during these last few years I enjoy the pulpit more and more, and find it a rest to my spirit in proportion as I seek in the bonds of Christ's love to do good, and to make others partakers of the rest in Him. I have been seldom in life so *exercised* in spirit as during the Sundays which preceded the communion and on the communion Sunday itself, in preaching on the Atonement, according to the view taken of it by my beloved John Campbell. As far as I am capable of knowing myself, I can declare before Him who knows me truly, that I sought by earnest prayer, patient reading, and meditation, to know God's revealed will with reference to Christ's work. It has been a subject which has more or less occupied my thoughts for years, and I never allowed myself, I think, to be carried away by mere outward authority, but sought to see it and so to possess it; for seeing (spiritually) is believing. I therefore always preached what I saw and believed; and I never did see the truth as John Campbell sees it until lately. I believed, and still believe, that what Jesus did as an atoning Saviour He did for all, because God commands all men to believe in Him as their Saviour, and because He necessarily desires all men to be saved, *i.e.* to be holy like Himself. But what I never could see was the philosophy of the atonement, or that element in Christ's work which constituted the atonement. The usual method of explaining it (commonly called 'the Battle of the Attributes'), as penal suffering from God's wrath, and so satisfying divine justice, I could not contradict, but could not see and rejoice in as true. So I was disposed to allow the whole thing to remain a mystery—a fact, revealed as the ground of certain blessings which I felt I needed and thankfully received, but without any necessary connection being seen between what Christ did and what I received. But, thank God, this is dawning on me, and what I see now can never, I think,

be taken from me, for conscience has its (moral) mathematics as well as the reason."

He was at this time engaged in preparing the 'Old Lieutenant' for republication in a separate form. He was quite aware of the defective structure of the story, but he was certainly disappointed when some of the reviews, whose criticisms he most respected, failed to discover its aim and to recognize in its characters portraits from real life. Indeed, so disheartened was he by the reception of his first serious attempt in the domain of fiction, that, for a while, he was resolved it should be the last.

To J. M. Ludlow, Esq. :—

May, 1862.

"What I should like you to do with my 'Old Lieutenant' would be—(1) to correct the Scotch or Scotticisms, for I never was taught English ; (2) to draw your pen through any sentence or expression you think better out than in. As for the ''igh hart,' it must remain in *nubibus*, as 'low hart' is my line. I know I am getting into a fearful mess among the critics for publishing it.

"I know the book has no art in its plot, for alas! I had to write it from month to month, always thinking the next month would end it. It is besides absurd to write a story, as I intentionally did, for the preaching in it, instead of preaching by it. But I know the characters are genuine, and true to nature, for they were all as living beings who possessed me, and there is not one that does not stand on his own legs as real flesh and blood. I deny with my whole soul and strength that the teaching is unhealthy. It is not true that whatever man asks for in prayer he gets in the form in which he asks it. The reviewer does

not trust in God as I do. I mean by this, a trust in God for whatever God gives. He seems to think that it is trust for some specific blessing. And what did poor Ned ever get, except his wife? I tried to picture a lad neither a *muff* nor a Methodist—a good, honest fellow, trained up sensibly and living honestly, and as any young man may live, and as many do. But nowadays, it seems, young men must be either blackguards, or perfect saints. I will maintain that it is a picture of real life, though not perhaps of London life, with its spasms. And the critic says I don't know the sea! I wish I met him on some deck. The funny thing is that the Examiner of Sea Captains in Liverpool was so astonished at my knowledge of the sea that he begged to know how I got it, or if a seaman had written the sea parts for me. If I know anything, I know about a ship."

To J. M. LUDLOW, Esq. :—

London, 1862.

"Every mystery will, I presume, be solved some time or other—perhaps our not meeting may be explained to-morrow. In the meantime it is mysterious.

"I paced before the Croydon Station for nearly an hour. I studied every beard, conned every intellectual countenance (there were but five worthy of the name) till multitudes had departed—and you came not. So, bag in hand, I have taken refuge in *Good Words* office. I mourn over the tempting invitations I have refused to be with you! I mourn the loss of not seeing you and Hughes! But I mourn most not having seen your mother!

"If I had only consulted the Directory! But now—

"It's all up."

"Yours in sorrow."

To the Rev. W. F. Stevenson :—

October 20, 1862.

"I am pretty well convinced, from the reviews received to-day of 'Old Lieutenant' in the *London Review* and *Spectator*, that I am not able to be of use in that line. The book is killed and buried for ever, though self-love makes me think it cannot be so bad as they make it. I shall, in the meantime, get what good I can to my own spirit by the reviews, and learn to seek quiet and peace more in that still region of labour before God which earth cannot disturb."

The Queen had now come to Scotland for the first time since the death of the Prince Consort, and Dr. Macleod was summoned to Balmoral. He had been profoundly moved by the death of the Prince, whom he had regarded as 'an ideal of all that is pure, truthful, unselfish, and wise;' and from the confidence with which he had been honoured by his Sovereign, he was able deeply to sympathise with her in her grief.

Although his journals contain many interesting accounts of his different visits at Court and to members of the Royal family, it is in harmony with the reticence he always observed to give only such extracts as may indicate the confidence reposed in him, and the loyalty of his services.

He ever recognised the grave responsibility which these duties entailed. 'When I think how the character of princes affects the history of the world, and how that character may possibly be affected by what I say, and by the spirit in which I speak and act, I feel the work laid upon me to be very solemn.'

'Your royal highness knows,' he said to a younger

member of the family, whom he was endeavouring to comfort after the death of the Prince, 'that I am here as a pastor, and that it is only as a pastor I am permitted to address you. But as I wish you to thank me when we meet before God, so would I address you now.'

'I am never tempted,' he writes, 'to conceal any conviction from the Queen, for I feel she sympathizes with what is true, and likes the speaker to utter the truth exactly as he believes it.'

From his JOURNAL:—

"*May* 8, 1862.—I am commanded by the Queen to visit at Balmoral from Saturday till Tuesday.

"Few things could be more trying to me than, in present circumstances, to meet my afflicted Sovereign face to face. But God, who calls me, will aid me. My hope is in Him, and He will not put me to shame. May He guide me to speak to her fitting truth as to an immortal being, a sister in humanity, a Queen with heavy, heavy trials to endure, and such duties to perform! May I be kept in a right spirit, loving, peaceful, truthful, wise, and sympathizing, carrying the burthen of her who is my sister in Christ and my Sovereign. Father! Speak by me!"

To Mrs. MACLEOD:—

BALMORAL, *May* 12, 1862.

"You will return thanks with me to our Father in heaven for His mercy and goodness in having hitherto most surely guided me during this time which I felt to be a most solemn and important era in my life. All has passed well—that is to say, God enabled me to speak in private and in public to the Queen in such a way as seemed to me to be truth, the truth in God's sight: that which I believed she needed, though I felt it would be very trying to her spirit to receive it. And what fills me with deepest thanksgiving is, that she has received it, and

written to me such a kind, tender letter of thanks for it, which shall be treasured in my heart while I live.

"Prince Alfred sent for me last night to see him before going away. Thank God I spoke fully and frankly to him —we were alone—of his difficulties, temptations, and of his father's example; what the nation expected of him; how, if he did God's will, good and able men would rally round him; how, if he became selfish, a selfish set of flatterers would truckle to him and ruin him, while caring only for themselves. He thanked me for all I said, and wished me to travel with him to-day to Aberdeen, but the Queen wishes to see me again. I am so thankful to have the Duke of Argyll and my dear friend Lady Augusta Bruce here. The Duchess of Athole also—a most delightful, real woman."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*May* 14*th.*—Let me if possible recall some of the incidents of these few days at Balmoral, which in after years I may read with interest, when memory grows dim. . . . .

"After dinner I was summoned unexpectedly to the Queen's room. She was alone. She met me, and with an unutterably sad expression which filled my eyes with tears, at once began to speak about the Prince. It is impossible for me to recall distinctly the sequence or substance of that long conversation. She spoke of his excellencies—his love, his cheerfulness, how he was everything to her; how all now on earth seemed dead to her. She said she never shut her eyes to trials, but liked to look them in the face; how she would never shrink from duty, but that all was at present done mechanically; that her highest ideas of purity and love were obtained from him, and that God could not be displeased with her love. But there was nothing morbid in her grief. I spoke freely to her about all I felt regarding him—the love of the nation and their sympathy; and took every opportunity of bringing before her the reality of God's love and sympathy, her noble calling as a Queen, the value of her life to the nation, the blessedness of prayer.

"Sunday the whole household, Queen, and Royal Family were assembled at 10.15. A temporary pulpit was erected. I began with a short prayer, then read Job xxiii., Psalm xlii., beginning and end of John xiv., and end of Revelations vii. After the Lord's Prayer I expounded Hebrews xii. 1-12, and concluded with prayer. The whole service was less than an hour. I then at 12 preached at Crathie on 'All things are ours.' In the evening at Crathie on 'Awake thou that sleepest.' The household attended both services.

"On Monday I had another long interview with the Queen. She was much more like her old self—cheerful, and full of talk about persons and things. She of course spoke of the Prince. She said that he always believed he was to die soon, and that he often told her that he had never any fear of death.

"I saw also the Princesses Alice and Helena; each by herself.

"No words of mine can express the deep sympathy I have for these mourners. From my soul I shall ever pray for them that God would make them His own dear children.

"What a drive we had on Monday up to the falls of the Garbhalt! The great pines, the mossy flooring of the woods, the pure streams, the herds of deer, the *awful* purple of the hills, the white snow on their tops, the enamelled grass so characteristic of this season, the marvellous lights! Oh what a glorious revelation of God. I returned yesterday full of praise.

"The more I learn about the Prince Consort, the more I agree with what the Queen said to me about him on Monday, 'that he really did not seem to comprehend a selfish character, or what selfishness was.' And on whatever day his public life is revealed to the world, I feel certain this will be recognized.

"Dr. Becker, to whom I was complaining of Humboldt's treatment of the Prince, told me that the only thing the Prince said or wrote about it to him was, 'I am sorry for poor Humboldt.' He felt that such things injured one whom he so much loved and admired."

At the end of May, accompanied by Mrs. Macleod and his brother Donald, he took a six weeks' tour in Italy, crossing Mont Cenis to Turin, and thence by Genoa and the Riviera to Florence, Bologna, Venice, Milan, and the Italian Lakes, and returning home by Courmayeur, the Great St. Bernard and Basle. His impressions of Italy were afterwards recorded in *Good Words*.*

To his FATHER :—

FLORENCE, *June* 3, 1862.

"It would take months of patient study to get even a general idea of the glories of art in Florence ; we have not a shadow of an idea in Scotland of what art is. In this respect it is a barbarous country ; yet, in a better respect, it is as heaven to this. I wish you saw Popery here to loathe it.

"I preached last Sunday. Protestantism hardly exists. Little is doing or can be done. God alone can help this wretched country. How I know not, nor can see. All is beautiful and grand, but man and his morals."

To his Father and Mother :—

LAKE MAGGIORE, *Sunday, June* 15.

"The two places I enjoyed most were Venice and two days' rest at Bellaggio, on the Lake of Como. The beauty is really inconceivable. For wild and majestic grandeur I admire our own Highlands most, but for surpassing and majestic beauty, this.

"I preached in the *Heckla* steamer to the Jack Tars on Sunday last. Campsie men and Glasgow men were on board. It was a pleasant day. The glory of Venice cannot be imagined."

"*Baveno, Sunday evening.*—We crossed the lake to-day, and have had a nice service. I read the Liturgy and preached. We had a delightful walk through the vineyards, and enjoyed the snowy Alps in the distance."

* "Rambling Notes of a Ramble in Italy."—*Good Words*, 1862.

To A. Strahan, Esq. :—

Monastery of the Great St. Bernard,
June 21, 1862.

"Ere I bid farewell to the world, I wish to bid farewell to thee. I have resolved to join the Brothers of St. Bernard. All is arranged. I find that they never heard of Presbyterianism, Free, or U. P. Kirk; know nothing even of Dr. —— or Dr. ——, and have kept up service here, helping the poor and needy, for 800 years. I find I can live here for nothing, never preach, but only chant Latin prayers; that they never attend public meetings, never go to Exeter Hall nor to a General Assembly, but attend to the big dogs and the travellers of all nations. In short, it is the very place for me, and I have craved admission, and hope to be received to-night. I shall be known henceforth as Frater Flemingus. (I think I owe it to the Captain to adopt his name.) My wife goes to a nunnery; I leave my children to your care —3½ to you and 3½ to Isbister. Farewell, best of men and of publishers! Farewell, Isbister, best of men and of smokers! Farewell, *Good Words!* Farewell, the world and all its vanities!—— I was interrupted at this point by a procession of monks, who came to strip me of my worldly garments, and to prescribe the vows. Before changing garments, I inquired about the vows. Judge of my amazement in finding I must renounce cigars for ever! I pause——

"P.S.—2 A.M., 22*nd*. —The monks won't give in. The weather is fearfully cold. No fires in the cells. The dogs are mangy.

"3 A.M.—I am half-dead with cold. I shan't lie in the morgue. I repent!

"6 A.M.—Off for London! Hurrah!"

To Mrs. Macleod :—

August 18, 1862.

"I had a delightful visit from Stanley. He is a noble specimen of the Christian gentleman and scholar. When I come into close contact with such men as he, John Campbell, Erskine, Scott, Maurice, Davies, Ludlow, Hughes, I feel how I could enjoy heaven with them. Whether it is my defect or theirs I know not, but the narrow, exclusive, hard hyper-Calvinistic schools repel me, and make me nervously unhappy. I cry to God daily for humility to love all, and to feel that I am saved as a sinner who, as such, must have disgusted the angels. Our pride is devilish, and when I know how much better many of those who repel me are than I am, or ever have been, I am ashamed of my pride, and that I cannot clasp them to my heart. I should despair, unless I believed that Jesus Christ can and will deliver me, and give me to enjoy the unspeakable heaven of being a humble, meek child without my knowing it, but simply being it, loving it, so that by the supernatural I may become natural, for sin in every form is so unnatural.

"I never had a happier day than yesterday. I preached on the first two parables of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and felt so strong and happy in preaching. The highest conceivable enjoyment is to preach, even in a small degree, in sympathy with Christ—to feel that He is with us, to speak what you know is right, and in the right spirit of good-will and unselfish love. I believe that God will help our India Mission, and bless us as a congregation by somehow connecting us with this work.

"I have the most intense desire to spend the next ten years of my life, if these are given me, more earnestly than I have ever done. At sixty I shall be unfit for active work. Whatever I can write for the good of my fellow-men must be done in this time. It is a glorious gift, and by the help of the Almighty I may yet overcome the bad habits of sloth and want of method."

To the Rev. W. F. STEVENSON :—

October 4, 1862.

"Thanks for your delightful volume.* No Presbyterian has written before in such a catholic spirit; and this I feel to be a great want of our Church. We ignore sixteen centuries almost; we dig deeper and deeper the trenches, —which genial nature was kindly filling up with sweet flowers,—to keep up the old division lines, instead of building bridges to connect us as far as possible with the Church Catholic. Judaical separation won't do, far less Pharisaical. The only separation which is good is that of greater praying and working, which, like true love, is at once the most separating and most uniting element. The 'Stand back, I am holier than thou,' must be exchanged for the 'Come near, for I am holier than thou through grace, which is thine as well as mine, and mine too for thee.' God bless your book!"

From his JOURNAL :—

"*Nov.* 3.—I this day begin my winter's work. I am persuaded that God is shutting me up in His providence to a deeper, inner mission in my own spirit and in my parish. What I am longing to obtain is more of the glory and blessedness of love and humility. Humility towards God and man would be heaven. I have been greatly quickened to aim at this by Vinet's noble sermon on 'Submitting one to another,' and 'Lifting up holy hands.' There is no sermon-writer who masters me as he does—so searching, so faithful, so discriminating and holy. I feel now that the rest of my life will be nobly spent if I can only, by the constant help of Almighty grace, seek daily to go out of myself in love to God and man, showing it by patience, silence, sympathy, forbearance—the esteeming others better than myself—honouring them, submitting to them, being nobody, and my brother all-in-all to me.

"My proposed work will be :—

"Regular visitation of the sick and aged, and weekly visits of communicants.

* "Praying and Working."

" Careful preparation of lectures, sermons, and prayers.

" Thursday evening prayer meetings.

" Weekly district meetings.

" Visit the Workhouse and, if possible, the Hospital.

" With God's help, I should like to rise at half-past five. Spend half-an-hour at least in devotion. Write till 9. Keep Friday and Saturday exclusively for pulpit.

" Wednesday night, district ; Thursday, 7 to 8, people in vestry ; 8, meeting. Monday, sick and sorrowing. Tuesday and Thursday, visitation.

" *Tuesday, Nov.* 25.—My beloved father died this morning, between one and two, in his seventy-ninth year. We have lost as loving a father as ever blessed a family.

" God has called him, and spared my beloved mother.

" I defer writing anything about his death."

" 26*th April,* 1863.—Having the first quiet Sunday evening since January 1, I wish to go back in my Journal, and to record a few events which I would like to remember in detail.

" I had been out of town, and returned home on Monday. Having much to do, I sat down to work. It was a close, foggy night. Just as I was settled to my writing, I remembered that I had not seen my dear father since Friday. Anxious to save time I went out as I was, intending to spend only a few minutes with him. But I found my mother out, an event which had not happened, I presume, for years. So I stayed a long time, and to cheer him talked over old Morven stories. He had been dull all day, but I did cheer him so that I never saw him more happy. We parted at ten. My door-bell rang about one A.M., and a message was brought to my bed that he was dying. In a few minutes, another. I hurried down—he was dead ! I went to his room, and there he lay as he had died—asleep ! I did not weep, nor did I feel the least excited. The Lord knows how this was ; but so it was. I felt less a great deal than I had often done in visiting the poorest, even strangers, in time of distress. . . . . There he lay, with that noble head and white hair—but why describe it ?

"In all my life I never saw such a glorious face in death. He lay for a week in that coffin, pure and sweet as marble. The red was in his lips, and there was a nobleness, a grandeur, a dignity, about that face and head, which were *fascinating*. I can describe the feeling they created by no other word.

"The remarkable things on the day of the public funeral were the number of Highland women, old and young, who struggled with obvious difficulty in keeping up with the hearse until it reached the Barony, where we parted from the general company, and went to dear old Campsie. There the spectacle was very remarkable. It was twenty-five years since he had left that parish, and yet in a town of two thousand every shop was shut spontaneously. There we laid him and returned to my beloved mother.

"Since then the house, which for twenty-five years has been the centre of such love and life, has been emptied, and a great chapter has been closed. We all intensely realise it."

His experience in the management of an enormous parish had convinced him that, however well it may be administered, the Poor Law necessarily entails moral and social consequences, which, if not counteracted, must seriously affect the well-being of the community. He believed it was worse than a mistake to place the deserving poor on the same level with the idle and disreputable, and thus destroy that self-respect which is the best safeguard against pauperism. The substitution of statutory rates for the exercise of Christian charity, must, in his opinion, ultimately demoralise both rich and poor. The gulf which was every day becoming wider between class and class, between the brother who was 'increased with goods,' in the West End, and the brother 'who had need,' in the East End of the City, appeared to him one of

the gravest problems with which the Church had to deal, and how to create 'bridges' across the gulf became for a while the absorbing topic of his reflections. An article which appeared in *Good Words*, from the pen of his friend the Rev. W. F. Stevenson, on the practical application at Elberfeldt of Dr. Chalmers' plan for relieving the poor, struck him so much that he determined to see for himself what the writer described. He accordingly made a brief excursion to Germany in the month of February, accompanied by Mr. Stevenson, the Rev. Adoph Saphir, and his brother Donald, and after visiting Pastor Fliedner's Deaconess Institution, at Kaiserswerth, spent two days at Elberfeldt.* On his return to Glasgow he gave a lecture 'On East and West,' to an influential audience in the Corporation Galleries; and as the season was too near an end for gaining any practical result, he intimated his intention to repeat it next winter, and to follow it up by a discourse on 'Bridges,' in which he would propose a remedy for the evils he had described. This intention he was unable to accomplish,† and a paper in *Good Words*, afterwards published in a separate form,‡ alone remains to indicate the direction in which his thoughts were then turned.

* An account of this journey was given in *Good Words*, "Up the Rhine in Winter, by Four Friends." Each of the travellers contributed a portion; Stevenson describing Kaiserwerth and Elberfeldt, Saphir a visit to Dr. Lange at Boun, Dr. Macleod the Carnival at Cologne, and his brother the Rhine scenery in winter.

† The unaccountable disappearance of his first lecture was, in the midst of a busy winter, one of the chief hindrances to his resuming the subject.

‡ "How can we best Relieve our Deserving Poor?" Strahan, 1867.

From his JOURNAL :—

"*March*, 1863.—On my return from Germany I went to Windsor. I reached Monday night, but did not see the Queen. I made the acquaintance of the Dean of Windsor (Wellesley, nephew of the Duke), one of those noble specimens of the pious Christian gentleman which is characteristic of the English Church above all others. Next day I walked with Lady Augusta to the Mausoleum to meet the Queen. She was accompanied by the Princess Alice. She had the key, and opened it herself, undoing the bolts, and alone we entered and stood in silence beside Marochetti's beautiful statue of the Prince. I was very much overcome. She was calm and quiet.

"We parted at the entrance, and I accompanied Lady Augusta to Frogmore, and the tomb of the Duchess of Kent. She, the Duchess, must have been a most unselfish, devoted mother. All the tender things Lady Augusta said about her were quite in keeping with what I had before heard.

"I had a private interview at night with the Queen. She is so true, so genuine, I wonder not at her sorrow. To me it is quite natural, and has not a bit of morbid feeling in it. It but expresses the greatest loss that a sovereign and wife could sustain.

"Next day I went through Windsor, which is the *beau ideal* of a royal residence. There are some grand pictures in it, and also a number of poor ones. Except the royal apartments in the Kremlin, these are the finest in Europe.

"I returned home and went back to the marriage on the 10th of March. I was in full court dress, but found I could have gone in gown and bands. Why describe what has been given in full detail? I got beside Kingsley, Stanley, Birch, and in a famous place. Being in front of the royal pair we saw better than any, except the clergy. It was a gorgeous sight, yet somehow did not excite me. I suppose I am past this.

"Two things struck me much. One was the whole of the royal princesses weeping, though concealing their tears with their bouquets, as they saw their brother, who was to

them but their 'Bertie' and their dear father's son, standing alone waiting for his bride. The other was the Queen's expression as she raised her eyes to heaven, while her husband's *Chorale* was sung. She seemed to be with him alone before the throne of God."

To Rev. A. Clerk, LL.D. :—

"Even you have little idea of the overwhelming business which has been laid on me by Providence. I am able to keep peace at the heart, but with extreme difficulty; for it is so vexing to be able to do nothing well which is attempted, and to leave so much utterly undone.

"The Prince's marriage was, of course, a splendid affair. I could not help smiling at your idea of my requiring much grace to return to my work! I returned with quiet thanksgiving; for, believe me, spectacles of that sort don't even excite me. They interest me much; but a day in Glen Nevis would unfit me much more for the Glasgow closes. I hope in summer to have the joy of visiting King Ben and his Queen, the Glen."

To the Rev. W. F. Stevenson :—

March 16, 1863.

"I gave my lecture on East and West on Monday to a great audience, but from want of time I could say little about Elberfeldt, so I mean to open next winter's course with a lecture on 'Bridges,' or how to connect East and West. To this end I mean to work during summer, collecting facts about such practical efforts in other places as may be suitable for this city."

From his Journal :—

"*Tuesday, May 25th.*—I returned last night from Balmoral. The weather magnificent. I was in singularly dull spirits.

"I saw the Queen on Sunday night, and had a long and very confidential talk with her.

"I feel she wishes me to utter, as I do, anything, which in my soul I feel to be true, and according to God's will. She has a reasoning, searching mind, anxious to get at the root and the reality of things, and abhors all shams, whether in word or deed.

"Truly I need a higher wisdom than my own to use the great talent God has given me to speak the truth in wisdom, and in love without fear of man."

"I record a specimen of my boy's theology :—

"*J.* 'Auntie, what prayer shall I say? Shall I say, "When I lay me down to sleep, angels will me keep?"'

"*A.* 'Yes; say that.'

"*J.* 'Mamma says that good angels keep good boys.'

"*A.* 'Shall I leave the candle burning? Are you frightened?'

"*J.* 'Yes—no—yes; leave it burning.'

"*A.* 'What are you frightened for?'

"*J.* 'Rats.'

"*A.* 'Think you, dear, about the good angels.'

"*J.* '*Can they kill rats?*'"

As it was thought desirable to send deputies from the Church to visit the stations which the Committee of the Jewish Mission was establishing in the Levant, Dr. Macleod and his friend Dr. Macduff volunteered their services for this duty, and offered to fulfil it at their own cost. They resolved, however, not to go except the General Assembly was perfectly unanimous in its decision. This condition not having been fulfilled, they gave up all thoughts of the expedition.

To Dr. MACDUFF:—

"All will go well, I hope, in the Assembly. We do not go, of course; but I hope enough sense and gene-

rosity will be found as to let us off with grace. Fear not! you and I shall come well out of this business."

The Children of Israel as they are.

The opposition to *Good Words*, which he had anticipated from a section of the religious world, and of which some faint murmurs had already reached him, at last broke out with a violence for which he was certainly not prepared. The *Record* newspaper published a series of criticisms of the magazine, especially referring to the contributions of Principal Tulloch, Dr. Lee, Dr. Caird, and Dr. Macleod, which, besides wrath and bitterness, displayed so much deliberate dishonesty, that he was utterly shocked by the revelation it gave of the spirit reigning in the narrower circle of the 'Evangelical' world. The maledictions of the *Record*, reprinted in the form of a pamphlet, and widely circulated in England and Scotland, were caught up and re-echoed by kindred organs throughout the country, and had the effect of making the editor of the offending periodical an object of suspicion to many whose good-will he valued. A ludicrous anti-climax was reached in the Controversy, when the Presbytery of Strathbogie gravely 'overtured' the General Assembly of the Free Church to take *Good Words* into its consideration. If Dr. Macleod was indignant under this treatment, he was still more grieved and ashamed. He never

however, lost the confidence of the healthier 'Evangelical' party in all Churches, and an able exposure of the spiteful character of the criticisms in the *Record* which appeared in the *Patriot*, did much even to remove the suspicions under which he lay with the weaker brethren.

From his JOURNAL:—

"A series of reviews on *Good Words* have appeared in the *Record* newspaper. What gives these furious attacks any interest to me is the evidence which they afford of the state of a section of the Evangelical Church which sets itself up as the perfection of 'Evangelicalism.'

"... I was quite aware of the risk I should run from the narrow school of perfectly conscientious people, weak albeit and ignorant of the big world, and of the necessities of the times, and of what might be done for Christ's cause and kingdom by wiser and broader means.

"I had tried the very same experiment in the old *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* for ten years. It never paid: its circulation was about four thousand. But I held on till the publishers, who had little capital and less enterprise, gave it up in despair. But while I met constant opposition from the weaker brethren, I held on with the hope of emancipating cheap religious literature from the narrowness and weakness to which it had come. *Good Words* has now risen to a circulation of one hundred and ten thousand monthly, while we print one hundred and twenty thousand. Thus the experiment has so far succeeded. I resolved to publish the names of contributors, so that each man would feel he was responsible for his own share of the work only, while I was responsible for the whole. Until this moment it has been welcomed, but the *Record* has opened fire—Strahan told me it was to do so. The articles afford frightful evidence of the low state to which Pharisaical 'Evangelicalism' has come. They have been ably answered in a series of articles in the *Patriot*. I don't know, nor suspect by whom. An

attempt is being made to get *Good Words* rejected by Tract Societies, the Pure Literary Society, &c. It is incomprehensible to me that, at a time when the very citadel of truth is attacked, these men are not thankful for such a sincere and hearty defence. Strahan writes me that since the attack he has sold more than ever. But this is a secondary consideration. My own belief is that the magazine will for a time be injured. So many thousands of well-intentioned people are slaves to religious papers (among the worst in existence), and to their weak-headed 'Evangelical' pastors, as much as any Papists to their church or priesthood; and so many men are terrified to be held up as 'unevangelical,' that I don't think they are as yet prepared for a magazine which shall honestly represent the various subjects, besides 'religion,' which in point of fact so occupy the thoughts of good men.

"The 'world' is that which is 'not of the Father.' The so-called 'Evangelical party'—for, thank God, they are but a small clique—are becoming the worshippers of mere Shibboleths—phrases. The shortest road to be considered religious is to adhere to a creed in *words*, and to keep up a cant vocabulary. Let two men appear in a certain circle of society of London, and let one man speak of 'the Lord's people,' 'a man of God,' 'a great work going on of revival,' &c., and another speak of 'good christian people,' 'a good man,' 'good doing,' the first man is dubbed godly, and the other man at least doubtful, and all from phrases! The one man's sins, misrepresentations, uncharitableness, are put down to the frailties of 'a man of God;' the other man's excellencies to vain appearances. The evil of the one is accounted for, the good of the other denied or suspected. This is horrible!

"In like manner, though a man believes, as I do, with his whole soul the doctrines of Scripture, yet woe to him unless he believes the precise philosophy, or the systematic form of those doctrines held by the clique! It is not enough that you believe in Christ's life and death as an atonement, as revealing God's love, as that without which there is no pardon for sin, as that by which we are reconciled to God. They will tell you that you deny the

atonement unless you believe that Christ on the cross endured the punishment which was due to each sinner of the elect for whom He died; which, thank God, I don't believe, as I know He died for the whole world. They never seem to be aware of the difficulties connected with the philosophy of the atonement: what it was, how Christ bore our sins, how this stands connected with pardon, or man's spiritual life. And so as regards every other doctrine: a man may believe in the corruption of human nature, and to the extent that it requires the supernatural power of God's Holy Spirit to renew us and make us holy—but Anathema! unless you believe that you are damned for Adam's sin, and that a man has to be passive as a stone till God, on what principle we know not, acts on him. It is not enough to believe that sin is cursed, and that so long as a sinner remains in this world or anywhere loving sin, he is in hell. But you must believe in literal fire and brimstone: a lake of fire, into which infants even may be cast, or you are not 'Evangelical!' In vain you vow that you submit to Christ's teaching, that whatever He says you believe, that you submit to it, and are sure that ultimately reason and conscience will rejoice in it. Anathema! unless you see A B C to be Christ's teaching, the proof of which is, that not the Pope nor the Church, but that we, the 'Evangelical Church,' the *Record*, or Dr. This or Dr. That, thinks so, says so, and curses every man who thinks or says differently.

"Along with all this fury in defending 'the faith' (forsooth!) 'once delivered to the saints' (as if Abraham were a *Recordite*), there is such a spirit of hatred and gross dishonesty manifested that it has driven more away from real Christianity than all the rationalists who have ever written. God helping me, I will continue *Good Words* as I have begun. If good men will cast me out of their hearts, I feel most deeply the loss, but I must carry this cross. It is my daily prayer to be guided in it for the glory of my Redeemer, and I wish each number to have such a testimony for Him in it as that I shall be able to put it under my pillow when I die.

"I was threatened in London that unless I gave up

Stanley and Kingsley I should be 'crushed!' What a wretched hypocrite I would be if I practically declared that I did not think these men worthy of writing beside me! Only think of it, Editor! Strahan and I agreed to let *Good Words* perish, perish a hundred times, before we would play such a false part as this. —— or —— accepted as Christ's friend, and Arthur Stanley rejected as His enemy! It might make the devils laugh and angels weep! *Good Words* may perish, but I will never save it by such sacrifices of principle as this.

"I believe the warfare begun by that miserable *Record*—which I have abhorred ever since it wrote about dear Arnold—will end in the question, how far the truly pious Church of Christ in this country is to be ruled by a small synagogue of Pharisees and good old women, including men not a few. We shall see.

"Yet I go this week to the Evangelical Alliance! Yes I do. I have received much spiritual good from its meetings. I won't be driven off by the *Record*. But I shall see of what spirit it is now of, and will continue in it or leave it as I find it right.

"My Father, forgive my keen feeling if I do injustice to the weakest child of God; help me to be humble and meek, but courageous and sincere. Amen."

"*May* 25.—The Alliance meeting has convinced me that all mind, all grasp, all power arising from love guided by sound judgment has ceased to characterise it. It has become the type of exclusion rather than inclusion, and 'terrified for the adversaries,' it is shrinking into a small cell. I will leave it. The Alliance should include all who acknowledge the supreme authority of the Lord Jesus and that of the Holy Scripture.

"Dear Sir Culling is dead. He has joined the true Alliance, and no man will be more at home in heaven."

The following letter, written in answer to a respectful remonstrance from one of the Professors in the University of Edinburgh, was printed for private circulation.

GLASGOW, *June*, 1863.

"I thank you for your note; because I feel assured that you meant it kindly.

"I can hardly express to you the pain, and, I must add, the surprise, with which I received the objections to *Good Words* which it contains, from one for whose character and culture I entertain such high respect. Perhaps I feel this the more at this time, when I have been made the object of a most unrighteous and untruthful attack by the *Record* newspaper. . . . I would feel pained to discover even a shadow of such a publication falling for a moment over any portion of the Evangelical Church in Scotland.

"Certain criticisms in the last meeting of the Free Church Assembly make me write thus, although I do not mean to take further notice of that popular demonstration.

"But let me endeavour to obviate, or at least modify, the difficulties which you are pleased so kindly to express in your letter regarding *Good Words*.

"There is, first of all, the objection which you call the Sabbath reading question. You fear, as I understand it, that young persons may be tempted to read the 'secular' articles of *Good Words* on Sunday, and that 'the fine tone' which we have so long associated, and, very properly, with Sabbath reading may thereby be deteriorated. Now, *Good Words* is not specially intended, as too many Christian periodicals, I think are, to furnish nourishment for the young chiefly, but rather to give solid meat for intelligent men and women. But if any members of a Christian family are compelled to endure such severe and dry exercises on the Sunday as would make them long for even the scientific articles in *Good Words*, or, what is still more common, if they are so ill-trained as to read what parental authority has forbidden, let me ask, in such a case, why not lock up *Good Words*? The poorest family have generally a press, or a chest of drawers, where this mechanical process can be achieved. It surely must be acknowledged that the periodical, so far as its mere 'secular' element is concerned, may be admitted as a respectable and worthy

visitor of a Christian family on at least six days of the week? If so, why not take the visitor by the throat, say at 11.55 on Saturday night, just at the moment when he is being transformed into the character of a dangerous intruder, and then incarcerate him till he becomes once more respectable at 12.5 on Monday morning? Or, if it is found that the villain may escape on Sunday, that John and James have become so attached to him that they are disposed to pick the lock of his prison and let him out, might it not be prudent, in such a case, to adopt the old orthodox Popish fashion of burning him as a heretic?—with the condition only, for the great advantage of the publishers, that a new copy shall be purchased every Monday morning! Even in this case, and in spite of all those holocausts, *Good Words* would still be 'worth much and cost little.' But then, my dear ———, you must consider how to dispose of all your other secular literature upon the first day of the week. What of your other secular books and 'secular' periodicals? and, what is a still more difficult question, how are you to dispose of all your secular conversation, if science be secular? What, for example, are you to do with the secular sun, moon, and stars? Are you to look at them? If you do so, are you to think about them? If you think about them, are you to speak about them? If you speak about them, are you to do so scientifically—that is, according to truth? For, if so, you thereby immediately tread upon dangerous ground. You may be led into a talk on Astronomy, and may thus become as bad as Professor ———, who, as you inform me, declared from the chair of the Royal Society that he had read an article on Astronomy in *Good Words* on a Sunday evening. Your theory carried to this extent is hard to practise in consistency with the most holy idea of the Sunday. But that is not my look-out. 'Let each man be fully persuaded in his own mind.'—'To him that esteemeth anything to be unclean to him it is unclean.' It is enough for my defence that lock and key can enable any man to dispose of *Good Words*, if he finds his family tempted, from want of principle or self-control, to read some of those articles which, I admit, are not intended for

the Sunday, but for the other days of the week. Pray, my friend, do not suppose that I am speaking lightly of the Sunday, or of its becoming exercises. I will yield to no man living in my profound thankfulness for the Lord's Day and all its sacred influences : nor do I wish, God forbid ! to weaken them, but to strengthen them. I am merely indulging in a little banter with reference to what appears to me to be a wrong application of principles, on which we all agree, to the condemnation of *Good Words*.

"As to the objection about the mixture of secular and sacred in *Good Words*, which is involved in 'the Sabbath reading question,' what can I say ? Ought I to leave out the sacred ? Would the magazine thereby become more Christian ? You seem to object to its title, as a magazine for all the week. Will it become good if I leave out that title, or construct another, suggesting that it is a magazine for all the week except the Sunday ? Would either this change in its title, or the withdrawal of its 'religious' contents make it really more religious, and, therefore, more worthy of the support of Evangelical men ? I have no sympathy with these objections. Either of us must have a way of looking at the matter which the other cannot understand.

"Your other objection is worthy, however, of a more lengthened and serious reply. I quite sympathize with those who may urge it :—I mean the fact of writers belonging to different schools in theology, and different departments in literature, such as Mr. Trollope, Professor Kingsley, and Dr. Stanley, writing in the same journal with other men of acknowledged 'Evangelical' sentiments. Now, whether the plan or idea be right or wrong, of a religious magazine which shall include among its writers men of all parties and Churches, or occupying different walks in literature, I beg to assure you that I alone am responsible for it. It was not suggested to me by the publishers or by others, but was made a condition by myself before accepting the editorship of the magazine. Moreover, I can very sincerely say, that it was not conceived or adopted without most grave, mature, and prayerful consideration. I say prayerful, not as a mere phrase,

but as expressing a real fact. I admit also that I have been from the first alive to the possible offence this plan might give to some good and thoroughly sincere men who had been accustomed to associate with what was called 'Evangelical literature,' a different and narrower idea.

". . . I believed, that if our cheap religious publications were to exercise real influence upon our intelligent mechanics, much more upon that immense mass which occupies the middle ground between the '*Recordite*' Church party on the one side, and the indifferent and sceptical on the other, popular Christian periodical literature must be made, within, of course, certain limits, much wider, truer, more manly, and more human—*i.e.*, more really Christian in its sympathies than it had hitherto been. With these convictions naturally and soberly formed, I resolved to make the experiment and to face all its difficulties.

". . . My rule has been to obtain assistance from the best men in every church and party I can find able and willing to write for me on such subjects as all men may read with interest or with profit. This rule is limited by one principle only, which has ever guided me, and that is, never to accept the contributions of any writer, male or female, however talented, who is known to be anti-Christian in creed or life. No infidel, no immoral man or woman, no one whom I could not receive, in so far as character is concerned, into my family, will ever be permitted to write in the pages of *Good Words*. Nay more, what they write must be in harmony at least with the essentials of the Christian faith, and with its morals. But, short of this, I hold that he who is not against Christ is for Him—for Him more especially when the author, whoever he be, is willing to write side by side with men who preach the Gospel out-and-out. And, therefore, I have no hesitation in saying to you, that I believe every person who has written in *Good Words* publicly professes his faith in Jesus Christ, and maintains a character not inconsistent with that profession.

"As to the fear you express of persons being thus induced to read Kingsley or Stanley, no person, I believe,

who has not read them already, will be inclined to do so merely by reading *Good Words*. But I presume that most people who read general literature are already acquainted with their writings. Yet I begin to think that these are condemned by many who have never read them, but have received from others, equally ignorant, a vague impression of something horrible about them, they know not what. I am not aware of anything they have ever written which should necessitate their being excommunicated from the pages of Christian periodical literature. Anyhow, I have little faith in an *Index Expurgatorius* being wise or efficient among people of ordinary education and intelligence. For once that it makes a young man pious, in a hundred cases it makes him either ignorant, false, or sceptical. To know both sides is, I think, the only safeguard for men who may feel called upon to study the present phases of religious thought. *Good Words*, however, gives them but the good side.

"What then has been the practical result of my editorial plan? It is this: that I defy any man to select a number in which there has not been again and again repeated a full statement of Gospel truth, and that too without any one article, or even any passage in any number contradicting it, but every article being, at least, in harmony with it. No doubt you may pick out here and there once in a year, and out of a hundred articles, some sentence which may have crept in through inadvertency, and which might have been, perhaps, better left out. And in a few articles also of a more strictly religious character there may be the omission of doctrines which we might wish had been in, or more fully stated. But the Magazine must be judged of as a whole, and by the general tendency of all its articles, and the impressions which it is likely to make upon any truthful, honest, fair man. Let me say it with all reverence, that there are books and epistles in the Scriptures themselves which could be proved defective, doubtful, and liable to be misunderstood, if the same principles of carping Colenso criticism are applied to them as those which have been applied by the *Record* to *Good Words*.

". . . I must presume that you, my dear Sir, are neither

acquainted personally with Kingsley nor Stanley, and that you have not read their works with care. Writing hurriedly, as you have done, you may have accepted without mature reflection the application of the verses from 2 Cor. vi. 15, 16, first suggested by the *Record*. But were I, who have the honour and privilege of knowing these men—while differing, as I have said, very decidedly from many of their views—to indulge such a thought regarding our relative position, I should loathe myself as a Pharisee of the Pharisees, and despise myself as the meanest hypocrite on earth. I have great personal respect for the characters of Trollope, Kingsley, and Stanley, as well as admiration of their genius, though they occupy very different walks in literature. I have the privilege of knowing Dr. Stanley more intimately than the others, and I am glad to have even this opportunity of expressing to you my profound conviction that he has a fear of God, a love for Christ and for his fellow-men, a sense of honour, truth, and justice, such as I should rejoice to believe were even seriously aimed at by the conductors of the *Record*. The passage you hastily apply to such a man as Stanley —I feel assured, without the full meaning I attach to it —was, nevertheless, coolly written and printed in the *Record*, and applied also to myself, Lee, Tulloch, Caird, and has been transferred to the separate publication of its so-called criticisms on *Good Words*. As to the application of the more harmless and peaceful image from Deuteronomy which you quote :—'Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together,' I shall, with confidence, leave your own good taste to make it, if you can suppose Arthur Stanley and the 'Chelsea Pensioner' writing together in *Good Words*.

". . . But whatever may become of *Good Words*, I am grieved to see the tendency, on the part of some good men in the Evangelical Church, to cast away from their heart and sympathies in such a crisis as the present, the cordial aid which men most devoted to Christ and His kingdom are willing to afford to the cause which all have at heart, the very moment they refuse in some one point, to shape their plans, or even their phrases, to the stereo-

typed form which some small party have sanctioned, as being the only type of 'evangelicism.' They are too apt to be governed by the mere letter and words, instead of looking into the spirit and realities of things, and thus unconsciously accept the well-known advice given in Faust to a student by one whom I need not name, but who is, I suspect, not ignorant of many of the private conspiracies against good men in the office of the *Record*.

'Im ganzen—*haltet euch an Worte!*
Dann geht ihr durch die sichre Pforte
Zum Tempel der Gewissheit ein.' . . . .
* * * * *
'Mit *Worten* lässt sich trefflich streiten,
Mit *Worten* ein System bereiten,
An *Worte* lässt sich trefflich glauben,
Von einem *Wort* lässt sich kein Iota rauben.'

"With a good conscience towards God and man, I therefore crave as a Christian brother pastor, seeking to aid his Master's work, the sympathy of the good men of all parties, and of all churches—for *Good Words* belongs to all. If this is denied me, by even a few, on those few be the responsibility of weakening my hands and my efforts. Profoundly convinced, however, of a higher sympathy, I shall go on as I have begun, with a firm, clear purpose, and a peaceful, courageous heart. As I have sung long ago, I sing now, and hope to do so till my voice is silent—

'Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action,
Trust in God, and do the right!

'Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight.
Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God, and do the right!'"

To the Rev. W. F. STEVENSON:—

"I had a most delightful visit to Dublin.

"What I saw of efforts to convert Romanists has left that problem darker than ever. Whatever is right, those

controversial meetings—if the one I was present at was a fair specimen—are an abomination. '*Ach! was für ein skandal!*'

"I have written a long letter in reply to Professor ——, I think you will approve of it.

"My first edition was—

"My second was—

"My third is—

"And so I am more at ease.

"I feel the importance of this discussion. It will be a blessing if we give freedom to Christian literature, and yet keep it within holy ground. It will be a blessing too, if we can make good men see their way to more toleration and largeness of sympathy."

From the Rev. A. P. Stanley, Professor of Ecclesiastical History:—

Christ Church, Oxford, *June* 13, 1863.

"For my part I would at once relieve you of my presence in *Good Words*, but I consider the principle

which you advocate in your letter to be so good, that I shall be sorry to do so. 'The ox and ass' must plough together in the Christian dispensation, though they were forbidden to do so in the Mosaic."

From the late Canon KINGSLEY :—

CAMBRIDGE, *Saturday night.*

"I have sent off my copy. If anything in it seems to you not fit for your readers, you are to strike your pen through it without fear.

"I can trust utterly your liberality and good sense. I am old enough to know, with Hesiod, that half is sometimes better than the whole. I have full means in England of speaking my whole mind as often as I wish. It is for you to decide how much thereof can be spoken without offence to your 70,000 readers. So do what you like with the paper.

"I should say this to very few editors upon earth, but I say it to you as a matter of course."

To A. STRAHAN, Esq. :—

"Let us be very careful, not to admit through oversight one sentence which ought to pain a Christian, however weak he may be. In one word, let us honestly, sincerely, humbly, truthfully do what is right, and dare the devil whether he comes as an infidel or a Pharisee.

"We have an immense talent given us, let us use it well.

"I have no doubt *Good Words* will be injured, but it will perish before I truckle to any party."

To the SAME :—

"I have read Number 1 of the *Record;* but the louder the wind pipes, and the gurlier the sea gets from that quarter, the more calm, steadfast I feel to steer right on by the compass of a good conscience, by the old chart, the Bible.

"Thank God I have you as my first mate, and not some Quaker. I know you won't flinch in a gale of wind, nor will I, take my word for it!

"I don't mean to take any notice at present, although I would like to speak out on the whole subject of religious periodical literature as it was and is—what is good in it and what is bad, what its duties are and its shortcomings. I think this will do much good to the religious atmosphere. It is very close at present. In the meantime I shall act on my old motto, 'Trust in God and do the right.'"

In the same year in which he was attacked by the *Record*, he had an opportunity of showing how little ground there was for the most serious of the charges brought against him as editor. He had asked a celebrated novelist, a personal friend, for whose character and opinions he ever retained unqualified respect, to write the tale for the following year. But, when the story was submitted to him, he saw that it was not suitable for the Magazine. There was, of course, nothing morally wrong in its tone, but as all its 'religious' people were drawn of a type which justly deserved the lash of the satirist, he felt that to publish it in *Good Words* would be to lend the sanction of its conductors to what he had long considered the injustice of modern novelists in ignoring healthy Christianity. A friendly correspondence followed,* from which it appeared that the editor and his friend had misunderstood each other; but so determined was Dr. Macleod and his publishers not to compromise the character of *Good Words*, that the forfeit of £500 was paid and the story declined.

* The novelist who is referred to above thus writes:—"I need not say that Dr. Macleod's rejection of the story never for a moment interfered with our friendship. It certainly raised my opinion of the man."

To ——:—

"N.B.—This letter will keep cold till you are at peace with all the world, with a pipe well filled, and drawing well. Read it then, or a bit each day for a month.

GLASGOW, *June* 11, 1863.

". . . You are not wrong; nor have you wronged me or my publishers in any way. I frankly admit this. But neither am I wrong. This, 'by your leave,' I assert. The fact is that I misunderstood you and you me, though I more than you have been the cause of the misunderstanding.

"What I tried to explain and wished you to see when we met here was, the peculiar place which *Good Words* aimed at occupying in the field of cheap Christian literature. I have always endeavoured to avoid, on the one hand, the exclusively narrow religious ground—narrow in its choice of subjects and in its manner of treating them—hitherto occupied by our religious periodicals; and, on the other hand, to avoid altogether whatever was antagonistic to the truths and spirit of Christianity, and also as much as possible whatever was calculated to offend the prejudices, far more the sincere convictions and feelings, of fair and reasonable 'Evangelical' men. Within these extremes it seemed to me that a sufficiently extensive field existed, in which any novelist might roam and find an endless variety of life and manners to describe with profit to all, and without giving offence to any. This problem which I wished to solve did not and does not seem to me a very difficult one, unless for very one-sided 'Evangelical' or anti-'Evangelical' writers. At all events, being a clergyman as well as an editor—the one from deepest convictions, though the other, I fear, is from the deepest mistake—I could not be else than sensitive lest anything should appear in *Good Words* out of harmony with my convictions and my profession. Well, then, was I wrong in assuming that you were an honest believer in revealed Christian truth? I was not. Was I wrong in believing and hoping that there were many truly Christian aspects of life, as well as the canting and *humbug* ones, with

which you heartily sympathized, and which you were able and disposed to delineate? I was not.

"Perhaps I had no ground for hoping that you would give me a different kind of story from those you had hitherto published. If so, forgive me this wrong. Possibly the wish was father to the thought. But the thought did not imply that any of your former novels had been false either to your own world within or to the big world without—false to truth or to nature. It assumed only that you could with your whole heart produce another novel which, instead of showing up what was weak, false, disgusting in professing Christians, might also bring out, as has never yet been done, what Christianity as a living power derived from faith in a living Saviour, and working in and through living men and women, does, has done, and will do, what no other known power can accomplish in the world, for the good of the individual or mankind. If no such power exists, neither Christ nor Christianity exists; and if it does, I must confess that most of our great novelists are, to say the least of it, marvellously modest in acknowledging it. The weaknesses, snares, hypocrisies, gloom of some species of professing Christians are all described and magnified; but what of the genuine, heaven-born Christian element? Why, when one reads of the good men in most novels, it can hardly be discovered where they got their goodness; but let a parson, a deacon, a Church member be introduced, and at once we guess where they have had their badness from—they were professing Christians.

"Now all this, and much more, was the substance of my sermon to you.

"Now, my good ——, you have been in my humble opinion guilty of committing this fault, or, as you might say, praiseworthy in doing this good, in your story. You hit right and left; give a *wipe* here, a sneer there, and thrust a nasty *prong* into another place; cast a gloom over Dorcas societies, and a glory over balls lasting till four in the morning. In short, it is the old story. The shadow over the Church is broad and deep, and over every other spot sunshine reigns. That is the general impression which

the story gives, so far as it goes. There is nothing, of course, bad or vicious in it—that could not be from you—but quite enough, and that without any necessity from your head or heart, to keep *Good Words* and its editor in boiling water until either or both were boiled to death. I feel pretty certain that you either do not comprehend my difficulties, or laugh in pity at my bigotry. But I cannot help it.

"You do me, however, wrong in thinking, as you seem to do, that apart from the structure of your story, and merely because of your name, I have sacrificed you to the *Record*, and to the cry it and its followers have raised against you as well as against me. My only pain is that the *Record* will suppose that its attack has bullied me into the rejection of your story.

"I know well that my position is difficult, and that too because I do not write to please both parties, but simply because I wish to produce, if possible, a magazine which, though too wide for the 'Evangelicals' and too narrow for the anti-'Evangelicals,' and therefore disliked by both cliques, may nevertheless rally round it in the long run the sympathies of all who occupy the middle ground of a decided, sincere, and manly Evangelical Christianity."

To J. M. Ludlow, Esq.:—

"I really cannot ascertain anything reliable about the election of librarian.

"In summer the College is dead, the professors fled—no one but waiters or seagulls know whither. For aught I know, the books are off too, to wash their bindings, or to purge themselves of their errors. The very porters have vanished, or locked themselves up. I believe the animals in the museum are gone to their native haunts. The clock is stopped. The spiders have grown to a fearful size in the class-rooms. Hebrew roots have developed into trees; divinity has perished. Who knows your friend in that desert? I went to inquire about him, and fled in terror from the grave of the dead sciences."

The letter which follows refers to a bereavement which had overtaken his uncle, the minister of Morven, and which had left him peculiarly desolate and lonely in the old home of Fiunary. Norman was preparing for a short tour on the Continent when the sad news reached him. He at once gave up his promised holiday abroad and went to Morven.

To Mrs. Macleod :—

Fiunary, *June* 27, 1863.

"It is blowing and raining outside, the Sound looks cold and dreary, and within there is a dead wife and a husband who would rejoice if he were laid beside her.

"Everything here seems dead—the hills, rocks, and sea—all are but things; the persons who were their life have gone, and there are few even to speak of the old familiar faces. Verily a man's life can be found in God only. Peace we can have—it must be; happiness may be."

"*Monday, 6th July.*—Yesterday was a holy day. Without it was one of surpassing splendour; within, of holy peace. I preached. There was a large congregation of the living, but almost as large of the dead, or rather the Church above and below were visibly present to my spirit, so that we verily seemed, 'whether alive or asleep, to live together with Him,' and to be all partaking the communion of His Body and Blood—eating of the living Bread. The old Manse family—father, grandfather and grandmother, aunts and uncles, down to dear Margaret—seemed to be all present, and I never enjoyed more peace, and never was my heart so full.

"The scene in the churchyard was perfect, as I sat at the old cross and gazed on the sea, calm as the sea of glass, with scattered sails and blue hills, and the silence broken by no footfall on the green grass, but by the distant voice of the preacher or the sound of psalms; with the lark overhead singing in joy, or the lambs bleating among the hills, or the passing hum of the bee,

busy and contented. Life was over all, and in spite of death, I think a breath of God's own life revived dear John's heart.

"I send you a number of the *Christian Observer* on *Good Words*.

"It is too kind to me. I thank God it has lifted off the burthen of dislike I was beginning to feel to the 'Evangelical' party in England, as if there was no justice, mercy, or truth in them. The *Record*, I see, does but misrepresent them all.

"I feel deeply the kind advice he gives, and sympathize, as you know, with it. They don't know how I have fought 'the world' for the Church, and what I have kept out. But I accept with thanks the caution.

"May God help me to know and do His will, and to have kind thoughts of all men."

From his JOURNAL:—

"Early in October I went to fulfil engagements in England. Preached in Liverpool, London, Stockport, and Ashton, and collected for the different objects, in all, £1,087. Spent a day at Bolton Abbey—a glorious day,—delighted with the scenery, and made glad by human kindness.

"Mr. ——, M.P. for ——, was angry because I preached for Nonconformists! The Church of England won't let me preach in her pulpits, and out of respect for the Church he thinks I should preach for no one else!

"I think it not only allowable, but right, in the Stockport Sunday schools, to teach reading, writing, and music to the poor, who are obliged to work all the week, and who can go nowhere else. What I object to is—1, that well-to-do children should be thus taught; 2, that arithmetic should be taught on Sunday.

"I like the Nonconformists for their liberality; but I am more and more convinced that a country must have many Churches to express and feed different minds, and that the Establishment is a huge blessing along with Dissent.

"*October, Saturday.*—Went to Balmoral—found Gladstone had gone. Found the old hearty and happy friends. Preached in the morning on 'Peace not happiness,' and in the church on 'The Gadarene demoniac.'

"'What do you think?' said little Princess Beatrice to me. 'I am an aunt, Dr. Macleod, yet my nephew William (of Prussia) won't do what I bid him! Both he and Elizabeth refused to shut the door! Is that not naughty?' I never saw truer, or more natural, healthy children. God bless them!

"*Monday.*—Lady Augusta, Dr. Jenner, and I, drove to Garbhalt. At night I read Burns and 'Old Mortality' aloud to the Court. The Royal Family were not present. General Grey is quite up to the Scotch.

"*Tuesday.*—Drove to Aberdeen to the inauguration of the Prince Consort's statue.

"Here let me go back to impress on my memory the glorious Monday at the Garbhalt. The day was delicious. The river was full, and of that dark-brown, mossy hue which forms such a fine contrast of colour to the foam of the stream and the green banks. The view of the woods, the valley, Invercauld, and the mountains, was superb. The forests were coloured with every shade, from the deep green of the pines and firs, to the golden tints of the deciduous trees. Masses of sombre shadow, broken by masses of light, intermingled over the brown hills and broad valley, while the distant hills and clouds met in glorious confusion. It was a day to be had in remembrance.

"I was asked Friday fortnight to go to Inverary to meet the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia. I did so, and returned Saturday. It was a happy visit.

"The Monday following I went to visit Prince Alfred at Holyrood, and staid till Wednesday. The Crown Prince and Princess there. I think the Crown Prince a simple, frank, unaffected, and affectionate man.

"We had an evening party, and they left on Tuesday night at ten.

"We have had a small newspaper-letter controversy about the Established Church becoming Episcopalian.

Nonsense! We must hold fast by *our* own past, and from this national root grow up in adaptation to the necessities of the times in all things non-essential, and from their nature variable. But such a union is impossible! The Free Church speaks of uniting with the United Presbyterian. It will be a queer evolution in history, utterly inexplicable on any principle save that of church ambition.

"They will cease to exist the moment they join. They will have lost all, the U. P.'s gained all, and we much. Our strength must be in the width of our sympathies—in our national *in*clusiveness, not *ex*clusiveness.

"An amusing, silly, yet not unimportant event has occurred in relation to *Good Words*. The Free Presbytery of Strathbogie has overtured the General Assembly of the Free Church against it. Against a 6*d.* periodical, with which they have nothing to do! This is to me very interesting as a social phenomenon. Oh, my God, help me to be charitable! Help me to be weak to the weak, to be silent about them, and to do Thy will!

"*November* 27*th.*—Thank God, my working man's church is in a fair way of being finished. I have realised £1,700, and I feel assured God will give me the £2,500.

"We have taken ground for a school and a church at Parkhead. All in faith that God will provide the money for both.

"The working men's services have been carried on since November 1, and never were better attended. Thank God!

"But I have been two years trying to get up a working man's church. There are noble exceptions; but I have found shocking illustrations of the spirit of greed among the wealthy.

"The sun of life is setting. Let me work, and rest in soul.

"Thackeray is dead, a most kind-hearted man. Macnab told me that he had him in charge coming home from Calcutta, and that the day after he parted from him in London, the boy returned, and throwing his arms about

his neck, burst into tears, from sheer affection in meeting his friend again. He said he never knew a more loving boy. Thackeray was in Weimar the year before I was there. We had a long talk about the old place and people. I felt he had a genuine heart.

"Delivered again my lecture on East and West in Glasgow. I think God is giving me a great work to do in Glasgow for the poor. It must and will be done by some one, why not me? I am nothing except as an instrument, and God can make use of me.

"D.V., let this be my work for '64."

CHAPTER XVII.

1864—65.

HE has given in 'Eastward' so full an account of his visit to Palestine that it would be superfluous to quote at any length from the letters he sent to his family. He was accompanied on this tour by Mr. Strahan, his publisher, and by his brother Donald; and from first to last it afforded him unmingled enjoyment. Every new event, whether it were a cyclone or a donkey-ride, gave him fresh pleasure; every remarkable spot, from Malta to Constantinople, stirred his enthusiasm.

Any one who has travelled in Palestine can understand how fatiguing it must have been for a man of his age and *physique* to pass days in the saddle in such a climate. Yet there were few evenings on which the encampment was not made a scene of merriment by his good-natured fun with the Fellahîn or Bedawîn who crowded round the tents. He had provided himself, before leaving London, with musical snuff-boxes and fireworks, and it was his delight to hear the '*Mashallah!*' of the astonished natives when music burst out in some unexpected corner, or when a rocket whizzed aloft and fell in a shower of fire. He

claimed this use of fireworks as an original invention for the protection of travellers, and he was so confident of its merits that he would not have been sorry had the Bedawîn of the Jordan given him a fair opportunity of showing the effect on their valour of a discharge of crackers or a bouquet of rockets.

From his JOURNAL:—

"*February* 14.—I start to-morrow with Donald and Strahan for Palestine. To leave my wife and children and parish for so long a time I feel to be very solemn. Why take it? I have a free conscience towards God—He has cleared away every difficulty, so that I hope, come what may, that it is His will that I go—and that I am not deceiving myself in thinking so.

"May my darling mother be preserved to me, and my dear brothers and sisters.

"Oh Thou who hast hitherto led me, bring me back in safety, and bless this tour for health of body and soul!"

To Mrs. MACLEOD:—

". . . I cannot convey to you the impression which that night's exploration of Malta made upon me. I associate it with Venice and the Kremlin as the three sights which most surpassed my expectation and delighted me, though in different ways. The night was glorious; I read a note in the moonlight with the most perfect ease, and there was shed over every object a subdued brightness, which, with the perfect calm and silence everywhere, gave the whole scene a marvellous beauty. We passed up steep narrow streets, the houses so oriental-looking, with flat roofs and every variety of balcony—quite Moorish. We stood before the palace and church of the old knights, and could distinguish every tracery of the Saracenic architecture, which all seemed as if erected yesterday. We reached at last the Barrocca, where there is a famous view of the great harbour, and were admitted into the battery through the favour of

the gunner. We then gazed down on the dark water, with dark ships of war asleep, and the diamond brilliant lights of boats skimming along, from which a Maltese song was heard from the boatmen, every note ringing through the elastic air. Batteries, batteries everywhere; huge white walls of solid rock, precipices in lines and angles, and rampart above rampart, lined with huge guns that looked down into the harbour and were surrounded by piles of shot; endless—endless walls and bastions, that made one giddy to look down, all gleaming in the moonlight, with sentinels pacing in silence, their bayonets glancing, and the English voice alone heard, 'Who goes there?' You can have no idea what a poem it was! We came at last to the bastion on which Lord Hastings is buried, and I cannot tell you what I felt as I stood beside his mausoleum, with the white marble statue of a figure reclining upon a couch. I could trace his features in the moonlight, so sweet and sad. How the whole scene became mingled, you know how, with my past life as connected with his widow and family! I felt so thankful to have seen it.

"I was immensely impressed also by such buildings as the Library of the Knights and the Palace of the Grand Master, now the Governor's residence. It does one's heart good to be made to realise the existence of men of taste and power like these knights, whom God raised up to judge Israel and to defend the Church from the Philistine Turks. In Scotland we forget all that was here done by God, 'in various times and divers manners,' for the good of the Church and of the world. We know more about the Burghers and Anti-Burghers than about these grand knights who did their part so well, but who, when they had done this, were removed for something better."

To his CHILDREN:—

FROM JAFFA.

"Dr. Philip, the missionary, was waiting for us, and had horses, so we set off to his farm. It was a lovely starry night, without a moon. We passed through lanes of

Cactus or prickly pear, in some places fifteen feet high, on every side orange groves, and the whole air filled with the croaking of frogs.

"This has been another delightful day, full of interest and enjoyment. This family is so nice. There are four girls. They have just been sitting on my knee and saying, 'Oh, do tell another story.' I have played 'London town' with them, and given them such a tickling! I have also swallowed the tumbler, and done all my tricks, and let off a Roman candle to amuse them.

"The roof of the house is flat, and I went up on it. What a view! To the west the blue sea, to the east the hills of Judea. The house itself is on the plain of Sharon. Within a mile is Jaffa, where Peter lived with Simon the tanner, and had the vision, and where he healed Dorcas. The road is close to the garden along which he must have travelled to Cesarea to meet the Centurion; and to the south we could see Lydda, where he healed Eneas who was sick of the palsy.

"Our first encampment was very picturesque. We had a beautiful, immense tent with five nice iron beds, carpets, bath, wax candles, and a superb dinner of several courses, with dessert, &c. But for sleep! The donkeys braying, horses kicking, camels groaning, Arabs chattering, and the fleas and musquitoes biting! Fatigue alone could make us sleep. But since then we sleep famously. With our camels, asses, and horses we make a good appearance. We have dragoman, cook, servant, and horsekeeper, with camel drivers, who sleep on the ground beside their noble animals. Meeki, the master of the horses and asses, rides in front, and the Dragoman Hassan rides behind.

"But I must tell you of our first view of Jerusalem!

"It was about four when we reached the plain before Gibeon, and saw Neby Samuel, or Mizpeh. It took about half an hour's riding to get up to the top of Mizpeh. We ascended to the summit of the Mosque, once a church, and there!—such a sight as remains for life on the memory. There was Jerusalem! . . . .

"The nearness of these places struck me. But the grand feature, which took me quite by surprise, was the huge wild wall of the Dead Sea mountains glowing red in the setting sun—so wild, so majestic a setting. And then all these towns in sight, with such memories! Below us was Gibeon with its memory, and the plain at our feet where the battle took place, and the steep descent down which Joshua drove the enemy, and then farther down the plain of Philistia and the sea, Carmel in the distance. Was it not marvellous? How many had seen Jerusalem from this point! Here Cœur de Lion first saw it, and millions more.

"We rode into Jerusalem by St. Stephen's Gate, with Olivet to the left, Gethsemane below. I took off my hat, and in my heart blessed God, as my horse's hoofs clattered through the gate."

To Mrs. Macleod:—

Jerusalem, *Palm Sunday, 20th March.*

"I went out this morning to the Mount of Olives about ten o'clock. The morning was hot but not sultry. I walked down the Via Dolorosa, as every street in Jerusalem may well be called, if filth and rubbish may be called dolorous. I went out by St. Stephen's Gate, crossed the Kedron, and ascended Olivet on the Bethany road until I reached the top where Christ wept over Jerusalem. There I paused. The spot is certain. I sat there and read Mark xiii. (see v. 3). You can tell within a few yards where He stopped and gazed. All was perfect silence. The birds were singing among the olives, the bee hummed from flower to flower. Opposite was the city, from which no sound proceeded. Yet I could have made my

words heard by any one standing on the Temple area There was a holy stillness in the scene quite indescribable. I then walked slowly over a part of Olivet until the road above Bethany appeared. It wound below me. Along it that procession had come on Palm Sunday. Along it He led his disciples on the day of the ascension, and from the point in sight above the village He probably ascended. I knelt down and prayed among the olives, and thanked God for all my marvellous mercies, and commended you all to His care, and dedicated myself anew to His service. I retraced my steps, and descended to the Kedron through the vast burial-place of the Jews. It is an old tradition with them that here is to be the Day of Judgment, and that to this spot all souls must pass through the earth. To save trouble, they are here buried. The hill side is paved with grave-stones all directed towards the Temple, and having Hebrew inscriptions. Hundreds and thousands lie here. Jews from every quarter of the globe, Rabbins and rascals, men of God and men of gold, have sought a resting-place here ever since the destruction of the Temple. I never saw such a valley of dry bones. It reaches up nearly to the spot where Christ wept over Jerusalem, and is at once a sad comment on His tears, and yet rebukes one when in despair it is said of the Jews, 'Can these dry bones live?'

"I passed Gethsemane, but did not enter. It is surrounded by a high wall, and is laid out like a café restaurant. I don't believe in it, so I passed on farther up the valley, until I reached a spot which was interesting to me as one which would have answered all the requirements of Calvary more than any I have seen. . . . .

"There is really nothing interesting in Jerusalem itself. All the streets are narrow lanes, like the closes in Edinburgh; some of them covered over to keep the heat out, some paved with slippery stones, some rough earth. At the church of the Holy Sepulchre I was most profoundly touched by watching the pilgrims who crushed in and out. They were mostly Russians and Copts, with Greeks from the Levant. Oh! what faces, what marvellous faces, dresses and expressions! One was carried centuries back.

The intense and affectionate devotion with which some kissed the sepulchre was to me very touching. It was as a God to them. There are at present some English devotees, male and female, here, half puppies, half superstitious. In this hotel is a Mr. ——, who signs himself 'Priest of the Church of England,' who seems to be father confessor to an elderly rich lady. They walk with candles in the processions, and attend all the services. But I have no time to tell you of the odd half-cracked characters who come to this city. 'The Church,' 'The Jews,' 'The Millennium' are the crotchets. The Jews and the Moslems have their crazes also."

To his Sister JANE :—

FROM NAZARETH, *March 24th*, 1864.

"An hour ago I left my tent and paced slowly along a path which led to a low ridge of hills, or 'a brae face.' The moon was shining gloriously among the stars, our own northern stars, in a cloudless sky. I sat down and gazed on a small town which clasped the low hills on the opposite side of the narrow valley, like a necklace of white coral. At one end, and down in the valley a few hundred yards, were the lights from our tents, which, in the pure air, scintillated like diamonds. Not a sound was heard but the barking of dogs, and the croaking of frogs. You can understand my feelings better than I can describe them when I tell you that the village was Nazareth! And you can sympathize with me when I say to you that, after gazing awhile in almost breathless silence, and thinking of Him who had there lived and laboured and preached; and seeing in the moonlight near me the well of the city to which He and Mary had often come, and, farther off, the white precipice over which they had threatened to cast Him; and then tracing in my mind the histories connected with other marvellous scenes in His life, until 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews' died at Jerusalem, and all the inexpressibly glorious results since that day which has made the name of this place identical with the glory of the world; and when I thought of all that I and others dear to me

had received from Him, and from all He was and did, you will not wonder that I knelt down and poured out my soul to God in praise and prayer. And in that prayer there mingled the events of my past life, and all my friends whom I loved to mention by name, and my dear father, and the old Highlands, the state of the Church and of the world, until I felt Christ so real, that had He appeared and spoken it would not have seemed strange. I returned more solemnized than from the Communion, and bless God for such an hour. Disappointed with Palestine! I cannot tell you what it has been to me, more, far, far more than I anticipated. It has been a Holy Land every step of it. I have drunk instruction and enjoyment by every pore. I don't care for the towns, for they are not *the* towns, but totally different—but the sites of them, the views from them, the relationship of one to another! Oh! it is inexpressibly delightful. Think only of this one day. From an old tower in Jezreel I looked out at one window; there was Gilboa beside me, and below, gleaming in the sunshine, the well of Gideon, and beyond Bethshân, where the bodies of Saul and Jonathan were hung up, and the ridge of Little Hermon, over which Saul went to Endor, and beyond the hills of Gilead, and the plain up which Jehu drove, and the spot, or very near it, where Naboth's vineyard must have been. From another window was Little Hermon, and, in a green nook, Shunem. From another window Taanach, Megiddo and Carmel; while the glorious plain of Esdraelon, dotted with Bedawîn tents and flocks, stretched around! Then in an hour after we entered Nain, and gazed on Tabor beside us; and after remaining at Nain, and reading the story of the blessed miracle, we crossed the plain, and for an hour wound our way through the little glens (so like the Highlands) of the mountains of Galilee, until we came to this sweet retired nest among the lovely *knowes*. What a day in a man's life! and yet it is but one of many.

"*Easter Sunday.*—I have come down from the ruins of the old Castle of Safed. The day is glorious, and more so from there having been deluges of rain all night and this morning, and masses of *cumuli* clouds break the blue space

of the sky, and cast on the landscape deep shadows that relieve the eye from the usual glare. I was seated on the highest point of a hill which sweeps up from the Lake of Tiberias nearly three thousand feet, and is encircled by the town of Safed, and crowned with the grand ruins of the old Crusader castle. Below lay the Lake of Tiberias, still and calm; the green plain of Genesareth, with the ruins of Magdala, and probably Capernaum, below us round a bay. On the opposite side was the valley where the miracle of the Gadarene demoniac took place. The end of the lake where the Jordan enters the lake, and where Bethsaida was, was concealed by a hill; but there below lay the immortal lake itself—the most famous lake in the world—about which I need not speak to you—and when looking at it, could hardly speak to any one. Beyond the lake stretched the table-land of the Hauran on to the horizon. The green valley of the Jordan was seen at the south end. To the right was Tabor, and the mountains of Galilee and Samaria farther away, with sunlight and cloud and shadows over them.

"It was my last look of Tiberias, and, with it, of the true Holy Land. I can trace Christ's steps no more. I had sailed on Tiberias, Friday evening (Good Friday), and at our request the fishermen let down their net for a draught and caught nothing, though they often get great hauls. We rode along its shores past Magdala, and now I have bidden it farewell for ever in this life. I felt to-day as when taking my last look of Jerusalem, as if it were the last look of some beloved friend, whom, however, I hope to see purified and renewed in the new heavens and the new earth. My heart is full as I say farewell. I shall see the Lebanon, Sidon, Damascus and other places, but not such holy spots as I have been gazing on with prayer and praise; spots in which heaven and earth, men and angels, have met, and in which things have taken place and words have been uttered, which have moulded the history of the world and will be more famous in eternity than in time, and among saints in Heaven than among sinners on earth."

To Mrs. Macleod :—

From Athens.

"I am so thankful to have seen this after Palestine. It does not lessen my first love. It completes the circle of the past—Paul and the Areopagus unite the two. There are many striking contrasts between them.

"When I look over the landscape from the Acropolis, or journey over the country around, there is not a village near, nor a ruin, nor spot, with the exception of Salamis and Marathon, that is famous for any great fact which the world knows of or feels interested in. In Palestine every hill and village is alive with history. It is Athens alone—there it is the whole country. Then again, while I recognise all that Athens has given to the world, whether of art, philosophy, history, poetry, or eloquence, as precious gifts from God, a grand portion of the education of our race, which has told as no other has done on the culture of mankind—yet how different in kind, in universality, in intensity, has been the influence of Palestine! An old shepherd who lived four thousand years ago, like Abraham, is almost worshipped by the Mahommedans, Jews, and Christians, and is known as "El Khulîl," the Friend of God. What has he been—what have others in Palestine been—to the spirits and hearts of the race? While the kings and gods of Egypt have passed away, the people who live beneath the Acropolis know him, and don't know the names even of their mighty dead who have nevertheless immortalised their city. There are thirty marble chairs in the Theatre of Dionysus, which were the official seats of the priests of Bacchus, and of the different village or parish temples. They have not a representative on earth! Athens has given much to the world! but in Palestine the Father was revealed to it. That is the gift of gifts to the whole family of man."

From his Journal :—

"*May* 1, *Sunday Morning.*—I returned Friday night from my tour. I record the mercy of God to me and mine, but I have no words to express what that has been.

I have had one of the most glorious tours which man can have in this world — Malta, Alexandria, Cairo, Suez, Joppa, Jerusalem by Bethoron, Hebron, the Dead Sea, Marsaba, north to Tiberias by Samaria, Nazareth, Safed, Sidon, Beyrout, Damascus, Cyprus, Rhodes, Smyrna, Athens, Marathon, Constantinople, and home by the Danube, and Vienna, Dresden, Hanover. I have not had an hour's ill health or anxiety of mind. We have all been happy and enjoyed everything intensely. I cannot count my gains. I feel as if I had searched for hid treasure, expecting hundreds and found thousands. And then at home the mercy has been so wonderful. Everything in my parish has gone on with perfect smoothness.

"And now the desire of my heart is, that the same God of mercy and grace may enable me to turn this and all He has given me to the best possible account for the good of my people and country. May I be able to gather up the fragments of time that remain! May I be enabled to do good to my fellow-men by word, by my pen, by my life and labour; to live simply, truly, and unselfishly; and so through faith in God to be carried through the battle of life which rages loud and long around me, among the poor and ignorant and among ecclesiastics! God of truth, lead me into all truth! God of power, strengthen me! God of wisdom, direct me! God of love, fill my heart! And grant that when days of darkness fall—when affliction comes, sickness, or weak old age, I may be strengthened in the faith of Thy Fatherhood by recalling the marvellous mercies of these past months, added to all those received from Thy hand, when verily I am unworthy of the least! Amen and amen. So ends a memorable period of my life!

"*June* 3, *One* A.M.—I this day enter my fifty-second year. I do so blessing and praising God."

The General Assembly of this year unanimously appointed him to the Convenership of the India Mission; and with much gratitude for the confidence thus reposed in him, he determined to devote his

energies to its advancement. To awaken a lively interest in Missionary affairs, and to promote a more effective method of conducting them, was henceforth to be one of the great works of his life. His journals show how many places he visited, and indicate the variety of meetings he addressed with this view, but they convey a very inadequate impression of the time he had to spend in reading, in correspondence, and in anxious thought.

From his JOURNAL:—

"*June* 12, 1864.—There are several events in my life which I should like to record. The first of these is the unanimous offer—unsought for and unexpected, God knoweth—by the General Assembly of the Convenership of the India Mission. I have accepted of this without doubt, though not without solemn and prayerful consideration—for I have tried, at least for the last twenty-five years, to accept of whatever work is offered to me in God's providence. I have, rightly or wrongly, always believed that a man's work is given to him—that it need not so much be sought as accepted—that it is floated to one's feet like the infant Moses to Pharaoh's daughter.

"Mission work has been a possession of my spirit ever since I became a minister; I feel that God has long been educating me for it. I go forth tolerably well informed as to facts, and loving the work itself, with heart, soul, and strength, I accept it from God, and have perfect confidence in the power and grace of God to give us the men and the money. Thank God for calling me in my advanced years to so glorious and blessed a work.

"We want men—God-loving men. These are to be obtained chiefly through prayer. 'Pray the Lord of the Harvest to send forth labourers.' We want money, but the silver and gold are the Lord's, and He can open up every purse, and my hope is in Him.

"It is my intention to address Presbyteries, and to hold

public meetings everywhere for aiding the glorious work. The Lord be with me to give me the Spirit of Christ and of a sound mind to consider my brethren, to support the weak, to be patient to all, to help the weak to good, and to trust God for the increase, while we plant and water according to their need.

"An immense deal has yet to be done. We have to reconsider the whole idea of missions—the preaching mission, and how to preach and what to preach, so as to get at the Hindoo and Mussulman mind; the teaching mission, and how the child is to be treated in relation to his heathen parent; the tract mission, and what sort of tracts India needs; the healing mission, and the place which hospital and alms-giving should hold. We have to consider the organization and local government of missions, and how to build up congregations so as to bring the moral power, the character, and the Christian order of the family and the congregation to bear on the work. We have to consider the retiring allowances for missionaries and the sick, the relationship of the missions of one Church to another, &c. The Lord be with us! His Spirit can do it. He loves it. It is His work. We are but fellow-workers.

"I have lost a dear friend in Principal Leitch. Poor dear Boss! I cannot think of the world as henceforth without him—so simple and true, so loyal, so genuine! I have, with very few exceptions, no such friend on earth—none who knew my failings as he did, none to cover them as he did, none to love me in spite of them as he did. Well, he is another portion of my treasure in heaven! And so is Tom Baird, the carter, the beadle of my working man's church, as noble a fellow as ever lived—God-fearing, true, unselfish. I shall never forget what he said when I asked him to stand at the door of the working man's congregation and when I thought he was unwilling to do so in his working clothes. 'If,' said I, 'you don't like to do it, Tom, if you are ashamed——' 'Ashamed!' he exclaimed as he turned round upon me. 'I'm mair ashamed o' yersel', sir. Div' ye think that I believe, as ye ken I do, that Jesus Christ, who died for me, was stripped o' his raiment

on the cross, and that I—— Na, na, I'm prood tae stan' at the door.' Dear good fellow! There he stood for seven winters without a sixpence of pay; all from love, though at my request the working congregation gave him a silver watch.

"When he was dying from small-pox, the same unselfish nature appeared. When asked if they would let me know, he replied, 'There's nae man leevin' I like as I do him. I know he wad come. But he shouldna come on account of his wife and bairns, and so ye maun na' tell him!' I never saw him in his illness, never hearing of his danger till it was too late.

"This India mission presses itself with greater solemnity on me every day; I feel Jesus has given us to do the noblest work which can occupy the energies of men here below or of angels above—not foreign missions only, but all missions, every effort, from that in our own hearts, our own families, our congregations, to make men know God, and thus to respond to His own love. All our difficulties are in ourselves. We are so poor, so mean, so cowardly; there is such a want of thorough consecration, which is just a loving spirit of true liberty and perfect peace. It alarms me greatly, yet not enough.

"I will labour and pray for the establishment of strong missions, and, above all,—above all for men who peril their souls, their all in Christ! Oh, for godly men to be missionaries. A godly man has God's spirit with him to guide him, direct him, bless him. This is the all in all. Such a man must be a useful man. A man of love, real and genuine, is the godly man. Jesus Christ, Lord of the Harvest, for this I pray! give us godly missionaries! Lord, I believe; help my unbelief. Oh, my Saviour, bless this mission work! My beloved Saviour, my hope is in Thee!

"I wish £10,000 a year at least, and ten men at least, to preach Christ to India. If I had not faith in Christ I should despair."

To his MOTHER :—

July 10th, 1864.

"This goes merely to certify to you, on the best authority, that (1) I have addressed, since I saw you, both Presbyteries and public meetings at Dunoon, Perth, Dunkeld, Cupar-Angus, Forfar, Cupar-Fife; (2) that this week I have to do ditto at Dunse, Greenlaw, Chirnside, Linlithgow; (3) the week after at Galashiels, Selkirk, Kelso, Hawick, Melrose; (4) that I am not suffering from sore throat, sore back, head, heart, lungs, brain, nerves, muscles, sinews, legs, arms, back, neck, heels, toes—but am from tip to toe *jolly*.

"My work, bless God, goes on beautifully. All so kind and cordial. I feel more thankful than I can tell, and I am in perfect peace and in great feather."

To Dr. CHARTERIS :—

8th August, 1864.

"The missionary who we hoped would have gone withdraws, as his parents say 'No.' Parental affirmatives are generally gladly given to good money prospects in the East, or to prospects of promotion, with the chance of a bullet through the brain of their beloved.

"Faith, if not dead, sleepeth. We cannot create missionaries. We can pray and wait—ay, for a lifetime, if needs be.

"It would in the end be a rich gain to the Church if deep silence for years was the only response to her call for missionaries, and that this brought Divinity professors and ministers to their knees before a throne of grace.

"How can Christ do many, or any, mighty works, if there be no faith? How can He give, if we don't as a Church ask like men in earnest?"

From his JOURNAL :—

PITLOCHRIE.

"Thursday, the anniversary of my marriage. We went up Glen Tilt, and had a pic-nic with our children only; and, amidst the glories of the earth, rejoiced that they

were born into such a world, with such a Father and Saviour. Oh yes, very, very thankful were we both. Oh, my Father, the only thing I dread is sin in my darlings. Good Lord, loving Father, deliver us from that hell!

"We had another fine day at the Loch, and all ended by an evening in company with dear John Shairp, at the river side, hearing John McPherson, the piper, play out his glorious pibrochs. What a power they have over me! I wept like a child hearing them. My father and all the romantic past mingled with their every note.*

"My children are a source of unspeakable blessing, yet Christian anxiety. I feel more and more that there is a life totally different in kind from the life in the natural man; a life in the Spirit, which must be begun and developed into life everlasting by God's Spirit, for which we must pray. How solemn is the fact of the *I*—the personality—the out-of-us individualism of each child! How impossible to renew the soul of one we would die for. Oh, my Father, it is Thy work! We cling to Thee.

"*September* 6.—Left Saturday morning to visit the Prince of Wales at Abergeldie.

"It is a glorious Highland residence. The golden pillared pines, the royal heather, the great sweep of the valley, the high ranges, the quiet!

* "When we speak of the bagpipe we mean the great war-pipe, played not by the wretched half-gipsy performers who presume to finger it, but by that personification of dignity—pardon the expression—the genuine piper, whose slow and measured tread and erect bearing combine to express his earnest love for, and his sense of, the dignity of his calling. The music, moreover, we assume to be the pibroch only. We call the pibroch 'music' just as we would that of the music of the midnight storm as it roars through the pine forest, or the screams of the blast among the mountain peaks, or the music of the crested sea-wave as it thunders on the rocky shore. And to those who understand the carefully composed structure of the music of the bagpipe, there is a pathos and depth of feeling suggested by it which a Highlander alone can fully sympathize with; associated too, as it always is, with the most touching memories of his home and country. It summons up both before his inward eye. It revives the faces and forms of the departed. It opens up panoramas of mountain, loch, and glen; and thus, if it excites the stranger to laughter, it excites the Highlander to tears, as no other music can do, in spite of the most refined culture of other years."—"*Mountain, Loch, and Glen.*"

"I had a sweet walk in the forest.

"Left on Monday at 11 for Inverness, and have had meetings at Tain, 500 or 600 present, mostly of the Free Church.

"I have been amazed with Ross and Sutherland. I never beheld such a combination of highly cultivated fields with good wooding and picturesque scenery. It has the luxurious cultivation of Kelso with the scenery of the Highlands. Yet this country which has but one form of Church government, one confession of faith, one form of worship, is more literally divided, more sectarian, than any country I have ever been in. The feelings of the Free Church to the Establishment (for it is chiefly on their part, beyond doubt) are hardly equalled by those of the Roman Catholics in Galway to a Protestant missionary, or those of the Mohammedan in Damascus to a Christian. So it has been hitherto, and that, as usual, owing to the clergy, those sources of so much good and of so much evil to the Church of God.

"But I was most thankful to see men that were worthies of the Free Kirk come to my meetings. This eased my heart. I prayed God to be able to speak truth, that would reach deeper down than all their controversies, and such as would make for peace. Would that my brethren would concentrate themselves in faith on doing good, 'seeking first the kingdom of God,' and leaving Christ to arrange and add all other things unto them.

"A Sutherland missionary to India would be a blessing to all of them and to their people.

"*October* 6.—Have had meetings at Inverary, Falkirk, and Hamilton (Presbytery). I have been fagged, bothered, addled, dowie."

To Mrs. Macleod :—

Aberdeen, *October* 10*th*.

"I have a short time before I address the Synod at two, to write to you. I don't know why I should feel so very much to-day; but I have been for two hours preparing with head and heart to speak worthily on this great subject. My heart trembles for the ark of God. I do feel

this to be a crisis in our mission history, and I am so anxious. In proportion as I believe in the certainty of success if we seek the Lord, and humbly endeavour to do His work, in that proportion I feel the terrible sin and eternal loss if it is not done. I heard Doctor Duff last night. I have not seen him since we met in Paris, long ago, at the Alliance, nor have I heard him since he made his great speech in the Assembly of '38. He is, of course, older, and visibly feebler; but that very feebleness was to me so touchingly eloquent. How humbled I felt before him, how inwardly I revered and blessed the old soldier of the cross. I have desires and words, weak and feeble. But he is the living embodiment of work done."

To a Relative who had announced his betrothal:—

"Of course I know all you feel and all you think. 'You feel that'—of course you do—'and that if'—of course—'and that no man'—of course—'and that your own heart can tell'—no doubt of it—'and that when you came home last night you'—who denies it?—'and that the solemnity of'—I agree with you.

"God bless you, my dear boy! No one more deeply sympathizes with you."

The following letter was written after opening a box of edible fungi which had lain in the house for some days, during his absence from home, having been sent him by Dr. Esdaile, well known for his advocacy of the use of horseflesh, and for his experiments in pisciculture, and still better known for his heroic and successful efforts to found a College for Ministers' Daughters:

To the Rev. Dr. Esdaile, Rescobie:—

Oct. 25th, 1864.

"My dear Easdail—or Esdale—or Esdaile, for such a queer fellow cannot be easily made out. I received your

puddock stools after I returned home from a mission tour. As holy things, or as noxious things, they were set aside by the family, with mingled feelings of awe, mystery, and terror. That death was in the box was obvious to the senses—but death of what? Was it a new murder? A man's head, or a whole child, or a leg of some Briggs? I myself opened the box with one careful hand while I held my nose with another. It was an awful evidence of the doctrine of corruption! But not of the will, and so I thank you heartily for your goodwill in sending me the deadly poison and congratulate myself on my escape. Why did you expect the Barony? Your sermon was highly acceptable; but why kill the parson? Esdaile! you know what you are, and if you don't stop these savage feastings on mare's flesh and mushrooms, I'll have you up as a witch or murderer.

"Thanks I say for your foul intentions, and for my lucky escape.

"Go along! You mushroom wasting, horseflesh eating, oyster breeding, mussel growing, salmon fishing, Ministers' Daughters training, good for everything mortal."

To his MOTHER:—

"I have been every night, except Saturday, away from my own family! It is very hard, but 'what can a fellow do?'

"Dr. Duff has written me a very kind letter to meet him here next week.

"The Free Kirk have subscribed handsomely to my mission.

"The first man I called on gave me £250! and wrote such a nice note."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Dec.* 18.—I was invited by Prince Alfred to spend the 14th, the anniversary of his father's death, with him at Darmstadt. The Queen commanded me to see her before I went, so on Monday I went to Windsor. I told her that the

more I was confided in, the more I felt my responsibility to speak the truth. That night I went, *viâ* Calais, to Darmstadt. The Prince joined the train at Bonn.

"To-day (Sunday) I expounded in the forenoon, and now express my grateful thanks to my Father, my guide, my help, my all, for His mercy to me during this last heavy and important week.

"Oh, let me never lose my trust in Him, or be afraid of accepting any duty imposed on me in His Providence, but step out bravely and humbly at His bidding, sure of His blessing.

"I have during the past year been pretty steadily in my own pulpit, but with the exception of visiting the sick, I have been able to do little parish work, which deeply pains me. I have written eleven Sermons for *Good Words* and two Articles; prepared some of the memoir of my father, and first part of 'Home Preacher.'

To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:—

Midnight, { 31*st December*, 1864, / 1*st January*, 1865.

"God bless you, and may He enable you and me, with honest, simple, believing, and true hearts, to do His will, and, come weal or woe, to make *Good Words* a means of doing real good to our fellow-men, and so pleasing our Master that, when time shall be no more, He will receive us as faithful servants. Amen."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*January* 3*rd*.—Let me here record, as throwing some light on the folly of presentiments and dreams, the following facts, without the slightest shadow of exaggeration.

"One evening when sitting alone, before starting by a night train for London, I got into an unaccountably depressed state of mind. The thought came that I, or my family, might be entering some great trial. It might be a railway accident? Yes!—so said I to myself,—I shall for

the first time in my life take an insurance ticket for £1,000. This resolution brought my day dream to a conclusion, and I burst into a fit of laughing at my absurd foreboding, which I felt was from over work. Wishing to change a half-crown to pay the cab before taking my ticket, I put one down at the ticket window, and, without speaking a word, received an insurance ticket for £1,000 and 3*d.*, I think, back. Having forgotten my dream, I was taken all aback, and started. 'I never asked for a ticket,' I said, and was returning it, when some one over my shoulder said, 'I'll take it, Doctor.' But so impressed was I by the odd coincidence that I took it for the first (and last) time in my life. I never slept more soundly, and never had a safer or pleasanter journey.

(2.) As to dreams. The night before last I awoke out of a horrible nightmare. I thought the house was burning—Johnnie's room on fire, and I in vain trying to take the dear boy out of the flames. The fact of his being ill since Sunday with scarlatina made the dream more painful. I told it in the morning, and also what had occasioned it. The day before, when in the Barony, I was thinking what I should do if the church was on fire, and the idea for a few minutes quite possessed me, as any day it might have become a most complicated problem.

"After telling this dream, the servant who slept next room to my boy, both doors being open, told me he had sprung up in the middle of the night, and cried out to her that his room was on fire, which was all nonsense. Now, on examination, I found that my brother had said that day, in his hearing, to my wife, that the only reason he disliked rooms in the attics, like his, was in event of fire. This had produced his dream."

To J. M. Ludlow, Esq. :—

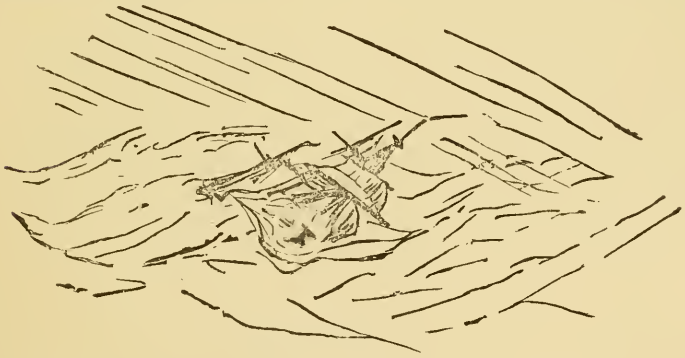
Jan., 1865.

"Here am I with an Indian mission to conduct, addressing congregations, Presbyteries and Synods, a committee to manage, papers to write, correspondence to carry on,

missionaries to send out and to buy their outfit, to finger shirts and examine towellings, to visit my people two days a week, preach thrice, teach a class every Sunday, collect money to build schools and churches (at the rate of £1,000 a year for 14 years), to hear every man and woman who call on me about everything down to a sore finger, besides having to rear a family and keep my liver right. High art!"

To his brother DONALD :—

"Florence! Catch me making such a fool of myself at this season! Cadiz would be better, save for the Bay of Biscay.



Barometer looking down.

"Better at home—snug and comfortable."

From his JOURNAL :—

"Heard of Lincoln's death. It will, under God, be a huge blessing to the North, and be the ending of the accursed South.

"Had Lee or Jeff. Davies been assassinated, what a howl! This is a mighty era in the world's history. I am ashamed of my country. This sympathy with the South is an inscrutable mystery to me; I cannot make it out. But I fear we shall have to suffer for our grievous pride. I still hope that America will be our noblest and staunchest ally.

"Oh that the Churches would rise in their strength above mere politics, and say before God, we shall be one in heart for the good of the world!

"I have never swerved in my sympathy with the North, and I believe the day is not far off when we shall hardly believe that Britain's sympathy was with the South. Oh, my country! Oh, Christian Churches! Repent in dust and ashes!

"I cannot comprehend man's blindness on this question! I rejoice in the unity and prosperity of the grand Republic; its strength is a blessed counterpoise to continental despotism and mere king-craft. I have the brightest hopes of its future, but chiefly through the influence of its Churches. It is to me a mystery that Britain does not rejoice in America. I do."

The innovations in public worship introduced by Dr. Robert Lee, Minister of Greyfriars, Edinburgh, most of which were simply restorations of the earlier usage of the Church, were now agitating the ecclesiastical mind of the country and formed the chief topic of discussion at the Assembly of 1865. Public opinion since then has so much changed in reference to such matters, that it is difficult to realise the excitement which was produced by the use of read prayers and instrumental music, or to believe that it was for a time doubtful whether the Church would

tolerate any changes in her service, such as the increasing culture of the country every day demanded more loudly. Dr. Macleod was a member of this Assembly, and, as might have been expected, warmly espoused the side of progress.

"I would like very much to know who 'our fathers' are to whom there have been so many allusions during the discussion. If reference is made to those respectable gentlemen in bob-wigs that used to sit here last century, and if it is assumed that everything they did then is to regulate us now, let that be plainly asserted. Some of these men, doubtless, did much good in their day, and some of them did very little. But to say that we are to be ruled by all that they did would be just as absurd as if in the year 2000 all progress was to be stopped by some earnest men quoting the opinions of 'the fathers' of this generation. I should tremble at myself standing up to address this House, if there was a prospect of my acting as an incubus—an actual ghost—for all generations, and to be called 'a father.' I take no such responsibility on myself. All I wish is to help the present as our fathers helped our past, and as I hope our grandchildren will help our future. Let us have no more appeals to the fathers, but look at the question in the light of common sense.

"You speak of the fathers of the Church, but I go back to a true father of the Church—the Apostle Paul. I do not know what he would think if he were nowadays to come amongst us. Would he not, in all probability, be put down as a latitudinarian? I fear very much whether some of us could really understand a man who became a Jew to the Jews, and a Gentile to the Gentiles, not for the love of popularity, which was what he most thoroughly despised, but 'that he might gain some.' I am afraid there are some among us who would not comprehend him if he said, 'One man esteemeth one day above another, another man esteemeth every day alike; let every man be persuaded in his own mind.' They would be unable to

comprehend a man who knew from God, as an absolute certainty, that there was nothing unclean, but could yet have the grand and noble charity to say, 'To him that thinketh it unclean to him it is unclean.' I question if they could understand a man who could say, 'The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;' and 'he that serveth Christ in these things is acceptable to God and approved of men.' I do not know whether Paul would have made all the office-bearers sign the Confession of Faith—Phœbe, the deaconess, for example—but I am sure of this, that he of all the fathers of the Church that ever lived, not only in his preaching but his life, carried out the old adage, 'In things essential, unity; in things indifferent, liberty; in all things, charity.' Now it is this spirit which should guide the Church of Scotland; and I think that much of our sectarianism might have been prevented if we had had a little more consideration for the feelings and opinions of others, and if, instead of digging a ditch round us, and bragging how much we differed from every other Church on earth, we had made a few more bridges, and had shown a little more catholic feeling towards other Churches on earth; if, instead of looking to our individual selves, we had looked more to the feelings and opinions of the country. For the very genius of our National Church ought, in my opinion, to be inclusiveness, as far as possible, and not exclusiveness.

". . . . . I think, as a Church, we ought, with the other Presbyterian Churches in this country, to hold firm by our historical past, for all that is great and good in a nation has its root in the past. Let us hold fast by that which is good in the past; and as our system of Presbytery is good, let us hold fast by its form of government. And in reference to that I beg to say, in passing, that there never was a greater delusion than to imagine that the wish to have an organ, or a more cultivated form of worship, has anything to do with Episcopacy. So far from this, I believe these improvements will serve to keep back Episcopacy; and, under any circumstances, I make bold to say, as a minister of the National Church of Scotland, that I think it is my duty, as well as in accordance with my feel-

ings, to stretch out a kind hand to every Scotchman, and, if I could, a kind and protecting hand to every Church in this kingdom.

"I say, further, let us hold fast and firm by our Confession of Faith. But I really wish that gentlemen would feel the delicacy of these questions of tests and signatures, and not be perpetually dragging up this subject. I do not know at this moment any one question that requires finer handling, so to speak.

"I desire to see retained our whole Confession of Faith as the expression of the Church's faith in the past and in the present. But do not let us be the Church of the past merely, let us also be the Church of the present and the Church of the future; and this I will boldly maintain, that we are the freest Church at this moment in Scotland. I think honestly we are. I know our respected brethren who left us do not repent doing so, and that there is not a step they have taken which they would not honestly and calmly take again. But I say also, neither do I repent for a moment the position I have occupied, but would calmly give over again every vote I have given, and take again every step I have taken. I believe that God is over-ruling all this for, perhaps, a higher good than we are looking to. But, as an Established Church, we are limited by a Constitution—a noble Constitution—which secures us freedom, because giving us security at once against the tyranny of the State and the tyranny of the clergy; and within the limits of the Constitution we have freedom at this moment to examine all questions brought before us, and to express our judgment upon them, moulding the Church to meet the wants of the country as it now is. It is on the broad ground of our calling as a National Church, and the liberty we have as a National Church, that I would desire to entertain with kindness and thoughtfulness all these questions when we are desired by any portion of the people to do so."

From his JOURNAL:—

"The Assembly of '65 is over. One of the most reactionary since '43.

"The one great evil I see in both Assemblies, and more especially in that of the Free Church, is not so much any decision they may have come to on such a question as organs, which is an odd one in the nineteenth century, as the spirit of both.

"There is too little freedom to speak in sober truth against anything which the majority approves of. There are suspicious whisperings, up to the howls of an 'orthodox' (help the mark!) brass band, against any man who presumes to question, doubt, or differ regarding non-essentials. Young men are terrified lest they should be considered 'dangerous,' 'doubtful,' 'broad,' 'latitudinarian,' 'liberal,' 'not safe.' And so men who think little on public questions, by simply hissing and crying 'Vote, vote,' easily and without sacrifice get a reputation, where a true man with some fair and honest doubt on certain matters is despised. The great snare to weak consciences in the present day is not the world so much as the Church, so called. A reformation of any kind appears to me more and more supernatural.

"But Mrs. Partington cannot sweep the ocean back."

To J. A. CAMPBELL, Esq.:—

"I have been at Loudoun, my first parish. How I mourned the contrast between my work as a parish minister now and then! God has given me other things to do, and so I must accept of them. But any good results from wholesale public work can only be anticipated by faith, while the personal work of the minister, the house to house, face to face, heart to heart work, is a present, immediate, and sure reward. Few things amaze me more than the tolerance of my present flock. I comfort myself by believing that God, who knows all the *outs and ins* between us, has in mercy spared me the pain of seeing them distrusting me and leaving me. Had they done so, I would at once have given up everything else, shut off all public work,

and fallen back on the pastoral. It needs all my faith not to become peevish and miserable with myself.

"I had a long call from David Livingstone last week. A Yankee parson was in the drawing-room, and hearing how I was engaged, insisted on being introduced. He came down, shook hands with Livingstone, saying, 'Sir—I have heard of you!'"

His Journal contains a deeply interesting account of the interviews he had with Dr. Pritchard, while this notorious criminal was lying under sentence of death for poisoning his wife and mother-in-law; but the same motives of regard for the feelings of relatives which enjoined silence at the time, still exist to enforce reserve on this painful subject.

To Mrs. Macleod:—

"*Friday.*—Please do not excite yourself when you see by the papers that I have been with Pritchard to the last. I thought it rather cowardly to let Oldham do this work alone when we had shared the previous portion of it. So I offered to go, and I am glad I did. I saw it all from first to last; was with him in his cell, and walked at his back till he reached the scaffold. As to his behaviour, strange to say, no patriot dying for his country, no martyr dying for his faith, could have behaved with greater calmness, dignity, and solemnity! He was kind and courteous (as he always was) to all. Prayed with us with apparent deep earnestness. Told Oldham to tell his sister that he repented of a life of transgression, was glad the second confession was suppressed, &c. He said before the magistrates, with a low bow and most solemn voice, 'I acknowledge the justice of my sentence.' He had told those about him on leaving his cell, 'I want no one to support me,' and so he marched to the scaffold with a deadly pale face but erect head, as if he marched to the sound of music. He stood upright and steady as a bronze

statue, with the cap over his face and the rope round his neck. When the drop fell, all was quiet.

"Marvellous and complex character!

"Think of a man so firm as to say, smiling, to Oldham, 'I am glad you have come with your gown and bands!'

"I am for ever set against all public executions. They brutalise the people, and have no more meaning to them than bull-baiting or a gladiatorial combat.

"And then the fuss, the babble and foam of gossip, the reporting for the press, &c., over that black sea of crime and death!

"Strange to say, I felt no excitement whatever, but calm and solemn. I gazed at him while praying for his poor soul till the last. But I won't indulge in sensation sketches. May God forgive all my poor sinful services, and accept of me and mine as lost sinners redeemed through Jesus Christ!"

From his JOURNAL :—

"My church was shut for five weeks for repair, and I went with my family to Norwood.

"I was myself depressed as the re-action from previous work and horrors (attending Pritchard in his cell)! I went for a week to Holland with my friend Strahan, preached at Rotterdam, toured it to the Hague, Scheveling, on to Amsterdam, Rotterdam, home *viâ* Calais.

"The worst 'fairs' I have seen are the Glasgow Fair and the Kermiss at Rotterdam—as bad for vulgar rioting and drunkenness as the Foresters' Fête at the Crystal Palace.

"I preached at ——'s Baptist chapel. How tremendously Maurice and his school have told on the Baptists! The ice is thawing, and the water is freezing. How truth tells at last! If it does not revolutionize it modifies. It is wonderful to think how much 'Orthodoxy' owes to 'the world' and to 'Heterodoxy.' What a practical difference does it make having Christ, not any logical theological system, as the object of our faith and love! I remember Norwood with gratitude!"

To the Rev. W. F. STEVENSON:—

FIUNARY, *August 13th.*

"I am alive—alive to the glory of the hills and to the earth's gravitation as I try to ascend their summits—alive to the critical state of the political and ecclesiastical world; to the dangers and glories of the Irish revival; and to many other things I should like to have a chat about.

"I rejoice to hear such glad tidings about Ireland! God grant wise men to guide events! I don't go 'to see the Revival.' I fear it is the making it a spectacle which will prove its greatest danger. By-and-by I may run over and inquire about results. In the meantime I am taking a run through dear old places, and among dear old friends. What a language those hills and seas speak to me, who have been coming to them every year almost since childhood! Yet how many hands there were that welcomed me which 'touch' no more. How many voices which were earth's music once, that sound no more! Here life would be death to me, unless I believed death was life.

"I preach to-morrow, having Jowett as one of my hearers"

CHAPTER XVIII.

SABBATH CONTROVERSY.

A SERIES of public demonstrations had taken place against the running of Sunday trains and other forms of Sabbath desecration, and the Presbytery of Glasgow, to give effect to these expressions of popular feeling, prepared a Pastoral letter, to be read in all the churches within its jurisdiction. As this Letter enforced the observance of the Lord's-day by arguments directly opposed to the teaching Dr. Macleod had given his congregation for many years, it was impossible for him to read it from the pulpit without expressing his dissent. He therefore felt himself bound to state to his brethren in the Presbytery the grounds on which he differed from their judgment.

He believed that the authority of the Jewish Sabbath was an insufficient, unscriptural, and therefore perilous basis on which to rest the observance of the Lord's-day, and that to impose regulations as to the one institution, which applied only to the other, must, with the changing conditions of society in Scotland, be productive of greater evils in her future than in her past history. In proportion to the strict enforcement of Sabbatarianism, there

would, in his opinion, be multiplied those practical inconsistencies, dishonesties, and Pharisaic sophistries which prove, in all ages, supremely detrimental to morality and religion. It was, therefore, with the desire of vindicating the divine sanctions of the Lord's-day, as distinct from the Sabbath, that he addressed the Presbytery, and, in doing so, he anticipated, with a deep sense of responsibility, the peril he must incur and the pain his views were certain to inflict on many of his countrymen.

This speech, like all his other speeches, was not written out, but given from short, and to any other eyes than his own, unintelligible notes. In substance, however, it had been carefully and thoughtfully prepared: the arguments and illustrations were clearly arranged, but the mutilated form in which, unfortunately, it first appeared in the newspapers created an impression of its purport which was calculated to disturb the public mind. It could not have been expected that an address which, though rapidly spoken, occupied between three and four hours in delivery, would be fully or accurately reported; but it must always be a matter of regret that only the destructive part of the argument, which came first, was communicated through the press, while the latter part, enforcing the divine obligation of the Lord's-day, was omitted. Had the public been better informed from the first as to the true character of his sentiments, there would have been less of that painful misunderstanding and excitement which, once raised, is so difficult to allay.*

* That this was the case was evident from the effect produced when he afterwards published the substance of the speech.

As it was, the outburst of popular feeling was amazing. His views were not really startling, for they were common to perhaps a majority of the best theologians of the Reformed Churches.* Yet, if the speaker had renounced Christianity itself, he could scarcely have produced a greater sensation. He became not only an object of suspicion and dislike to the unthinking and fanatical, but he was mourned over by many really good men as one who had become an enemy to the truth. His table was loaded with letters remonstrating with him, abusing him, denouncing, cursing him. Ministers of the Gospel passed him without recognition; one of these, more zealous than the rest, hissed him in the street. During the first phase of this agitation he felt acutely the loneliness of his position:—

"I felt at first so utterly cut off from every Christian brother that, had a chimney-sweep given me his sooty hand, and smiled on me with his black face, I would have welcomed his salute and blessed him. Men apologised for having been seen in my company. An eminent minister of the Free Church refused to preach in a United Presbyterian pulpit in which I was to preach the same day. Orators harangued against me in City Hall and Merchants' Hall. The empty drums rattled and the brazen trumpets blew 'certain sounds' in every village. 'Leave the Church!' 'Libel him!' were the brotherly advices given. Money was subscribed to build a Free Barony Church; and a Free Church mission house was opened beside mine ('though having no reference to me' as it was said!). Caricatures were displayed in every shop window."

The condition of religion in the country which this tide of bitterness revealed burdened him with sor-

* For a Catena of authorities on this subject, see "The Literature of the Sabbath Question," by Robert Cox, F.S.A.

row. In one sense he never enjoyed greater peace of spirit, nor was he once tempted to waver in his resolution; but he felt so keenly the prevalence of intolerance and injustice under the cloak of zeal, that all who saw him during these three weeks were struck by his chastened and sad aspect. There were some consolations, however, mingled with the grief. The Presbytery acted with marked courtesy, and conducted the discussions in a spirit of the most friendly consideration. 'They were very kind, and did not utter a harsh word. I did not retract a syllable; nor was I asked to do so.' The Kirk-session of the Barony cheered him by presenting an address expressive of their unshaken confidence, and his congregation to a man remained loyal. The hope that good would result from the controversy gradually prevailed over other feelings.

"'The smaller question,' he writes, 'is fast merging into the higher one, of whether we are to gain a larger measure of ministerial liberty in interpreting those points in our Confession which do not touch the essentials of the Christian faith. If the Assembly passes without my being libelled, I shall have gained for the Established Church, and at the risk of my ecclesiastical life, freedom in alliance with law, and for this I shall thank God. But should they drive me out, that day will see national evangelical liberty driven out for many a day from the dear old Church."

An act of tolerance on the part of the Church in his case would afford a practical solution to some of the difficulties connected with subscription; it would indicate the light in which she wished her standards to be regarded. 'The Confession, when read like the Bible by the light of the Spirit, will then not

be an obscuration but a transparency through which eternal truth is seen.' Some measure of liberty in this direction, among other benefits, was, he believed, gained for the Church by the stand he now took.

While recording the sadder aspects of this trying period, it is well to remember that the suddenness of the excitement raised against him was not more remarkable than the rapidity with which it disappeared. If it is painful to recall misunderstandings and alienations, it is refreshing to bear in mind how soon all seemed forgotten in the confidence with which his own Church honoured him, and which was also accorded by the other Churches of the land.

To his sister JANE :—

November 19*th*, 1865.

"God, I solemnly believe, has given me a great work to do, and I have accepted it, keenly alive—if possible, too keenly alive—to my responsibility—to the privilege I enjoy in the discharge of a great duty, and to the sorrows and sufferings which it involves, perhaps for life. I see the truth like light, but that same light reveals the rough path that is before me. I don't ask you to pass any opinion on what I have said till you see my speech in full when published. I don't expect you even then to agree with it at once.

"Oh dear, pray that I may be kept in peace and with a single eye and brave heart!"

Letter to Rev. GEORGE GARDINER, Annan :—

GLASGOW, *November* 19*th*, 1865.

"I return you my hearty thanks for your note just received, and I attach the more value to your Christian sympathy from the fact that it is the first of the kind which I have received.

"I have not entered on this war—only beginning—without much thought, earnest prayer, and a very solemn sense of my responsibility, whether I speak or keep silence. The more I 'mused' on the state of religion and parties in Scotland, the more has the 'fire burned' in my very bones, until I could not, dared not but utter what, so far as I can judge, God has given me to utter. But I feel in my inmost heart the burden which I must carry for many a day, probably for life. I could escape this kind of burden by silence or by flight, and the flesh has often cried out in this and in other conflicts which in Providence I have been called to fight, 'Oh, that I had the wings of a dove,' to fly to some hut in the wilderness, in some lonely glen, that I might be at rest. But then would come other burdens which I could not carry, which would crush me—the burden of a bad conscience, of a selfish, cowardly spirit, of a false heart to man, and therefore to God. With truth I can dare to meet bad men and devils, and, what is worse, good dear brethren sincerely believing I am wrong, and grieving for me—which is to me a seething in my mother's milk; but with conscious untruth in any shape or form, I could not meet myself without fear and shame, far less my God. Yet with all this, do not think me suffering aught but noble pains, such as I welcome, like the cross, as God's great gift. I enjoy perfect peace. I have blessed freedom and peace in opening my whole heart and ways to Christ, for He understands our thoughts, will deliver us from evil, and lead us and all who seek Him into truth in the end.

"St. Paul in his Epistles and spirit is more than ever clear and dear to me. As soldiers cried once, 'Oh, for one day of Dundee!' so do I feel disposed to cry, 'Oh, for one day of Paul!'" How he would puzzle and astonish and possibly pain our Churches, ay, us all, for he is far in advance of us all yet! But as Max Piccolomini, when wishing for an angel to show him the true and good, said, why should he wish this when he had his noble Thekla with him to speak what he felt; so much more surely you and I and all who seek the truth may have peace, with the loving, patient, and wise Spirit and Guide, who will search us and lead us into all truth!

"Some think I am leading a forlorn hope. Be it so. Then men will enter the citadel over my dead body, and perhaps bury me with funeral honours when I am enjoying rest elsewhere.

"As to consequences, I have nothing to do with them. I have faith in Christ as the Head of the Church and of the world. It is enough that I have to do with right and wrong. To know that—to observe that—to measure the real angle, and let the two sides be prolonged, if so be, *ad infinitum*, that alone absorbs all my thoughts, demands all my strength, calls forth all my prayers, demands all my faith. If I am wrong, may God in his infinite mercy destroy all my works, saving my soul that trusts Him, even as it were by fire!

"The battle is but beginning. It will pass over to the more difficult and more trying one of the relation of Confessions to the Church, its members and ministers. Who will abide this sifting? I think I have light on this too, and may be helpful to many a perplexed mind when the battle comes. If I am to be made the occasion of its being fought, amen! It is God's will. But sufficient for the day is both its evil and God's grace.

"I am going to print my speech in full. I would have spoken four hours had time been given. Much was unsaid and much said of vast importance which was not reported.

"Thank God, the debate was conducted in the most fair and kind spirit. My whole feeling towards all who differ is an earnest desire that they may see the truth—Churches above all; for what can I do for those who neither love Christ nor would have a holy, blessed Lord's Day.

"Pray for me;—yes, do in faith—that I may be kept calm, peaceful, simple, sincere; and that in mercy to myself and others I may be kept, if need be by sickness even, from injuring Christ's cause, and be led into all truth, that men may glorify Christ in me, but not glorify me, which would be a poor idolatry.

"I remain, your brother in the best of bonds."

A BATTLE-CRY TO MY FRIEND AND FELLOW-SOLDIER, PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.*

BROTHER! up to the breach
For Christ's freedom and truth,
Let us act as we teach,
With the wisdom of age and the vigour of youth.
Heed not their cannon-balls,
Ask not who stands or falls.
Grasp the sword
Of the Lord,
And Forward!

Brother! strong in the faith
That 'the right will come right,'
Never tremble at death,
Never think of thyself 'mid the roar of the fight.
Hark to the battle-cry,
Sounding from yonder sky!
Grasp the sword
Of the Lord,
And Forward!

Brother! sing a loud Psalm,
Our hope's not forlorn!
After storm comes the calm,
After darkness and twilight breaks forth the new morn.
Let the mad foe get madder,
Never quail! up the ladder!
Grasp the sword
Of the Lord,
And Forward!

Brother! up to the breach,
For Christ's freedom and truth,
If we live we shall teach,
With the strong faith of age and the bright hope of youth.

* Principal Tulloch had just delivered a stirring address on the question of Creeds.

If we perish, then o'er us
Will ring the loud chorus,
Grasp the sword
Of the Lord,
And Follow!

To the late Dr. Robert Lee :—

"This is a terrible hurricane, but I have a stout heart, a good ship, light to steer by, and, thank God! a conscience kept in perfect peace.

"If ever there was a time in our history when we should be wise, prudent, brotherly, and brave—it is now."

From his Journal :—

"*Last Sunday of* '65.—I will not anticipate the future, it is amply sufficient to know our dear God and Father is with us all, and our own brother Jesus Christ. With heart, soul, and strength, I give glory for all the past, and commit all to the blessed Trinity for the future without any fear, not a shadow, but in perfect peace, and with but one prayer from the depth of my heart that we all may know God's will—that we all may be enabled to cling to a living personal Saviour; that is to live truly to God and man, and so to live peacefully, joyously, and, of course, obediently, as love is a law to itself.

"I cannot in this rough and rapid way attempt to describe the origin and history of the 'Sabbath question,' which is becoming in God's providence a national one. It hooks on to so many topics, it is so connected with the past history and present state of theological opinion in Scotland, that it would demand a volume.

"This I wish to record, that never in my whole life have I experienced so much real, deep sorrow, never so tasted the bitter cup of the enmity, suspicion, injustice, and hate of the ministers and members of the Christian Church. Oh! it was awful; it gave me such an insight into the sufferings of Jesus from man's hate and suspicion (even though conscientiously entertained), such as I never before conceived of, and made me understand St. Paul and the

Judaizers. But yet never in my life did I experience such deep peace, such real, overwhelming joy. I record this for it is true. I was kept not only from hard, bitter words, as my speech and pamphlet testify, but from bitter feelings or wishes, and with most loving desires for their good. I am naturally hot, ardent, vehement, satirical; but all this passed away, may it keep away! This was God's doing.

"In the meantime I close this volume of my secret life with praise to God, and unutterable thanksgiving. If another like it is ended near the end of my life, I know I shall express the same sentiments with a deeper sense of their truth.

"I have around me to-night all my family, and this after fifty years!

"T. Θ. Δ.—T. Θ. Δ.—Amen and Amen."

To his sister JANE:—

February 9th, 1866.

"Injustice, intolerance, misrepresentation, sneakiness, make me half-mad; but the more need of silence, patience, prayer, and the reaching upwards into that deep personal fellowship with the Son, out of which alone can come to me a share of His brotherly love to all. Oh, it is a heaven of peace and splendour, a pure refined atmosphere, which seems too far off for me to reach and breathe! Yet there is something ennobling in the attempt, and in realising a living Christ with all power by His Spirit to produce it. I have fitful gleams of it, which assure me it exists, and for me too as well as for others. But there is a fire in my bones which won't, I fear, go out except under the pressure of Mother Earth. Then thank God, it will, and I shall know even as I am known."

From his JOURNAL:—

"I was asked by the Queen to visit her at Osborne during the holidays. I went there on Monday, 2nd January.

"The Queen, with most condescending kindness, commanded me to plant a tree in memory of my visit.

"I left after dinner, late on Thursday night, by the yacht for Portsmouth. The old coxswain was a member of the Gaelic Church in Campbeltown in my father's time.

"The more I calmly revise these past weeks the more I believe that I have done what was right. I do not say that my brethren who have opposed me have done wrong. We may, I hope, be both, according to our light, building each a portion of the wall of Jerusalem, though on opposite sides.

"But the awful conviction is deeply pressing itself upon me, that the gospel is not preached generally in Scotland, that so called 'Evangelicalism' is Judaism; that the name of God, Father, Son, and Spirit which is Love, is not revealed, but concealed; that it is not a gospel of glad-tidings, but of lamentation and woe; that it is not a Gospel of good-will to man, but to a favoured few who 'sit under' this or that man.

"Thank God I am free, never more shall I be trammelled by what partisan Christians think. One Master, Christ and His Word, shall alone guide me, and speak I will when duty calls, come what may. I will return their adverse feeling to me, by seeking to set them free. If the Church of Scotland but knew the day of her visitation she would rejoice in what has happened."

To Dr. Charteris:—

"I write to you as a friend, and most of all as being able to see farther and more independently than some of our so-called leaders.

". . . . . A conference! If we are to have conferences, surely there could very easily be found subjects of discussion of more consequence to the Church and to Glasgow than this. But it has always been thus with hyper-orthodox clergy, straining at gnats and swallowing camels.

"Conference! and all because I don't find the whole moral law in the ten commandments, or because I think

the Decalogue a covenant with Israel, and as such not binding on us, and base the Lord's-day on Christ and not on Moses, and find His teaching a sufficient rule of life without the Mosaic covenant! Conference! If it were not my resolution to breed no disturbance or carry on the agitation, I am ready to fight the whole army of them on every point!"

To the SAME :—

March 20th, 1866.

"God knows how truly I feel with and for my brethren, and would do everything possible to relieve them from the difficulty in which they feel themselves placed. I am bound even to help them to do their duty, though in their doing so I may myself suffer. I wish to save my truth and honour only.

"I had a weary but good time in the South. In eight days I preached six sermons, and spoke at seven meetings. Each one hour and a half at least. There is some life in the old dog yet!"

From his JOURNAL :—

"I am almost afraid to record my impressions of what has been to me the great event of this winter, and perhaps of my life, the discussion of the 'Sabbath question.' Though its very memory will pass away like one of ten thousand things which have more or less, for good or evil, affected our Church or even national history, yet surely some importance must, without exaggeration, be attached to a question I was the occasion of raising, which has been discussed in every newspaper in Scotland, and in, I presume to say, every pulpit, which has led to articles in almost every magazine in the habit of discussing such points—in the *Contemporary*, *Fortnightly*, *Saturday*, *Spectator*, &c., &c., &c., and has induced Dr. Hessey to bring out a new edition of his lectures.* The furor has

* Among the many curious letters he received during this time, there is one containing the following description of a 'holy cat.'

passed into the colonies, and divided opinion there as well as here. Behold what a great matter a little spark kindleth! The great matter (as it has since been proved) was the combustible state of the public mind from ultra and almost intolerable Sabbatarianism. My speech, delivered with no other thought than the discharge of to me a clear and necessary duty, was the little spark. The excitement it has created has been unparalleled since '43.

"One would have to read the newspapers I have collected to comprehend the fury of the attack. Men from every pulpit and through the daily press seemed to gnash their teeth on me.

"And all for what? My speech is my reply. The charges which were chiefly made against me were—

Dr. Macleod sent for the writer, and learned from him the remarkable history of himself and his cats.

DEAR SIR

"I am going to tell you a small skitch about two cats I had in my time one of them was a thief and a Saba'th Breaker the other was Honest and kept the Sabath in 1845 i think I left Glasgow for Skye where I belong to my father had a small farm I was nine years there every one kent about the Botatoe failure there in one of these years my father parted this lif in 23 May My mother on 12th Agust my wife 1st Jany same year leaving me with five young children the oldest between ten and eleven years old the youngest a smart Boy this day never saw a mother yet I sent the child to nurs at 15s a month I kept with them for two years fighting between death and life at last on the brink of starving I told them at last that I would have to leave them that if possible I would send som suport from Glasgo I got eight shillings for som straw I had I left them one shilly and 7 to pay the boat they waited for the steamboat on Saterday until late but no relief on Saterday night they went home and slept till late on Sunday when they got up they were without a morsel of meat a sure of rain came on the old las went out and told her sister to go with her and gather some small botatoes that was coming in sight where the botatoes was planted they took home a small Pot full and put them on the fire I had two splendid cats mother and daughter as whit as snow except a few black spots on the tail and on the head they were both Standing to the fire one of the children said if we had some kitchen now with that small Pot of botatoes we would be all right but in a short time one of the cats came in with a fish laid that beside the fire before he halted he tok in a fish to each of them but when he was at the dor with the fifth fish the holy cat that stood at the fire all the time would have the last to himself I think it should be given to the publick but you are the best Judge."

1. *That I gave up the moral law* (!) when I merely denied that the moral law and the ten commandments were identical, and asserted that the moral law as such was eternal. 2. *That I did away with the Sabbath* when I denied that the Lord's-day rested as its divine ground on the perpetual obligation of the fourth commandment, but endeavoured to prove its superior glory and fitness and blessedness on other grounds. 3. *That I gave up the Decalogue as a rule of life, and therefore had no law to guide life,* when I denied that we required to go to Moses for a rule, having Jesus Christ, and that the gospel was not a mere rule, but a principle, even life itself through faith in Christ, and in the possession of the Spirit of life which necessitates obedience to moral law in all its fulness as recorded in Christ's Sermon on the Mount, in all the Epistles, and, above all, as revealed and embodied in His own holy life.

"The controversy soon passed into the greater question regarding the relationship of the law of Moses and law as a rule of life—'Thou shalt' and 'shalt not,' to the gospel 'Believe and live.' And I am persuaded that the Sabbath controversy will more and more reveal the intense Judaism prevalent in Scotland, and by the Spirit's teaching lead more to the seeing of Christ as the Prophet as well as the Priest and the King—'Father, glorify Thy Son that Thy Son may glorify Thee!

"Another question of immense importance, which has grown and is growing out of this discussion, is ministerial liberty with reference to non-essential questions, or such as do not touch the great catholic doctrines or the vitals of Christianity.

"This question was fairly put before the last meeting of Presbytery.

"Prior to that meeting the clerical mind had been intensely inflamed in certain quarters and by certain parties. The question was beginning to tell on the union between the Free Kirk and the United Presbyterian. The more intelligent of the laity were more and more becoming moderate in their views and sympathizing with me. I had but dared to express in a coherent, bold form what

they had long practically felt. They had long felt uneasy about the universal declamations from platform and pulpit about 'Sabbath desecration,' as it is called by those who themselves employ cabs or milk carts, &c., on Sabbath. No voice was lifted up in defence of fair Christian liberty except by so-called secular papers, *i.e.*, non-sectarian or non-church papers. What could any layman do? The clergy had it all their own way, and woe be to the man who among themselves would dare to 'peep.' If he had no influence, he would soon be crushed by the evangelical battering rams. If he had any influence to make himself heard, that influence might for ever be destroyed. What was to be done when I spoke? Could this be permitted? If either of the other Churches said Yes, the other would say No, and so the union would end. If both were silent, the ignorant and conscientious, drilled by their clergy from infancy in Sabbatarianism, would force them to speak out. If both would say No, then they would check incipient liberty among the younger clergy in both Churches, awe the laity, and force the Establishment to join them. The union could then take place. The laity would not leave the Unionists, as the Establishment was as narrow. A stern clergy-power would reign; the coalition would soon destroy the Establishment from old grudge and hate, while it would have no prestige of being a National Church, and as such inclusive to the utmost stretch of her constitution, and the representative of true freedom without licentiousness.

"The politics of the one party were to represent the past only, to lie at anchor as if the end of the voyage in history was reached, to accept the finding of the Westminster Assembly as perfect and incapable of improvement. The politics of the Church, as involved in this struggle, are, sail on, not back, to hold by the past, but to grow out of it, and as a living organic whole to develop all that is good in it into a stronger, expansive, and more fruitful tree. Whether we could or can do this with a Confession which is part of the constitution of the country, was and is the question.

"There is a set of ecclesiastics who will not read a book,

a newspaper, or argue with any one who does not reflect their own sentiments. They look into the glass and say, 'I see every time I look there one who always agrees with me.' That is their whole world, and of the rest they are profoundly ignorant.

"The members of Presbytery were in a very painful and difficult position. My departure from the letter of the Confession was not only evident, but was so in a degree and to an extent which was almost unprecedented, and could not be overlooked without making the Presbytery suspected of indifference or moral cowardice. On the other hand, they had no personal ill-will to me, while many had the very kindest feelings to me. —— called for me twice, and the upshot of our conversation was, that I declared what I would not and what I would do. I would not recant or withdraw one word I had uttered, simply because I did not as yet see that I had uttered anything wrong; that if I left the Church I would do so with self-respect, and that I would not propose to the Presbytery to do anything. They must act according to their conscience; so must I; each realising our responsibility to God, and leaving all results to him. But, short of the sacrifice of my honour and sense of truth, I would act with all courtesy, all kindness, and help to carry their burden of responsibility as I would wish them to carry mine. Accordingly I did not vote on what was an important question, the committee, which if carried would have brought the whole matter up to the Assembly in a formal manner.

"And so in the meeting of Presbytery which afterwards took place, I admitted that I had taught against the Confession of Faith, that no doubt that was the fact, but asserted that either all had done the same or did not in every *iota* believe the Confession; therefore the question turned on whether I had so differed from the Confession as to necessitate deposition? I thus at the risk of my ecclesiastical life established the principle that all differences from the Confession, apart from the nature of the difference, did not involve deposition. Henceforth we shall keep our Confession with power to depose on any point of difference, yet

judicially determining what point or what degree of difference. A great gain!

"In so far as the question of ministerial liberty was concerned, thank God, I have gained the day, and it is a bright day for Scotland, which will not be followed by night, but shine on unto the perfect day, which to me would be the subjection of every soul to the teaching of Jesus Christ, the one prophet of the Church, and to Moses and His prophets as His servants, whose teaching is to be interpreted by that of the Master's.

"Their admonition was not pronounced but recorded, and I said that it was interesting as being probably the last which should be addressed to any minister of the Church for teaching as I did, and that I would show it some day to my son as an ecclesiastical fossil. They only smiled and said he would never discover it. All was good humour, and why they did not see or feel the victory I had gained I cannot tell."

To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:—

"I think the Assembly won't depose—but having risked all for freedom and truth, I am not surprised at having lost an influence in this country which will never be regained by me in this world, though the next generation will reap freedom from it."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*June*, 1866.—The Assembly is over, and not one personal allusion was made regarding me, far less any unkind word. Most wonderful! Most unaccountable! It is a state of things which I cannot 'take in.' I cannot account for it. I believe kind personal feeling had something to do with it, so some truthful men told me. But it has also been said that convictions were too general and strong on my side, as a whole, to make any discussion safe, and such as would not be, to say the least of it, very agreeable as revealing the actual state of the Church. Any how, I thank and praise God for His great mercy, and pray

that I may be enabled to use this liberty humbly, lovingly, and sincerely for His glory. I trust that I shall be able more than ever to strengthen men's convictions as to the blessedness of the Lord's-day, and the spiritual good of keeping it holy unto the Lord. I hope also to be able to check any tendency which some possibly may entertain of being able to preach lax doctrine as regards catholic truth and vital Christianity. I hope that my freedom, which has been obtained at a great price, may ever be used to bring men under law to Christ, and never directly or indirectly to be perverted into a cloak for licentiousness, or for conceited *puppies* to trifle with the eternal verities of religion, or the proprieties of our National Church.

"Oh, my Father! Guide me, give me a single eye, a pure and loving heart. Deliver me from the temptation of party. Help me to be ever consistent with the truth, and ever teach me by Thine infinite power, wisdom, and love, what the truth is. Let Thy Spirit pierce through all the crust of selfishness, vanity, ambition, and the love of man's approval, and enable me, come what may, to keep Thy blessed will before me, and to follow it unto death.

"It is far more difficult to act rightly in prosperity than in adversity, when victorious than when defeated. At all times how difficult to be humble, to consider others, to be subject one to another, to have the love that vaunteth not itself!

"Almighty God! In infinite mercy, keep me from being true to any Church or party, yet false to Thee, or to the truth as it is in Jesus.

"A few years more, should these be given, and my work is done. Grant, oh my Father, that it may be so done as that I may be acknowledged as a faithful servant. Forgive, forgive, forgive! through the blood of Jesus shed for the remission of the sins of the world."

From the late Rev. F. D. MAURICE:—

"I have been writing a short book, 'On the Commandments as Instruments for Preserving and Restoring National Life and Freedom.'

"As the book maintains a doctrine which is adverse to that in your speech on the Sabbath, I intended to dedicate it to you that I might express the high respect I feel for you, and my thorough agreement with your object, while I deviate so widely from a part of your theory. But if you think the dedication would in any way be injurious to you, or if it would be disagreeable to you, I will cancel it altogether, or I will omit any passages in it that may give you the least annoyance."

From DEAN STANLEY *to* DR. MACLEOD:—

DEANERY, WESTMINSTER, *September 11th*, 1866.

"MY DEAR BISHOP,

"(For under this aspect I always regard you when I cross the Border). I much lament that I dare not accept the offer to lecture at Glasgow. There are some things which I should much enjoy saying to an assembly of Scots, but the convenient season is not yet come.

"In coming from Berwick to Edinburgh, we had with us in the railway carriage a man from Glasgow. 'Do you know Dr. Norman Macleod?' 'Not personally, because I am a Free Churchman. My sister, however, sits under him, and likes him very much. But Norman Macleod has had a fine heckling about the *Doxology!*'"

To the Rev. D. MORRISON:—

HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, CLUNY HILL, FORRES,
September, 1866.

"Here I am in a state of perpetual thaw, ceaseless moisture, always under a wet blanket, and constantly in danger of kicking the bucket—'water, water everywhere.' I have been stewed like a goose, beat on like a drum, battered like a pancake, rubbed like corned beef, dried like Findon haddock, and wrapped up like a mummy in wet sheets and blankets. My belief is that I am in a lunatic asylum—too mad to be quite sure about it. My wife says I never was so sane. But what if she herself is insane? That is a difficulty.

"I am composing a Hydropathic Catechism for the use of schools.

"What was the primeval state of the globe? Water.

"What was the first blessing bestowed on the earth? Rain.

"What was the grand means of purifying the earth? The Deluge.

"Mention some of the great deliverances by water? Moses in the Nile; ditto, Red Sea, &c., &c.

"This is laying what is called a religious foundation. Then comes the scientific.

"What is the best music? Water-pipes.

"What is the best light? Dips.

"What is the best wife? A mermaid.

"What is the best death? Water in the chest, or drowning.

"Who are the true Church? Baptists.

"What is the best song in the English language? 'A wet sheet and a flowing sea.'

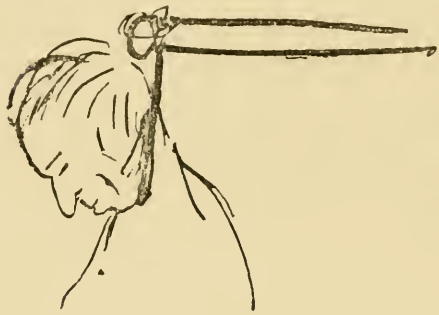
"Who are the true aristocracy? The K.C.B.'s, &c., &c.

"This will be the most celebrated book published in the *rain* of Queen Victoria! I will dedicate it to the *raining* family."

To ——

"I am much interested by the evolution from your internal consciousness of the lamb-like character of your disposition. It quite agrees with my estimate of my own disposition. I have invariably testified to my wife that there never was a more calm, sweet, obedient, and gentle husband than myself, so long as she never contradicts me, opposes me, differs from me; but, if she does so, then very different feelings may manifest themselves. If so, who is to blame? She is, of course—who else? Not the lamb, but the lion that worries it. 'Heaven help me!' said Niagara, 'what injustice the world does me! They call me a river which is always foaming in rapids, thundering in falls, seething in foam and whirlpools! Is that my fault? Fuff! All of you Yankees, Prussians, and French, I am

of a most sweet, calm, and pliable disposition. But if those low blackguard rocks will oppose me, interfere with me, cross my path with their confounded strata, hem me in on every side, crush me; what can I do but foam, and spit, and rage? Let me, leave me alone! and you will see how calmly I shall sleep and reflect in my bosom the glories of earth and sky!' Oh, my darling Niagara, forgive my injustice! Pity my ignorance! May thy sleep be sweet in thine Erie garret and in thy Lake Superior in '66!'"



To Mrs. Macleod:

Balmoral, 15*th October*, 1866.

"The Queen is pleased to command me to remain here till Tuesday.

"I found Mr. Cardwell had been in the Barony, and, to the great amusement of the Queen, he repeated my scold about the singing.* After dinner, the Queen invited me to her room, where I found the Princess Helena and Marchioness of Ely.

"The Queen sat down to spin, at a nice Scotch wheel, while I read Robert Burns to her: 'Tam o' Shanter,' and 'A man's a man for a' that,' her favourite.

"The Prince and Princess of Hesse sent for me to see their children. The eldest, Victoria, whom I saw at Darmstadt, is a most sweet child; the youngest, Elizabeth, a round, fat ball of loving good-nature. I gave her a real *hobble*, such as I give Polly. I suppose the little thing never got anything like it, for she screamed and kicked with a perfect *furore* of delight, would go from me to

* "Scripture commands us to 'sing'—not *grunt*—but if you are so constituted physically that it is impossible for you to sing, but only *grunt*—then it is best to be silent."

neither father nor mother or nurse, to their great merriment, but buried her chubby face in my cheek, until I gave her another right good hobble. They are such dear children.

"The Prince of Wales sent a message asking me to go and see him.

* * * * * *

"When I was there the young Prince of Wales fell on the wax-cloth, after lunch, with such a thump as left a swollen blue mark on his forehead. He cried for a minute, and then laughed most bravely. There was no fuss whatever made about him by mother, father, or any one, yet it must have been very sore, and I would have been nervous about it, if it had happened to Polly. He is a dear, sweet child. All seem to be very happy. We had a great deal of pleasant talk in the garden. Dear, good General Grey drove me home."

To his MOTHER:—

ABERGELDIE.

"It was reported to me the other day, with perfect confidence, that the young Prince was deformed in his hands. I saw and kissed the child to-day, and a more healthy, perfect, or more delightful child I never saw. Think of these lies!"

To CANON KINGSLEY:—

ADELAIDE PLACE, *April 10th*, 1867.

"When I wish to remember a friend daily I don't answer his letter for days when it demands an immediate reply. What a presence he becomes, and how humble and ashamed one feels before him, especially when we have no excuse for our silence which can bear his scrutiny! By this sinful process, 'how often hath my spirit turned to thee?' ever since I received your note! I won't tell you how much I felt on reading your note. I shall leave it to my boys that they may, when I am gone, learn from it that one so great and good gave their old dad so hearty and firm a grasp of his hand. God bless

you for it! With all my heart I return it, for all you are and 'a' Glencairn has been to me.' I send my 'plan,' as a Highland laird termed his wife's likeness, to your lady, proud that it may find a humble place in her collection. The only inscription I am inclined to write on it would be, Eccles. ii. 15, last clause."

To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:—

"——'s verses are neither high as the pyramids nor deep as the sea, but a profound and unutterable mystery of invisible stuff, of which even you do not comprehend one word. Wait till I examine you."

Sonnet by Miss ——

BLACKHEATH, *Friday Morning, 10th May*, 1867.

"Had such a congregation yesterday! Such a church! I was very happy, my heart was in it, and the people seemed thankful. They gave audible expression more than once, laughing outright, and semi-applause! Newman Hall, Mullens, Dale, Rogers, &c., were present, and many missionaries, all so affectionate. It was a happy night, and I thank God for it; and so will you, dearest."

From his JOURNAL:—

"I spent last fortnight in the South. Visited Manchester and Leamington. A happy time. Composed in train, 'Whistle the Mavie.'

"Published the 'Curling Song,' last month, in *Blackwood.*

"Lived with Dean Stanley from the 16th till the 18th."

The story of the 'Starling,' on which he was now engaged, was suggested by a note which he received the day after his speech on the Sabbath question, from the former editor of the *Reformer's Gazette* in Glasgow :—

"Suffer me to give you the following story which I heard in Perth upwards of forty years ago. A very rigid clergyman of that city had a very decent shoemaker for an elder, who had an extreme liking for birds of all kinds, not a few of which he kept in cages, and they cheered him in his daily work. He taught one of them in particular (a starling) to whistle some of our finest old Scottish tunes. It happened on a fine Sabbath morning the starling was in fine feather, and as the minister was passing by he heard the starling singing with great glee in his cage outside his door, 'Ower the water to Charlie!' The worthy minister was so shocked at this on the Sabbath morning that on Monday he insisted the shoemaker would either wring the bird's neck or demit the office of elder. This was a cruel alternative, but the decent shoemaker clung to his favourite bird, and prospered. If he had murdered the innocent, would the Sabbath have been sanctified to him?

"Yours faithfully,

"Peter Mackenzie."

From this brief narrative the tale of the 'Starling' was written—perhaps the ablest of his attempts in fiction. As a literary production, it is remarkable as being without any love-plot, and in making the interest of the story turn completely on another range of sympathies.

From his JOURNAL:—

"I am writing the 'Starling' for *Good Words*, to illustrate the one-sidedness and consequent untruth of hard logical 'principle,' when in conflict with genuine moral feeling, true faith *versus* apparent 'truth' of reasoning."

CHAPTER XIX.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS.

IT is unfortunate that no record of his 'Table-talk' has been preserved, for every one who knew him would at once fix on his conversation as the sphere in which he alone displayed the riches of his imagination, wit, humour, and sympathy.

"Much as one enjoys," writes Principal Shairp, "many things that come from his pen, full as they are of healthy life and human heartedness, nothing he has written is any measure of the powers that were in him. The sermons he preached, with the language warm from his heart, were far beyond the best he published. His addresses to public meetings were better than his sermons, for they allowed him to flavour his earnest thoughts with that overflowing humour which would have been out of place in the pulpit. Sometimes when he met a congenial party at dinner, or on an evening, his talk impressed them more than his best speeches, so rich was it, so varied and versatile. But the time to get him at his best and fullest was when you sat up with him till midnight, all alone in his study, with none to hear but one familiar friend in whose sympathy he could fully rely—it was then that his whole soul came out in all its breadth and rich variety, touching every chord of human feeling, and ranging from common earth to highest heaven. The anecdote, reflection, argument, bright flashes of imagination, drollest humour, most thrilling pathos, and solemn thoughts wandering through eternity, all blended into one whole of conversation, the

like of which you never before listened to. In a moment he would pass from some comical illustration of human character to the most serious reality of sacred truth, and you would feel no discord. In any other hands there would have been a jar, but not in his. Those who knew him well will understand what I mean, to others it cannot be described. At such times I used to think that if all the pleasantest, ablest conversations I had ever heard at Oxford from one's best friends had been rolled into one, it would not have made up such a profusion of soul as came from Norman then. No one, however well he might otherwise know him, could estimate his full breadth and depth of nature, unless they had spent with him some such solitary evenings as these."

Another who knew him well wrote after his death:—*

"How he taught me—as he taught many whose happiest fortune it has been to share now and again in those quiet hours in his back study—that all of the bright and beautiful in life, all that could gladden the spirit and cheer the heart, gained yet a brighter tint in the light reflected from a Father's love: that mirth became more deep, and so much more real: that each good gift became much more cherished from the recognition of the Great Giver of all. And here truly, it has seemed to me, did he especially prove himself a minister of the Gospel. . . . . Nothing was more strange to me at first—nothing came to be accepted by me as more natural afterwards—than the constant evidence which each opportunity of private intercourse with this great, large-hearted, noble-minded man afforded me of the deep undercurrent in his thoughts and life. I never knew him in all my meetings with him force a reference to religious thought or feeling. I never was with him for a quarter of an hour that his confidential talk, however conversational, however humorous even, had not, as it were of itself and as of necessity, disclosed the centre round which his whole life revolved."

* See *Good Words* for 1872, p. 515.

The 'ceaseless mimicry,' which had provoked his father when Norman Macleod was a boy, and the wit and humour, which grew with his growth, were invaluable possessions to himself in his later years, as well as sources of delight to others. Harassed by work almost to despair, worried past endurance by all sorts and conditions of men and women, then, as *per contra*, he would indulge in some humorous grimaces and apostrophes, give a fresh touch to a ridiculous rhyme, or draw a series of funny faces. Odd caricatures were, at such times, dropped into letters, even the most serious—sometimes as a heading, more usually by way of signature.* These tricks of humour were to him refreshing as well as amusing.

* A fac-simile is here given of one of these illustrated letters, written to the late Mr. Murray, of Melrose, in reply to one asking for his autograph:—

"My dear Mr. Murray,

"Did I ever reply to your note requesting autographs? I believe not.

"The reason is that I have been studying ever since to write a *telling*, graphic, remarkable signature. The fact is, I vary my signature with my correspondents. When I write my wife or mother, it is in this wise ————. When I write my children, it is so ————, singularly clear and beautiful. To crowned heads I am more aristocratic, as ————. To Abraham Lincoln I never give more than

Yours, &c.,

————.

"To the Pope it is

Yours, old cock,

† Barony.

"Ditto with Canterbury. When I write a gentleman like yourself, I always subscribe myself as

Your faithful serv.

————

which I call a wearable, good, healthy signature.

"To my brothers and sisters I use signs, such as intellectual, serene, —. Inquisitive, respectable, orthodox, doubtful.

"How came that note of yours to turn up in my bag with one hundred other letters, when on a wet day I have returned from lunch to dinner to reply to them? Such a reply! When you have received this evidence of my remembrance of you, burn it, or I will—you."

One of his favourite studies in the way of drollery was Highland characters, and Highland drovers in particular. As he recollected the boyish awe with which he regarded these men on their return from the great 'Trysts' of Falkirk or Dumbarton; the absorbing interest taken by the people in their accounts of the markets, and prices of 'stots,' 'queys,' and all varieties of sheep; their utter indifference to every human concern except cattle and collies; then the absurdity of the contrast between these old memories and his immediate cares and troubles would fairly overpower him, and result most likely in a dramatic representation of a debate about the quality of 'stock.' He had formed for himself an ideal drover, whom he named Peter MacTavish, round whose figure a world of ridiculous fancies was grouped. Only a person well acquainted with Highland character could have appreciated the wit and dramatic truthfulness of this conception. Often, when his father was oppressed with the weakness of extreme age, Norman would go down of an evening to cheer him, and before approaching those more solemn subjects with which their intercourse always closed, he would stir his old Highland associations and tickle his genial fancy by a personification of this 'Peter,' mingling, in broken Gaelic, reflections on men and manners with discourses on "beasts," till from very pain of laughter his father would beseech him to desist. 'Peter' was more than once introduced by him into strange scenes. When in Italy, he concocted a long narrative, showing the connection between the Pope's Bulls and the other species 'Peter' had sold at Falkirk, and in not a few

hotel books the sonorous rendering *Pietro Tavisino* was entered. At Moscow, the temptation of bringing the drover under the shadow of the Kremlin was so great, that I believe he gave himself no other designation than 'Peter MacTavish, from Mull.'

'Peter' as a Monkey-god.

This sense of the ludicrous was a passion which seized him at the most unlikely moments. The following verses, for example, were mostly written when he was enduring such violent pain that the night was spent in his study, and he had occasionally to bend over the back of a chair for relief:—

CAPTAIN FRAZER'S NOSE.

Air.—"*The Lass o' Gowrie.*"

O, if ye'r at Dumbarton Fair,
Gang to the Castle when ye'r there,
And see a sight baith rich and rare—
The nose o' Captain Frazer!

Unless ye'r blin' or unco glee'd,
A mile awa' ye'r sure to see't,
And neerer han' a man gauns wi't
That owns the nose o' Frazer.

It's great in length, it's great in girth,
It's great in grief, it's great in mirth,
Tho' grown wi' years, 'twas great at birth—
It's greater far than Frazer!

I've heard volcanoes loudly roaring,
And Niagara's waters pouring;
But oh, gin ye had heard the snorin'
Frae the nose o' Captain Frazer!

Tae waukin' sleepin' congregations,
Or rouse to battle sleepin' nations,
Gae wa' wi' preachings and orations,
And try the nose o' Frazer!

Gif French invaders try to lan'
Upon our glorious British stran',
Fear nocht if ships are no' at han',
But trust the nose o' Frazer.

Just crak' that cannon ower the shore,
Weel rammed wi' snuff, then let it roar
Ae Hielan' sneeze! then never more
They'll daur the nose o' Frazer!

If that great Nose is ever deid,
To bury it ye dinna need,
Nae coffin made o' wood or lead
Could haud the nose o' Frazer.

But let it stan' itsel' alane
Erect, like some big Druid stane,
That a' the warl' may see its bane,
"In memory o' Frazer!" *

Dumbarton, September 1, 1771.

* He afterwards introduced this song into a story, which was not completed, and has never been published, and added the following note:—

"No one can read this song without being painfully struck with the tone of exaggeration about it. Anxious, however, to investigate as far as possible into this matter, we wrote to Mr. MacGilvray, the keeper of the Antiquarian Museum at Dumbarton, who, sympathising with us, obligedly sent us a long communication, from which we quote with his permission. He says: 'I am confirmed in your views regarding the exaggerated account given in the poem of "Captain Frazer's Nose," by a long correspondence on the subject, as a scientific question, with two distinguished savans. They both decidedly think that a human nose, by the constant application of snuff to its nostrils, and of Athole brose, which they properly assume to possess a considerable amount of alcoholic ingredients, might, acting upon it from within through the nervous system, if continued for a vast and incalculable series of ages, be developed at last into a proboscis so large as ultimately wholly to absorb the person of its possessor. Arguing from this fact, they also believe that, by a recurrent law of Nature, the original organization attached to a man might return to the form of a huge *annelide*, or possibly *earthworm*, which might, like the dragon of romance, prove a terror to the country, and might thus originate a new age of romantic poetry, or even a religion! But they treat as purely mythical the existence of any nose in this age such as is alleged to have belonged to Captain Frazer or to any other of our race at the present stage of its progress. If this is asserted, they demand the bone of Frazer's nose for scientific examination.' If more full and complete information on this great subject is sought by our more scientific readers, we must refer them to the learned Professor H.'s paper, 'On the Development of the Nasal Organ in Man, with its

No one who recollects the importance he attached to district visiting will misunderstand the verses which follow, as if they were meant seriously to discourage such efforts :—

PATRICK MACPHUDD.

HINTS ON DISTRICT VISITING BY GOOD LADIES.

Miss Jemima MacDowal, the parson's sweet jewel,
Is fair and red as a rose coming out of its bud,
But och, " by the powers," what attention she showers,
On that thundering blackguard, big Patrick MacPhudd.

She says she is sartain and shure to convart him,
And to lift the ould Catholic out of the mud,
And so she is walking, and every day talking,
To Mistress, or Misses, or Mister MacPhudd.

natural selection of snuff among some savage nations,' read before the last meeting of the British Association, and which was received with prodigious sneezes. 'With my profound reverence for Science,' Mr. MacGilvray goes on to say, 'I need hardly say that I heartily concur in these conclusions of the learned gentleman, and leave the whole question in perfect peace to be finally decided by the races which shall appear as our descendants in future ages. But as all true science, as the great Goethe once remarked (so, at least, I read in a newspaper),

She's so sweet a bit cratur, and humble by natur
As to carry down soup, or a cast-away Dud;
A cap for the lady, a frock for the baby,
Or a top-coat for ragged ould Patrick MacPhudd.

"May the saint blessings send you, and always defend you
From pestilence, famine, from thunder and flood;
May archangels guard you, and Mary reward you,"
Says the oily ould father, Patrick MacPhudd.

Ould Patrick so grateful, sends out for the nadeful,
And drinks till he lies like a pig in the mud;
There his wife too is lying, while the children are crying,
And both are well thrashed by sweet Patrick MacPhudd.

Every day he is muddled—every night he gets fuddled,
On pay-days he's fighting and covered with blood;
He's a Catholic Sunday, and a Protestant Monday—
"Och, I'll not tell a lie," says honest MacPhudd.

"You thundering ould blackguard," says Father MacTaggert;
The Priest trembled over with rage where he stood;
"Is it true ye're convarted, and by swaddlers pervarted?
Look me straight in the face, and deny it, MacPhudd."

"Convarted! Parvarted!" howled Pat broken-hearted,
"I wish I could drink up her Protestant blood;
I vow by Saint Peter, I'd roast her and eat her,
And crunch all her bones," says sweet darling MacPhudd.

And now all good ladies, who visit bad Paddies,
Be advised just to let them keep quiet in the mud,
And spend all your labours on dacent Scotch neighbours,
And not on ould blackguards like Patrick MacPhudd.

December, 1856.

'The Waggin' o' our Dog's Tail,' in which were embodied the supposed reflections of his dog Skye upon men and manners, was frequently sung by him

first departs out of sight like an eagle, then returns as a servant to our kitchen to make itself useful—the true thus ending always in the practical—so do these grand speculations lead to this agreeable conclusion, that, *for the present generation*, at least, savages and civilised, clergy and laity, may snuff and partake even of Athole brose without any fear of their noses becoming a burden to themselves or a terror to the country.'

"We are glad to serve the cause of Science by communicating this splendid result of its profound researches to the world!"

in later years. The earnest, meditative countenance, and the quaint accentuation with which he rendered it, accompanied by a suggestive twirl of his thumb, to indicate the approving 'wag' of the tail, lent indescribable drollery to the words.

"THE WAGGIN' O' OUR DOG'S TAIL."

Air.—"*The barrin' o' the door.*"

We hae a dog that wags his tail
(He's a bit o' a wag himsel' O!)
Every day he gangs down the town,
At nicht his news to tell O!
The waggin' o' our dog's tail, bow-wow!
The waggin' o' our dog's tail!

He saw the Provost o' the town,
Parading down the street O!
Quo' he, "Ye're no like my lord,
For ye canna see your feet O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw a man grown unco' poor,
And looking sad and sick O!
Quo' he, "Cheer up, for ilka dog
Has aye a bane to pick O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw a man wi' mony a smile,
Wi'out a grain o' sowl O!
Quo' he, "I've noticed mony a dog,
Could bite and never growl O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw a man look gruff and cross,
Wi'out a grain o' spite O!
Quo' he, "He's like a hantle * dogs
Whose bark is waur than their bite O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw an M.P. unco' proud,
Because o' power and pay O!
Quo' he, "Yer tail is cockit heigh,
But ilka dog has his day O!"
The waggin', &c.

* 'Many.'

He saw some ministers fighting hard,
And a' frae a bit o' pride O!
"It's a pity," quo' he, "when dogs fa' out
Aboot their ain fireside O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw a man gaun staggerin' hame,
His face baith black and blue O!
Quo' he, "I'm ashamed o' the stupid brute,
For never a dog gets fou' O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw a man wi' a hairy face,
Wi' beard and big moustache O!
Quo' he, "We baith are towsy dogs,
But ye hae claes and cash O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw a crowd in a bonny park,
Where dogs were not allowed O!
Quo' he, "The rats in Kirk and State,
If we were there might rue't O!"
The waggin,' &c.

He saw a man that fleeched * a lord,
And flatterin' lees did tell O!
Quo' he, "A dog's owre proud for that,
He'll only claw himsel' O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw a doctor drivin' about,
An' ringing every bell O!
Quo' he, "I've been as sick's a dog,
But I aye could cure mysel' O!"
The waggin', &c.

He heard a lad and leddie braw
Singin' a grand duet O!
Quo' he, "I've heard a cat and dog
Could yowl as weel as that O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw a laddie swaggerin' big
Frae tap to tae sae trim O!
Quo' he, "It's no' for a dog to laugh
That ance was a pup like him O!"
The waggin', &c.

Our doggie he cam' hame at e'en,
And scarted baith his lugs O!
Quo' he, "If folk had only tails,
They'd be maist as gude as dogs O!"
The waggin', &c.

* 'Flattered.'

Another of his favourite songs was one which he composed while on a visit to a friend in Ayrshire, who was an enthusiastic curler. Norman, who never even attempted to curl, heartily enjoyed the exciting scene on the ice, and the keenness displayed by 'tenant and laird' as they strove together for the honours of the 'roaring game':—

CURLING SONG.*

Air.—"*Come under my plaidie.*"

A' nicht it was freezin', a' nicht I was sneezin',
"Tak' care," quo' the wife, "Gudeman, o' yer cough."
A fig for the sneezin', hurrah for the freezin',
For the day we're to play the Bonspiel on the loch!
Then get up, my braw leddy, the breakfast mak' ready,
For the sun on the snaw drift's beginnin' to blink,
Gie me bannocks or brochan, I'm aff to the lochan,
To mak' the stanes flee to the 'T' o' the rink.
Then hurrah for the curling frae Girvan to Stirling!
Hurrah for the lads o' the besom and stane!
Ready noo! Soop it up! Clap a guard! Steady noo!
Oh curling abune a' the games, stands alane.

The ice it is splendid, it canna be mended,
Like a glass ye can glowr in't an' shave aff yer beard;
And see how they gaither, comin' owre the brown heather,
The master and servants, the tenant and laird.
There's braw J. O. Fairlie, he's there late and early,
Better curlers than he or Hugh Conn canna be;
Wi' the lads frae Kilwinnin', they'll send the stanes spinnin,'
Wi' a *whurr* and a *curr*, till they sit roun' the 'T.'
Then hurrah for the curling, &c.

It's an unco' like story, that baith Whig and Tory,
Maun aye collyshangy,† like dogs owre a bane,
An' that a' denominations are wantin' in patience,
For nae Kirk will thole‡ to let ithers alane.
But in fine frosty weather, let a' meet thegither,
Wi' brooms in their hauns, an' a stane near the 'T';
Then Ha! Ha! by my certies, ye'll see hoo a' parties
Like brithers will love, and like brithers agree!
Then hurrah for the curlin', &c.

* This song was afterwards published in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

† 'Quarrel.' ‡ 'Endure.'

His way of training his children was a practical illustration of the teaching given to parents in his 'Home School.' The key-note of it all was loving companionship. He was so much in sympathy with them that he seemed to grow with their growth from their earliest years. When he was worn out with study his resort was the nursery, where he would invent all sorts of games, turn chairs upside down to represent ships, rig up newspapers as mimic sails, and give the baby an imaginary voyage round the room. Or he would in the evenings lie on the sofa or floor, with all the little ones nestled about him, listening to music, or telling them the wonderful adventures of 'Little Mrs. Brown' and 'Abel Feragus.' These stories went on like the Arabian Nights, with new incidents invented for each fresh occasion. They were all told dramatically, and often the fun was so great that he would himself laugh as heartily as the children. But he had a higher object in view than mere amusement when composing his nursery tales; they were never without an undercurrent of moral teaching, and never failed to impress lessons of kindness, generosity, bravery, and truth.

He never left home for any length of time without bringing some little memento to each child, and to each servant as well.

Carrying out this principle of companionship with his children, he would watch for their return when they had been at any holiday entertainment, and have them 'tell from the beginning' all they had seen and heard. When in the Highlands during

summer, he entered like one of themselves into all their amusements. They remember with special delight one moonlight night, when, sciatica notwithstanding, he insisted on playing 'Hide and Seek' with them, and became so excited with the game, that although both shoes had fallen off, he continued rushing over the grass and through the bushes till they were all exhausted, his wife in vain entreating him to take care. His desire was, in short, to possess their frank confidence, and to make their memory of home thoroughly happy, and in both these respects his efforts were rewarded with abundant success. It was quite characteristic of him that he made it a principle always to keep his word with his children, even in trifles, and to avoid the irritation of fault-finding in little things. Only on two points was he uncompromising even to sternness. The slightest appearance of selfishness or of want of truth was at once severely dealt with; but when the rebuke was given, there was an end of it, and he took pains to make the culprit feel that confidence was completely restored, for he believed that the preservation of self-respect was as important a point as any in the education of a child.

These summers, spent with his family in the Highlands, were full of a glory which every year seemed only to deepen. Whether at his favourite Cuilchenna, on the Linnhe Loch with its majestic views of Glencoe or Glengoar, or at Java Lodge in Mull, commanding 'one of the finest panoramas in Europe,' or at Aird's Bay, fronting the Buachaill Etive and Ben Cruachan, or at Geddes, with its hallowed associations, he entered

into the joy of nature with a rapture even greater than in youth.

He thus describes the scenery round Cuilchenna:—

"Suppose ourselves seated on a green headland, rising a few hundred feet above the sea-level. In itself this elevation is remarkable for nothing more than the greenest of grass; consequently, in the estimation of the shepherd, it is one of the 'best places for wintering sheep;' and it is the more fitted for such a purpose owing to its being broken up by innumerable hollows and dykes of trap, which afford shelter to the sheep from every wind. Moreover the snow seldom lies here, as it is speedily thawed by the breath of the temperate sea. It has its own secluded spots of Highland beauty, too, though these are seldom, if ever, visited by any one save the solitary herd-boy. In these nooks, nature, as if rejoicing in the undisturbed contemplation of her own grace and loveliness, lavishly grows her wild flowers and spreads out her drooping ferns. Nay, she seems unconsciously to adorn herself with tufts of primroses, bluebells, and crimson heather, and slyly retires into little recesses, to enter which one has to put aside the branches of mountain ash clothed with bunches of coral fruit, as well as the weeping birch and hazel, in order to get a glimpse of the rivulet which *whishes* between banks glorious with green mosses, lichens, ferns, honeysuckle, and wild roses. In the spring such recesses are a very home of love for piping birds. At the base of our unknown, untrodden promontory, are clefts and caves, worn and cut into the strangest shapes by the everlasting beat of the ocean tides. In each round rocky bowl, filled with pure sea-water, is a forest of fairy-like trees of all colours, strangely mingled — brown, green, and white. Molluscs, and fish almost microscopic, together with a solitary crab here and there, move about in this their little world of beauty, in which, to the observer, there seems indeed to be nothing but purity and joy.

"But *the* grand and commanding object at the head of Loch Leven is Glencoe. Seen from our promontory, its precipices rise like a huge wall, dark as though built of

lava. Tremendous buttresses, from base to summit, disengage themselves from their surface, and separated from each other by depths such as might have been cut and cloven by Thor's great hammer, wielded in stormy passion. The mountain is scored across, too, by deep lines and platforms of trap, as though they marked the successive floods of molten rock poured out by volcanic forces. Nothing can be more utterly sombre, sad, and desolate than this Glencoe. We have watched it in its every mood; sometimes when it seemed to sleep like a wearied giant, wrapped in the sun-mist; sometimes when it began to arrest the western clouds, until, as if overcome by their stifling power, they covered it with impenetrable masses black as night; or, again, when slowly and solemnly it unveiled itself after the storm, and the sun crept up to it, after visiting the green fields and trees below, and pouring itself on white cottages and the sails of fishing-boats, until at last it scattered the clouds from the dark precipices and sent the mists flying—not fiercely but kindly, not hastily but slowly—in white smoke up the glens, tinging with auroral light the dark ridge as they streamed over it, while the infinite sky appeared without a cloud over all, and as if supported by the mighty pillars of the glen.

"Turning to the east the scene is still characteristic of our Highlands. To right and left, to north and south, is the sea-river of which we have spoken. Southward, it flows past the green Lismore, on past Oban, Mull, until it is lost between misty headlands in the far Atlantic, whose waves boom on the western steeps of Jura.

"The scenery to the west, which hems in this stretch of inland sea, is utterly desolate.

". . . . Amidst this scenery we spent a considerable portion of last summer, and gazed on it from day to day, and from morn to even, with delight and reverence. We have fished along its sea-coast almost every evening.

"What unsurpassed glories have we thus witnessed! It verily seemed to us then as though the setting sun dropped down nearer earth to concentrate all his powers on that one landscape; to display untold beauty and adorn it with glory from the head of the western glen

above the loch down to the sea; and compelling even dark Glencoe, as well as the surrounding hills, to do it honour and bow before it with their golden crowns and purple robes. First of all, the sun began to collect round himself clouds spread out into seas, grouped into islets, with colours such as no pen or pencil has ever conveyed the faintest impression of. Then beams of soft silver sheen shot through every crossing valley and down through every cleft and cranny in the serrated ridges, penetrating the nether dimness, illuminating the curling smoke of the valleys, and transfiguring the dark pines and precipices, and lighting up hidden corners. It touched the green pastures of the shores of Loch Leven as with a magic rod; it kindled the mountain ridges to the east, so that these, after all the lower valleys were dark, retained the light of day. Having glorified Glencoe from base to summit, it concentrated its beams, ere parting, on the loftiest peaks, until they shone in a subdued ruby light, and then they were tipped with such bright burnished gold as is never seen anywhere except on the icy *aiguilles* of the Alps. Gradually the halo seemed to pass from earth to heaven, and lingered for a space among the clouds with that splendour and wonder of glory so overpowering yet so variable—a revelation of the Almighty Artist, which, once seen, remains a precious gift stored in the memory, never to fade away!

"On these evenings the marvel nearest to the eye was the appearance of the sea! It was wholly indescribable. But merely to mention it will recall similar spectacles to others. The waves undulated in gentle swell with a heavy, dull molten hue. Save for the movements of flocks of birds, which swam and dived wherever the shoals of fish disturbed its glassy surface, it seemed cold and dead. But as the setting sun began to kindle its waves with subdued lights, aided by glowing cloud and mountain of every imaginable hue, there spread over the wide expanse of still water such a combination of colours —ruby, amethyst, purple, blue, green, and grey—gleaming, sparkling, and interchanging like the Aurora, until every gentle undulation was more gorgeous than the

robes of Eastern kings, when unrolled from the looms of Benares!"*

These scenes afforded him more than 'tranquil restoration;' they were a continual 'passion and delight.' And the joy they conveyed to him he tried to share with his children, in this, as in so many other things, evincing his eagerness to recreate for them the same Highland associations as had made his own early days so happy. None of his boys showed more excitement than he when they were out fishing on the loch, and when there happened to be a good 'take.' On the croquet green, competing with his children, he was the keenest of the party. When a chance piper arrived, and the floor was cleared for a reel, he heartily enjoyed and cheerily applauded the merriment of the dancers. What he felt at such times he has thus expressed:—

"'Dance, my children! lads and lasses!
Cut and shuffle, toes and heels!
Piper, roar from every chanter
Hurricanes of Highland reels!

"'Make the old barn shake with laughter,
Beat its flooring like a drum;
Batter it with Tullochgorum,
Till the storm without is dumb!

"'Sweep in circles like a whirlwind,
Flit across like meteors glancing;
Crack your fingers, shout in gladness,
Think of nothing but of dancing!'

"Thus a grey-haired father speaketh,
As he claps his hand and cheers;
Yet his heart is quietly dreaming,
And his eyes are dimmed with tears.

* From an Essay on Highland Scenery which he wrote for a volume, published at her Majesty's desire, illustrative of "Mountain, Loch, and Glen."

"Well he knows this world of sorrow,
Well he knows this world of sin,
Well he knows the race before them,
What's to lose, and what's to win!

"But he hears a far off music,
Guiding all the stately spheres,
In his father-heart it echoes,
So he claps his hands and cheers."

This participation in the amusements of his children passed naturally, as they grew older, into the higher companionship of sharing all their pursuits and studies. His method of conveying to them religious instruction was as effective as it was simple. He trained them to speak to him on religious subjects, and tell him their difficulties, and so educated them in the truest sense. Especially in later years, when his Sunday evenings were not so fully occupied with public duty, he spent hours that were as happy to them as to himself, in hearing what they had to say, while some part of Scripture was read in common. However trivial the idea or the difficulty of the child might seem to others, he always dealt carefully with it, and tried by means of it to impress some principle which was worth remembering. 'When I asked him about anything I did not understand,' writes one of his daughters, 'my dear father would say, 'That's right. On your way through life you'll come across many a stumbling-block that you will think quite impassable, but always come to your father, for he's an old traveller who can show you a path through many a difficulty.' I treasure what he said to me when I spoke to him about some fault of natural temperament. 'Don't be discouraged. It involves in many ways a benefit. The cure is to think more about God. Look at

yourself as much as you can as you think He would look at you, and look on others in the same way.' Oh that I were like him! Such trust, such love, such utter forgetfulness of self, such sympathy and charity and energy! Surely these things are born with people, and not acquirements. Yet he once said to me, 'You have no right to blame your natural disposition. By so doing you blame God who gave it to you. No quality is bad unless perverted.'

There was a characteristic of his later life which was the more remarkable that his youth gave no promise of it. He was naturally impatient of details, careless about hours and arrangements, hurried and impulsive, but experience taught him the importance of punctuality and forethought, and in later years his attention to minutiæ, and the careful and businesslike manner in which he fulfilled his public engagements, surprised those who had known him with other habits.

His later manner of preaching differed from his earlier, and as a rule, admitting many exceptions, partook more of the nature of teaching—sometimes of homely *talk*—than of set discourse. Simplicity was its constant characteristic, but there was more; for ever and anon came bursts of indignant denunciation against what was mean or selfish, or brief but thrilling touches of imagination or pathos that broke the even flow of instruction. 'His style reminds me,' said an auditor, who was himself a celebrated preacher, 'of the smooth action of a large engine, moving with the ease of great power held in restraint.' 'It was not,' says another hearer, 'so much

what is called earnest preaching, as the speaking of a powerful and earnest man who wished to do you good, and threw everything else aside for that end.'

"I am persuaded we will all acknowledge that we never listened to any man whose word came so home to the heart. For myself, at least, I can say that no preacher ever had such power over me; nor was the secret of his power hard to discover. . . . That which told more than all upon me was the total absence of all thought of self which characterised his preaching. While listening to him, the thought never crossed my mind *that he had been making a sermon.* Whether composed in his study, or left, as was so often the case, to such language as the impulse of the moment might suggest, his sermons always appeared to me of a purely extemporaneous character; because whether wholly or partially written, or not written at all, they were the spontaneous outflowing of his heart at the moment, with no more art or effort than what is seen in the natural rush of one of his own loved Highland rivers; clear, and deep, and strong as they, but with as little consciousness of any private aim, or any desire to gratify a selfish feeling or to win human praise." *

"Other preachers we have heard," wrote Dean Stanley in the *Times*, "both in England and France, more learned, more eloquent, more penetrating to particular audiences, but no preacher has arisen within our experience, with an equal power of riveting the general attention of the varied congregations of modern times . . . . none who so combined the self-control of the prepared discourse with the directness of extemporaneous effort; none with whom the sermon appproached so nearly to its original and proper idea—of a conversation—a serious conversation, in which the fleeting thought, the unconscious objection of the listener, seemed to be readily caught up by a passing parenthesis—a qualifying word of the speaker; so that,

* From a sermon entitled "The Hearer's Responsibility," preached in the Barony Church on the 12th January, 1873, by the Rev. William Robertson, D.D., of New Greyfriars, Edinburgh, on the occasion of his introducing the Rev. Dr. Lang as successor to Dr. Macleod.

in short, the speaker seemed to throw himself with the whole force of his soul on the minds of his hearers, led captive against their will by something more than eloquence."

Although at one period he occasionally wrote his sermon seven times over before he preached it, there were years during which he seldom wrote any discourse fully out,* but preached from notes in which the sequence of ideas was clearly marked. These notes, though often jotted on Saturday afternoon, were the result of constant cogitation during the week.

As might have been expected from his temperament, he was deeply interested in the movements of modern thought. As he had long forecast the coming storm in the theological atmosphere, he was not taken aback by its approach, and, in order that his hearers should be prepared for it, he was in the habit of enforcing guiding principles, rather than of discussing special questions. The ground which he generally took was moral more than intellectual. Without ignoring the issues raised by modern inquiry, he sought, as the ultimate basis of religious conviction, to appeal to the moral instincts, and to reach that spirit in man, which he believed is bound to recognize the spiritual glory of God on the face of Christ, as much as intellect is bound to confess the conclusions

* He was once preaching in a district in Ayrshire, where the reading of a sermon is regarded as the greatest fault of which a minister can be guilty. When the congregation dispersed, an old woman overflowing with enthusiasm, addressed her neighbour, "Did ye ever hear onything sae gran'? Was na *that* a sermon?" But all her expressions of admiration being met by stolid silence, she shouted, "Speak, woman! Was na *that* a sermon?" "Ou aye," replied her friend sulkily, "but he read it." "Read it!" said the other with indignant emphasis, "I wadna hae cared if he had *whustled* it!"

of reason. He clung with such firm faith to Christ, and loved God with such fulness of childlike affection; holy Scripture was to him so verily the Word of God; and its salient truths were so self-evident to his heart and conscience, that no verbal criticism, no logic of the lower understanding, could for a moment shake his loyalty to the eternal fitness of the revelation of love and holiness in Christ which was self-evident to his spirit. But while he was thus firmly anchored to essential catholic beliefs, he 'could swing with a free cable,' as he used to say, in reference to many minor questions. For that hard negative criticism, whose only instrument is keen or coarse intellect, and which is prepared with callous determination to deny whatever cannot be logically demonstrated, he had no liking. He was too sympathetic not to be deeply affected by the religious doubts and difficulties which were pressing as a heavy burden on many, who in utter perplexity were crying for light. But some of the theories of modern critics, some of the most portentous attacks on the faith, provoked his sense of humour more than his alarm. 'The devil is far too clever,' he would say, 'not to be intensely amused at all this. What frightful fools those men must seem to him! Can you not imagine how Mephisto, when he is alone, must chuckle at the absurdities of which clever men can be guilty?'

His manner of treating doubters was powerful and sympathetic. After one or two straight cuts of common sense or humour had sundered the meshes of sophistical argumentation, he would carry his auditors away from doubtful disputations, into the wide pure

heaven of his own convictions and aspirations, appeal to what was most human in them, enlist every better sympathy on his side, and flash light into the mysterious depths of conscience. Many a man beset by difficulty on 'questions of the day,' came away from his teaching, not perhaps feeling every doubt removed, but under the sense that truths had been spoken which 'could perish never,' and that convictions had been awakened which no chatter of the schools could destroy.

His frequent lamentations over that deficiency in pastoral work, which was forced on him in later years by the pressure of public duty, may convey a false impression of the extent to which this held true. It was certainly impossible for him to visit his congregation as he once did, but the sick and distressed were never forgotten by him; and those who knew anything of his ministry at such times bear witness to the wonderful tenderness of his sympathy, and delight to tell how his eye would swim with tears, and how the minutest circumstance of each case was attentively considered by him. His power, indeed, out of the pulpit as well as in it, lay in that genuine bigheartedness which everywhere claimed and inspired confidence.

"I write as one who knows, whose own burden has been made easier by him, as one around whom his arms have been, and on whose cheek the kiss of his deep sympathy has fallen. Few, indeed, who knew him only as the genial companion, the ready platform speaker, or the powerful preacher, can, even remotely, conceive of the way he had of talking to, and acting upon, human hearts, *when alone* with them. It was then that the glory of the man

came out; then you knew with what a vision he saw into you and comprehended you; then he spoke words that went straight into your soul, and carried healing with them, for he never kept you down to himself, but took you up with himself to the Father. I cannot say what is in my heart to say, but this one thing I would like all who have never been alone with him when spiritual things were spoken about, to believe and know, that he was a grander, broader, deeper, diviner man than he could ever have appeared to you to be. Nearly thirteen years ago, as a young lad, a stranger to this country, I first met him, and from that hour his great heart, which always warmed to the stranger, was ever ready to open, and his kindly hand to help. When I went abroad to engage in the work which lay nearest his own heart, it was with no formal prayer that we parted, but one ever to be remembered; with no formal farewell of a formal divine, but with a loving embrace; and when I returned, most unwillingly, but through necessity, the same arms were ready to welcome me. This is not the way unknown men are wont to be dealt with by known men; young men by old; men feebly struggling, or baffled and beaten, by those who are secure on the platform of life: but it is the way to win souls, for all that, and it was the way in which he won many."*

"His power of sympathy," said Dr. Watson, in his beautiful funeral sermon, "was the first and last thing in his character which impressed you. . . . . I never knew a man bound to humanity at so many points; I never knew a man who found in humanity so much to interest him. To him the most commonplace man or woman yielded up some contribution of individuality, and you were tempted to wonder which of all the various moods through which he passed, was the one most congenial to him.

"'When he came to see me,' said a blacksmith, 'he spoke as if he had been a smith himself, but he never went away without leaving Christ in my heart!'"

* Letter from the Rev. C. M. Grant.

To his eldest SON when he was a very young boy on a visit to Fiunary. The original is carefully written in large Roman letters:—

GLASGOW, *August* 4, 1862.

"I am so glad you are in Morven, and so happy there. I never was so happy in all my life as I used to be when I was a boy there. I think of you as if you were myself young again. For I fished with Sandy and uncle John for cod among the rocks in the bay, and in the burn for trout, and went to the Byre for warm milk, just as you are doing. But then all the old terriers are dead. There were Cuilag and Gasgach—oh, such dogs! If you saw them worry an otter or wild cat! They would never give in. Ask your uncle John about them, and ask him to show you the otter's den at Clachoran. Oh, Nommey, be happy! for when you are old like me you will remember Fiunary as if it was the garden of Eden without the serpent.

"I wish you could remember, as I can, all the dear friends who were once there, and who would have loved you as as they loved me—my grandpapa, with his white hair and blind eyes, and my grandmamma, so kind and loving; and aunts Margaret, Mary, Grace, Archy, Jessy. I see all their faces now before me. They were all so good, and loved God and everybody. Dockie, dear! thank God for good friends, and for having so many of them.

"Did they show you where I lived when I was a boy, and the school I used to be in?"

To his eldest DAUGHTER, when she went to school at Brighton:—

GLASGOW, *April* 30, 1865.

"Do you remember your old father? I'm not sure if you do—old Abel Feragus, the friend of Mrs. Brown?

"So you were very sorry, old girl, when we left you that day? You thought you would not care. Hem! I knew better.

"And so the poor lassie cried, and was so lonely the first night, and would have given worlds to be at home again! And your old dad was not a bit sorry to leave you, not he—cruel-hearted man that he is! Nor was

your mother, wretched old woman that she is! And yet 'you would wonder' how sorry we both were, and how often the old man said 'Poor dear lassie!' and the old wife 'Poor dear darling!' But no tear filled our eye. Are you sure of that? I'm not. And the old father said, 'I'm not afraid of my girl. I'm sure she will prove herself good, kind, loving, and obedient, and won't be lazy, but do her work like a heroine, and remember all her old dad told her!' and her mammy said the same. And then the mammy would cry, and the old dad would call her a fool (respectfully). And so we reached London, and then we got your letter, which made us very happy; and then the old man said, 'Never fear! she will do right well, and will be very happy, and Miss —— will like her, and she will like Miss——!' and 'We shall soon meet again!' chimed in the mammy. 'If it be God's will, we shall,' said the dad, 'and won't we be happy!'

"God bless you, my darling! May you love your own Father in heaven far more than you love your own father on earth, and I know how truly you love me, and you know how truly I love you; but He loves you infinitely more than I can possibly do, though I give you my whole heart.

"Will you write a line to the old man? And remember he won't criticise it, but be glad to hear all your chatter."

To the SAME:—

"It is now, I think, thirteen years, my dearest ——, since your old dad and your mother first saw with joy and gratitude your chubby face, and received you, their first-born, as a gift from God. It was indeed a solemn day to your parents to have had an immortal being given to them, whom they could call their own child; and it was a solemn day, though you knew it not, for you, dearest, when you began a life which would never end. You have been a source of great happiness to us ever since; and you cannot yet understand the longings, the earnest prayers offered up by us both that you may, by the grace of God, make your life a source of joy and blessing to

yourself, and be a joy to Jesus Christ, to Whom you belong, Who has redeemed you to God with His own blood, and Who loves you inconceivably more than your own loving parents do. I hope, dearest, you will thank God for all His kindness to you—do speak your heart out to Him. He likes you to do it, and I am sure you do feel grateful for your many mercies.

"Oh, my own darling! you little know how your mother and I desire and pray for this, as the one thing to obtain which we could suffer and die, that you may love and obey Jesus Christ; that you may know Him and speak to Him, trust Him, obey Him, as your Friend, Brother, Saviour, Who dearly loves you, and desires you dearly to love Him in return. There is no blessing God could give me in this world to be compared for one moment to that of seeing my children, who are dearer to me than life itself, proving themselves to be children of God. Let me have this joy in you first, as my first-born! God will give the unspeakable blessing if you pray to Him, and speak to Him about it, simply, frankly, as you would speak to me—but even more confidingly than you could even to me. In the meantime, dearie, thank Him for all He has done for you and given to you. I am sure I thank Him for His gift of yourself to us both.

"I dare say you have sometimes home sickness. Eh? But you cannot suffer from this youthful disease as much as I did when I went first from home. So you need not wonder—at least I do not—if you should sometimes think yourself on the other side of the globe, and get into sad fits, and weary longings, and think everything at home most beautiful! But this is just a part of our education, and a training for life, and must be made the most of.

"Now write to your dad, anyway you like. I won't criticise. Miss —— won't look at your letter, as I wish you to write freely to *me*. She kindly agreed to this. All *our* correspondence may be quite *secret*, Miss Macleod! Now, my lassie, cheer up! Be jolly! Work like a brick, and enjoy yourself like a linnet. I am sure you will come on famously—'Never say die!'"

To the Same :—

Balmoral, *June* 12, 1865.

"I want to send you a loving word from this, to prove to you how your old dad remembers you.

"I came here Saturday, and preached yesterday, and you may be sure the Queen is very good and kind, when she is so kind to your old dad. But he loves her very much, and is proud to serve her.

"I am always glad to hear from you, dearest, and I hope you seriously and prayerfully try and do all I told you in my long letter. I would sooner see you sick and poor with the love of Christ, than the queen of the whole world, for ever and ever, without it."

Shandon, *April* 18, 1866.

"Your dad has come here for rest—that is, to reply to a ton of letters; among others, to yours of March 3. Oh, I wish you were here to enjoy the delicious air! No! for you have got better at Brighton. To see your mammy? No! for you prefer Miss —— to all your family. To be clasped to the *buzzum* of your old dad? No! you are too refined for that. But to get your dad his slippers, for his unfeeling family left them behind in Glasgow!

"This day is lovely—the sea is calm, and the gulls are floating about without coughs or colds. No flannels on their throats, no nightcaps on their heads, or warm stockings on their feet. No gruel or warm bath before going to bed. No 'Gregory' in the morning. The birds are singing most correctly, and never were in a boarding-school. The old hills are as strong as ever, and if they are not Macleod's they Make Clouds. Yesterday lots of rain fell on them, and they had no umbrellas. But though their noses ran with water for a while, they are all dry now, and no sneezing. The winds are kissing the sea, and the sea only laughs. Naughty sea and winds! No wonder the good steamer is indignant, and blows smoke at the wind, and whips the sea with its paddles till it foams with rage. The lambs are playing about like little idle fools, never thinking of the coming days of mint

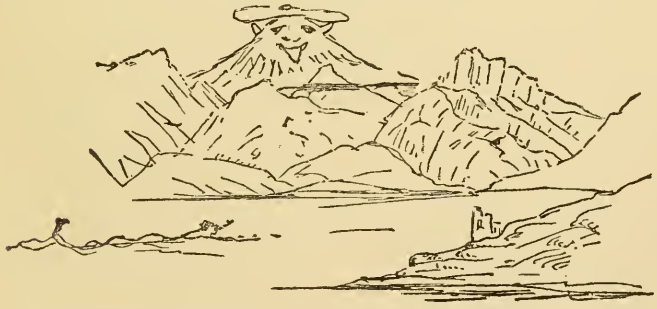
sauce or roast mutton. They think that the world was made to enable them to suck their mothers and wag their tails. They don't believe in butchers, nor do their mothers. The quiet is great, but for Willy. His song is louder than the birds. He flies like the wind, kisses his mother like the lambs, is as hearty as the gulls, and patronises the cruel butcher."

To the SAME :—

EMS, *May* 7, 1871.

"My dearest old girl, I send my parental blessing to you on your birthday. That was a joyous day to your father and mother, and every return makes us more and more thankful for you, and———. But I won't praise you,—what? but I *will* say that———. No, I won't! One thing is certain. What? Guess! Well, then, of all the girls I ever knew, you are one that—what? It is for you to say. This only I will say, that———. But there's no use! You know what, my darling! So kiss your father. As for ———, poor body, the less said about *her* the better! But this I will say, she never snores—never! and she also—yes, of course—loves the children, but not—who?"

The Spirit of Romance and Song.



The Sea Serpent Emigrating.

CHAPTER XX.

INDIA.

DR. MACLEOD had for several years been convinced that the Church ought to send a deputation to India. There were many important questions connected with missions in that country, which, he believed, could be decided only by Commissioners, who, besides considering matters affecting particular localities, might take a wide survey of the condition of India in reference to Christianity. He had long anticipated, too, the possibility of being himself appointed to such a duty, and was prepared, at almost any personal risk, to undertake it. 'I have the most distinct recollection,' writes Dr. Clerk, 'that in the summer of 1865, speaking to me, as he often did, of the possibility of his being asked to go to India, he told me that medical friends, to whom he had casually mentioned the matter, had assured him it would entail certain death, but that he had counted the cost, and that if the Church asked him to represent her, he would rather die in the discharge of his duty than live in the neglect of it. I am convinced that, in the true martyr spirit, he gave his life for the conversion of India, and that

the fruit will appear in due season. He ardently anticipated glorious results from a Christianised India—a youthful Church with the warmth of the Eastern heart and the quickness of the Eastern mind, drawing its inspiration, not from the stereotyped forms of the West, but directly from the Fountain of Eternal Life and Truth. Often did he in the most glowing language picture the effect upon Europe and America should light again stream from the East to quicken their decaying energies.'

He was, therefore, not taken by surprise when the General Assembly of 1867, acting on the unanimous request of the Mission Board at Calcutta, appointed him, along with Dr. Watson of Dundee, to represent the Church of Scotland in India.

Before he left this country he carefully determined the chief questions to which his attention should be directed. Ever since his enthusiasm had been kindled by his intercourse at Loudoun with the noble widow of ex-Governor-General Lord Hastings, he had taken an almost romantic interest in the policy of our Eastern empire; was familiar with the details of every campaign from the days of Clive to the Indian mutiny; and had read much of the religious as well as civil history of the natives. He had also for years taken an active part in the management of India Missions; and in order to profit by as wide a range of experience as possible, he corresponded with persons in this country well acquainted with, or earnestly interested in, these Missions, and obtained from them various, and therefore valuable statements of those difficulties and objections regarding which

inquiry was needed. From the topics suggested by these and similar authorities, he and his brother deputy drew up, during their outward voyage, a series of queries, embracing the points which most required investigation.

They had also peculiar advantages, when in India, for gaining the best answers to their inquiries. They were welcomed as friends by the representatives and agents of every Church and Mission, from the bishops of the Church of England in India down to the poorest native catechist, and received from them all every possible aid and information. They enjoyed the frankest intercourse with educated natives of all varieties of creed and of no creed, and with the conductors of the Press, religious and secular, Christian and Hindoo. They were honoured likewise with the confidence of the highest and best informed Officers of State, in each of the Presidencies, and were thus able to gauge opinion in different places and among different ranks and types of men, and to form their conclusions from unusually comprehensive data. 'We had in our investigations,' he reports, 'advantages similar to those possessed by a Government Commission, which cites select witnesses and visits select districts, and the value of whose conclusions is not to be estimated by the time spent in inquiry, or to be balanced against those arrived at by 'the oldest inhabitant' of any one village.'

In speaking of the trouble Dr. Macleod took to obtain trustworthy information, not only on the questions bearing directly on his mission, but in regard to

everything which came under his notice, and the consequent accuracy of the conclusions he reached (an accuracy which has since been recognised by some of the ablest authorities on Indian affairs), Dr. Watson thus describes the difficulties which had to be encountered:—

"No one who has not had something to do with gathering information can imagine the difficulty of sifting the opinions and statements which are made by residents in India on its internal affairs. If you are content to take the first witness you find as an authority, and to form your judgment according to his evidence, you will avoid much perplexity; but you will run the risk of holding most erroneous and one-sided views. Dr. Macleod used often to express his astonishment at the opposite and contradictory declarations made to him by persons who seemed to have had the best opportunities of knowing what they spoke about. Two men, or half-a-dozen men, who ought to have been each in his own line a guarantee for correctness, would on some point give as many different opinions, formed on their own personal experience.

"Each man had lived in a little world of his own; in the presence of his own countrymen he had been a stranger to all except his own circle. And, indeed, one is surprised at the separateness and isolation of European society in the great centres of the population; for, if you pass from one little circle to another, it is like crossing into a new region of mental life; and the instruments for gauging facts, opinions, experiences, and modes of thought need to be readjusted.

To follow implicitly the traditions and convictions of your informants on almost any subject of wide interest, you must lay aside to-day the impressions you took up yesterday; to-morrow you may have cause to return to your earlier ones, and day by day you may have to modify now one and now another of your notions, proved on what you believed good grounds; and after all you will retain your latest conviction with caution and modesty.

"It was no easy matter, then, for a man like him, who wished to probe everything, and to attain to the truth, to ascertain correct data. At times he grew impatient, and at other times he used to look on the matter on its ludicrous side, and illustrate it by a story his father had often told, of an incident at the trial of some case at which he was present. The witness in the box was a Highlandman unable to speak a word of English, and he gave his evidence through an interpreter. When a question was put to the witness, he would hesitate and say, 'I think, well I daresay, yes.' Then the interpreter turns to the judge with this statement, 'He says, "Yes," my lord, but he seems not quite sure.' 'Ask him again,' says the judge; and again the witness hesitated, balanced statements, and concluded with 'I think, well I daresay, no.' Whereupon the interpreter announced the reply, and shouted, 'He says, "No," my lord,' and so the case proceeded, interrupted every now and again by the twofold answer, 'He says, "Yes," my lord; he says, "No," my lord,' until the judge completely lost his temper.

"It was often through similar difficulties of contra-

diction from the witness-box, and from different lips, that Dr. Macleod was obliged to draw his knowledge of what were the facts and opinions of Indian life; and he seized every chance of correcting his impressions by putting the right questions to the right men, and by a sort of instinctive appreciation of the value of the replies he received to his numerous and sifting inquiries."

The reception accorded to the deputation was enthusiastic, and their labours were constant and onerous. Crowds, in which natives were mingled with English, assembled in the Churches in which they were to preach, or at the meetings they were to address. Every day, almost every hour, had its engagements; examining schools, conferring with missionaries, and responding to the attentions and hospitalities which were bestowed on them. To the Indian habit of early rising there was too frequently added the home custom of late sitting, with its consequent exhaustion. 'It is certainly trying,' he writes, 'for a stranger, who is entertained hospitably every night, and who consequently retires late, to have his first sleep broken by the card of some distinguished official handed to him about daybreak.' This strain upon his system told more perniciously than he was at the time conscious of. 'It was very difficult,' Dr. Watson says, 'to convince him that, for a man like him, labour in Scotland, with its cold and bracing atmosphere, was one thing, and labour in a tropical climate was another thing. He believed it on the whole; but unless the belief was impressed on his mind by physical pain or inconvenience, it

was inoperative; and he was apt to forget that he was in a region where exertion such as he was accustomed to at home would entail upon him consequences of a serious kind. The only instance in which he seemed to distrust the climate of India was in regard to his mode of living. He could both enjoy life and forego its enjoyments, as few men could, without a sense of loss; he could avail himself of the most boundless hospitality, and he could at the most sumptuous table fare like a hermit; and when, a day or two after his landing in Bombay, he was told by a physician that everything which was safe for him at home was not equally safe in India, he was perfectly unaffected by the news; and, so far as meat and drink were concerned, he walked strictly by medical rule. In all other respects he forgot his belief in the dangers of India: he spoke in public, he talked in private, he listened, he exerted body and brain from morning till night, he spent himself without grudging and without consideration. On one occasion he preached for about an hour while sailing down the Red Sea, and at the close of the service he was almost dead. His face was flushed, his head ached, his brain was confused; and when he retired to his cabin the utmost efforts were required to restore him. The warning was noted by him, and often remembered, but it was as often forgotten or neglected afterwards.

"I shall not attempt," Dr. Watson continues, 'to describe the interest which was felt amongst all classes in India in the speeches and sermons of Dr. Macleod. The visit of a man of much less note would have attracted some attention, and would have brought

together a very large proportion of the English-speaking population in every city which was visited. Moreover, the novelty of the visit, the first of its kind from Scotland, was sufficient to awaken the sympathies of Christians, and to excite the curiosity, if not a deeper feeling, amongst all the races and religions of India. His name had gone before him in every province. No efforts had been used to draw the notice of the world to his visit; the ordinary publication of a list of passengers by the next steamer, confirming a rumour that Dr. Macleod was on his way to India, was of itself enough. His arrival was looked forward to with eagerness, and, soon after his landing, invitations and inquiries from all parts of the country were sent in. Wherever he went he was received with kindness and cordiality; in many places with that deep respect and veneration which had grown up in the minds of those who had admired his works and had heard of his labours, and in many places he was welcomed with feelings of ardour rising to enthusiasm.

"The foremost men in India in civil and military and ecclesiastical posts were ready to do him honour and to aid him; in public and in private they testified for him their personal respect; and when they found him to be a man whose eyes were observant, whose sympathies were quick, whose large-heartedness was so comprehensive and whose humour was so genial and overpowering, it seemed as if all barriers were broken down, and as if they had known him personally all their lives. He gained access to persons and sources of information which, without any

wish to disoblige, would have been shut to most other men.

"Nothing indeed was lacking in the welcome which greeted him; and never did visitor appreciate kindness more. But withal he was not misled by these marks of flattery and good-feeling. He could distinguish between the genuine and the unreal: he knew well enough that whilst there were many who testified their zeal and good-will, many more had the future in view, and were careful to propitiate an author who was likely to command as wide a circle of readers as any writer in Great Britain. And, apart from this, he had set his heart on the special object which carried him to India; and all external attentions, all readiness to listen, all offers of hospitality or public respect, were regarded by him as helps to his work, and as opening up for him a surer path to that knowledge of Indian life and Indian affairs of which he was in search."

From his JOURNAL:—

CUILCHENNA, *July* 24, 1867.

"Dear place, with what genuine love and gratitude I write its name! I thought I was too old to love nature as I have done. What a time I have had, what glorious scenery, what fresh mornings, and, oh, what evenings! With smooth seas gleaming with the hues of a dove's neck; mountains with every shade which can at such times be produced; Glencoe in sunshine and in deepest crimson; Glengoar, with its sunbeams lighting up the hill sides with softest dreamy velvet hues; mountain masses of one dark hue clearly defined against the blue sky, and fading into grey over Duart. What cloud shadows, and what effects from pines, and cottages with grey smoke and lines of silver along the shore, and the masts of ships at anchor! Praise God for this glorious

world? the world made and adorned by Him who died on the cross. What a gospel of peace and good-will it ever is to me—not a prison but a palace—hung with pictures of glory, full of works of art, and all so pure and holy. Every bunch of green fern, every bit of burning heather, the birches, the pure streams, the everything, says, 'I love you—love me—and rejoice!' Sometimes I wept, and sometimes prayed, and enjoyed silent praise—I bless Thee for it!

"And then there was my dear family all together, and all so well, and the walks, the pic-nics to the hills, Glencoe, Glengoar, the fishing in the evening—all sunshine—all happiness—most wonderful for so many and all sinners, in this world of sin and discipline. It is of God our Father, and a type of what will be for ever.

"Forbid that this should hinder us and not rather help us to do our duty, severe duty, and to accept any trial. I feel this is a calm harbour in which I am refitting for a long voyage."

To J. M. Ludlow, Esq.:—

August, 1867.

"Yes, I go on the 5th of November on a great mission to India, not verily to Presbyterians only, but to see what the eye alone can see, and to verify or test what cannot be seen, but which I either question or believe anent missions in general and education.

'I have been in paradise with my family. The heavenly district is called in maps of earth, Lochaber. But what map could give all the glory in the world without, and the world within!

"It has been a blessed preparation for labour night and day. I had a mission sermon of good-will to man."

To Mrs. Macleod:—

Balmoral, *Friday, September 10th*, 1867.

"It was a glorious day; but rather a weary journey from Glasgow yesterday.

"This morning's telegram announced the death of Sir

Frederick Bruce suddenly at Boston. Lady Frances Baillie, his sister, is here. I have been with her and prayed with her. She accompanies me to Perth to-morrow. I feel very truly for her. Three such brothers, Lord Elgin, General Bruce, and Sir Frederick dying so suddenly! Mystery!

"I had a long and pleasant interview with the Queen. With my last breath I will uphold the excellence and nobleness of her character. It was really grand to hear her talk on moral courage, and on living for duty."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*August* 11, *Glasgow.*—I have long been convinced of the vast importance of sending a deputation to India, and my friends in the Committee know it. I never brought it formally before the Committee from an awkward, silly feeling of fear lest they should suppose it was a mere personal affair. I had, however, I believed, mentioned to friends in private that so convinced was I of its importance, that I was disposed to hazard the offer of my going at my own expense.

"How often did I ponder over India! It possessed me, but I held myself in. I determined not to lead but to follow. The Lord knows how often I asked His counsel.

"When the Sunday question came up, I gave up all thoughts of India. I felt then that I was tabooed. I would, indeed, have resigned the Convenership, except from the determination not to confess any sense of wrong doing which I did not feel. I learned but the other day that a meeting was called at the time to get me to resign; the vote was taken and carried against them. I thank God for the noble freedom of the Church, which could not only entertain the thought of sending me, but act upon it as they have done.

"After my report for the last Assembly was finished, a letter came from Calcutta, from our Corresponding Board, requesting the Convener to visit India.

"I called a meeting in Edinburgh of a few friends in the Committee, best fitted to advise me. They told

me I must lay an official document before the Committee. The meeting was called by the Moderator of Assembly, and I was absent. All I said was that this Assembly should decide one way or other, if I, a man fifty-six years of age, was even to consider the proposal. I telegraphed next day to Dr. Craik to print their deliverance, whatever it was, so that the Assembly might have it before them in a tangible form. It was printed accordingly, and I simply read it, excusing the fact of its not being in the report, from the request having come so late, and in this form taking me aback. The Assembly discussed the question, and were, strange to say, unanimous in granting the request, if the Presbytery of Glasgow agreed thereto, and if Funds were raised independent of the subscriptions for the Mission. Mr. Johnstone, of Greenock, nobly offered to guarantee £1,000 if I went, and so this barrier was removed!

"My physicians said Yes.

"My wife said Yes, if God so wills. My aged and blessed mother said Yes.

"My congregation? Well, I wrote dear James Campbell, my wise, cautious, loving, and dear friend and elder, and he read to my Session a letter written from Cuilchenna, which told the whole truth, and the Session said Yes. Could I say No? Could I believe in God, as a guide, and say No? It was difficult to say Yes. The wife and bairns made it difficult; but was I to be a coward, and every officer in the army to rebuke me? No! I said Yes, with a good conscience, a firm heart, after much prayer, and I dared not say No.

"No doubt all my personal feelings, the Mission question excepted, would keep me at home. I have seen so much of the world that I would not go to India for the mere purpose of visiting it as a traveller, should I see it in a month for nothing from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. I would not give a week in Rome, which I have never seen, for any time in India, were it close at hand.

"Apart from Missions, nothing could possibly induce me to run risks, encounter fatigue, and make such sacrifices in my fifty-sixth year.

"I cannot as Convener lay my hand on any one authentic and reliable book or report, enabling me to get a clear, firm, unhesitating grasp of the real state, difficulties, and requirements of our Missions.

"We are at this moment passing through a crisis in our Mission history both in India and at home. There are questions of increased salaries, according to the circumstances of each Mission station; the employment of home native teachers; the employment — its nature, place, pay, &c., of native ministers, with their future relationship to the Board, the local Presbytery, and the Committee; the formation of Corresponding Boards, and the clearing up of constantly recurring misunderstandings with them; the personal examination into the actual condition of each Mission station, and the encouraging of the missionaries; the obtaining accurate information through letters from the Home Government to the Indian Government, and from every leading Missionary Society labouring in India, that so, by confidential communications with representative men of all parties and creeds, we may estimate the actual state and prospects of Missions in India. Such is a faint outline of some of the objects of a deputation as far as India is concerned.

"As to the danger, it is nothing, for God is everywhere. As to family, He can take care of them; so can He of the dear congregation. But it seems to me,—and surely my Father will not let me be in darkness!—to be my duty, and so I go, in the name of God—Father, Son, and Spirit."

"*August* 20.—Dear Watson goes with me. Thank God, the way is clear.

"The one grand difficulty is the fact that I have not since the Sabbath controversy been much of a pastor. God knows I have not been spending my time selfishly. Every hour has been occupied for the public—that is, my small public—good. There has been no idleness. But I have not been able amidst my work to visit, and though I condemn myself by the confession, yet I will make it, that a chief, yea, the chief ground of ministerial usefulness, is the personal attachment of the people, and this is gained most by personal visitation. It is a righteous ground. I

am amazed at their patience and attachment to me! My only consolation is my heartfelt attachment to them—if they only knew how great it is!

"Come life or death, I believe that it is God's will. I ask no more. All results are known to Him. Enough if He in mercy reveals His will. To suspect myself deceived would be to shatter all my faith in God. Again I say I know not in what form He is to be glorified in or by us. All I know is, that I solemnly believe God says, 'It is my will that you go.'

"But when I think of probabilities, I would be overwhelmed unless I knew that I was not to be overanxious about the morrow, or about anything, but to rest on God for each day's guidance, strength, and blessing. The many I shall meet, the importance of all that is said or done, the responsibility of personal influence emanating from personal being; the sermons and addresses; the questions to be asked, and the judging of the replies to them; the patience, truth, and perseverance, judgment and temper needed; the redeeming, in short, of this magnificent talent when abused. How solemn the thought! And then the right use of it when I return—the labour and wisdom this implies—the results which depend on its use! How affecting! And I getting so old—little time left—and having so many difficulties from within and without! But the good Master knows all—and He is so good, so patient, so considerate, forbearing, strengthening, overruling! Amen.

"I have no legacy to leave in the form of wishes. I leave God to arrange all. For my family I have but one wish, that these dear ones—each a part of my being—should know God, and be delivered from evil. Rich or poor, well or ill, my one cry to God is, 'May they be Thine through faith in Jesus, and obedience to Thy holy commandments.'

"And God will provide for my dear people. Oh, how good they have been to me!"

To JAMES A. CAMPBELL, Esq. :—

"I think Young's view of sacrifice superficial in the extreme, and that in his desire to give prominence to personal righteousness as the grand end of Christ's work, in which I cordially sympathize, he leaves really no room for pardon as an act of mercy. But as I have not his work on the subject with me, and no space for writing, I won't indulge in criticism. The best book out of sight, I think, on this great question is Campbell's, my very dear friend. It has defects when brought to the severe test of exegesis, but is the best nevertheless.

"I quite agree with Mr. —— that it ought to be the aim of the legislation of every Church to make its dogmatic basis square more and more with the creed of the Church Catholic. A Church is catholic only when it is capable, as far as its creed is concerned, of embracing living Christendom, so that a member or minister righteously deposed from its communion should thereby be deposed as righteously from the whole Catholic Church.

"I think the Popish Church eminently sectarian, and the most remarkable union, or rather disunion of 'Catholics' I have ever seen was in the Holy Sepulchre, around the symbol of the grand fact which should unite all—Jesus the Resurrection and the Life.

"As to the question of the Sabbath, it never did nor could excite my enthusiasm. It is an outside question, interesting theologically as involving the higher question of the relation between the old and new dispensations, Judaism and Christianity. Practically, we are all one in wishing and blessing God for a day for social worship; and for enjoying, in its rest from servile labour, a blessed opportunity for deepening our spiritual rest with Christ in God. I protested against the base superstition attached to it, which in the long run would, as education and independent thought advanced, but weaken its basis and turn against it those who wished most to preserve it. I also protested, at the risk of my life, for more elbow-room for the clergy!

"How strange and sudden has been the revolution, that I, who two years ago was threatened with deposition, and

was made an offscouring by so many, am this year asked by the Assembly to be their representative in India! God's ways are verily not our ways!"

From Professor MAX MÜLLER:—

"I hope your visit to India will give a new impetus to the missionary work in India, by showing how much more has really been achieved than is commonly supposed. One cannot measure the success of a missionary by the number of converts he has made, and it does not seem to me likely that Christianity will, for some time to come, spread in India chiefly by means of direct conversions. Its influence, however, is felt everywhere, and even the formation of new religious societies apparently hostile to Christianity, like to the Brahma Somaj, is due indirectly to the preaching and teaching of Christian missionaries. From what I know of the Hindoos they seem to me riper for Christianity than any nation that ever accepted the gospel. It does not follow that the Christianity of India will be the Christianity of England; but that the new religion of India will embrace all the essential elements of Christianity I have no doubt, and that is surely something worth fighting for. If people had only to go to India and preach, and make hundreds and thousands of converts, why, who would not be a missionary then?"

From Sir ARTHUR HELPS:—

COUNCIL OFFICE, *October* 3, 1867.

"What on earth takes you to India? I do not think I ever flattered any man in my life, but I do say of you, that you are the greatest and most convincing preacher I ever heard. . . . . Now are we not wicked enough here? Is there not enough work for you to do here, but that you must go away from us to India? for it appears that you are going to that hot place, if I make out your bad handwriting rightly.

"I am really, without any nonsense, unhappy at your going. But surely you are coming back soon."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*October* 27, *Sunday.*—The last Sunday before I sail has come, and it is almost the ending of the most joyous and most blessed time I have had in all my life.

"The work during these two months has been heavy. I have attended eleven meetings of some importance, and preached eight sermons for other congregations than my own; have had eleven district meetings of my people, at each of which I have given a long lecture on India; had the happiness of shaking hands with those who attended; have taught a communicants' class for five nights; have examined each of forty communicants; have given the Communion at Mission Church, Barony, and Parkhead; have had sixty baptisms or so; have been at Balmoral; preached at Dundee; visited friends in Fife, Edinburgh, Helensburgh, and Shandon; have had two public dinners given me; have visited with my wife sixty families, and at least twenty others by myself; had India Mission and other meetings; and had a delightful lunch in my house of thirty of my dear brethren; have finished my sketch of my father's life; written a month for 'Home Preacher' (four sermons, and very many prayers), besides collects and prayers, which have finished the whole; have written 'Billy Buttons;' have written 'A Pastoral,' and circular for India Mission; have this week got two licentiates for the Mission Church, &c., &c.

"In short, every day till two, sometimes three, sometimes four A.M., has been so fully occupied that I hardly know how I have a brain at all, for the above is but an outline of work—innumerable interstices have to be filled up.

"But what a time of joy and thanksgiving it has been. Take this last week as a specimen.

"Thursday the Presbytery of Glasgow gave me a dinner, with Dr. Jamieson* in the chair. He spoke like a Christian and a gentleman, and the whole thing was dignified, Christian, catholic, and good.

* Dr. Jamieson had led the debate on the Sabbath question in opposition to the views of Dr. Macleod.

"Tuesday the *soirée* of two hundred and fifty workers in the congregation.

"Wednesday a dinner given me by about fifty friends —such friends—with my good and true friend Walter Smith representing the Free Kirk; the Bishop of Argyll, a truly free man, gentleman, and Christian, representing the Episcopal Church. Dr. Robson represented the U. P. Church; beloved John Macleod Campbell (the first public dinner he ever was at!) representing no Church. There was a troop of dear friends around me.

"Thursday was the Fast; and a prayer-meeting was held in the evening by the Presbytery as a Presbytery, that crammed the Barony; Dr. Jamieson giving an admirable address, and my friends Dr. Craik and Dr. Charteris led the devotions. What a glorious sight of godliness and brotherly love! How truly I thank God for this for the sake of the Presbytery and Church as well as for my own sake personally, and as one of a deputation to India.

"On Friday, the presentation of portraits of myself, my wife, and my mother, painted by Macnee; and a marble bust given by 400 of the working-classes to my wife, and a cabinet coming. God bless them!

"This day I had in the Barony some 1,150 communicants; in the Mission Church 243; at Parkhead 85; in all, 1,478. Among these were my darling mother, my wife, John Campbell, Mrs. Macnab, my sister Jane, aunts—all beloved ones.

"I preached on Joy in God, and giving of thanks. It was not written; no vestige of it remains. But it was a great joy verily, and perfect peace to preach it. I never had such a day!

"The Mission Church was crowded in the evening. I preached on 'I know in whom I have believed.' A glorious text! Dear friends, Mrs. Lockhart, the Crums, Mrs. Campbell, were there, and Peel Dennistoun (my own son), who joined in communion for the first time to-day.

"Again I say what a day of joy!

"And now I retire to rest, praising and blessing God. T. Θ. Δ. Amen and Amen.

"30*th.*—This is my last night at home. I have finished

my story of 'Billy Buttons'—how I know not! I hardly recollect an idea of it. To-day visited sick, and baptized, &c. I have had a happy party with me: my darling mother—so calm and nice, my aged aunts, my brothers and sisters—my children! What a blessed meeting, finished by prayer. I wrote thirty letters last night, after meeting of Session, from 11 till 4 A.M.

"Thank God I wrote with a full heart a most cordial letter to Dr. Duff, but it grieves my soul to hear that they open the 'Free Barony' to-morrow, the day I leave, and that Dr. Duff opens it! Nine hearers only left the Barony twenty-four years ago and joined the Free Church; on the Sunday question not one, yet they build a Free Barony! *Free!* In contrast with the old? In Doctrine? Discipline? Worship? What?

"God sees all, and He is better than us all.

"I have left everything in order. I believe I shall return safe. But oh! those I leave behind. I joy in God! I know He is with me, and will guide me, and make me, poor as I am, advance His kingdom. Amen!

"What more can I desire?

"I bless God for the manifold signs He has given me of His goodness. My Father, it is all between me and Thee.

"Father, I am Thy child; keep me as a child! Amen and Amen."

"31*st October*, 1 A.M.—P.S.—I must here record the pleasing fact that two engine-drivers from the Caledonian Railway called here to-day to express the wish of themselves and comrades that I would speak a good word to their brother engine-drivers in India! They were to send me the names of their friends abroad. This is very delightful and encouraging."

Before he left London a farewell dinner was given in his honour at Willis's Rooms, at which Dean Alford presided, and many friends, literary and clerical, were present.

The effects of the fatigue he had suffered during

the last few weeks told visibly on his health. When he started for Paris, his limbs and feet were much swollen, and continued so nearly all the time he was in India.

His impressions of India have been so fully narrated in his 'Peeps at the Far East' that only a few extracts from his letters are given here for biographical purposes:—

To Mrs. Macleod:—

"We are now running along the coast of Sicily. The day superb, a fresh summer breeze blowing after us, and every sail set, the blue waves curling their snowy heads; the white towns fringing the sea, the inland range of mountains shaded with the high clouds. No sickness; children even laughing. Nothing can be more exhilarating. I have been very well, though the limbs are as yet much about it. We have a very pleasant party on board. Such writing, reading, chatting, laughing, smoking, knitting, walking, lounging, eating and drinking on the part of the seventy passengers you never saw!

"I am getting crammed all day by a Parsee, a missionary, two editors, and a judge, and already know more than I knew before starting. Every hour brings a new acquaintance.

"Oh, that I knew that you were as I am! and my children. Had you only this blue sky and warm sun, and laughing sea! It is the ideal of a day. The sheep, and cocks and hens, and cow are all happy, and the boatswain whistling like a thrush.

"Tell me always about the congregation."

To the Same:—

The 'Rangoon' Steamer,
18*th November.*

"Preaching on board has been a difficult task. The pulpit was the capstan, and it was intensely ludicrous to

feel one's self embracing it with all one's might as the ship rolled to leeward.

"*Red Sea.*—I preached yesterday nearly an hour on deck, but had so to exert myself that I was quite exhausted. Old Indians ministered to me, and poured iced water over my head, and gave me some to drink with a little brandy in it, which quite restored me. But everything savours of heat. The sea water is hot. The crew are all Lascars or Chinamen. Punkas are kept going in the cabin, or it would be intolerable. But I just thaw on—laugh and joke, and feel quite happy.

"It was so odd to-day to see all the crew mustered—about fifty blacks in their gay turbans, like a long row of tulips, with half-a-dozen Chinamen with their little eyes, broad-brimmed hats, and wide trousers. They are most earnest at the wheel, and are the steersmen."

To the SAME :—

On the INDIAN OCEAN.

"We were immensely gratified by the address * which was presented to us by the captain and officers and all the passengers. It took us quite aback—its spontaneity, its heartiness. I send you a copy as published in the *Times of India*. The original I shall preserve as one of the most precious documents in my possession. I told the passengers that I was pleased with it, were it for no other reason than it would please my wife and mother, and congregation and friends at home. I preached to them with all my heart, on holding fast their confidence in Christ—and I felt the power of the gospel. It required all my strength to speak for forty-five minutes and the thermometer 85 deg., to about a hundred and sixty people, and to dominate over the engine and screw. But all heard me."

Letter from Dr. WATSON to Mrs. MACLEOD :—

On board the *Rangoon*, on the Indian Ocean.
Monday, November 25th, 1867.

"We are here in expectation of landing at Bombay to-morrow, and all in a bustle of preparation. The fountains

* See Appendix A.

of the great hold of the ship are opened, and a score of fellows, black, brown, copper-coloured, of all dark hues, from soot to pepper and salt, are lifting the luggage on deck, from one tier to another. Some passengers are eagerly peeping down, to watch when theirs shall appear; others, like your husband, are busily arranging their cabin, and gathering together cuffs, ties, caps, coats, hosen and hats, that have been tossing about for nearly a fortnight. Norman, you must understand, has a cabin to himself, and this arrangement has developed his admirable habits of order. 'Come here,' he sometimes said to me as we were steering down the Red Sea, or in this pleasanter Indian Ocean, 'come here and see my draper's shop,' and there it was, like a village draper's, with all manner of clothes hanging from the roof—here a shirt hung up by a button-hole, there a neckerchief tied by the corner, bags, books, papers, forced into unwilling company and appearing uneasy in the society into which they had fallen. There is a decent black hat with its sides meeting like a trampled tin pan. 'Man,' says he, by way of explanation, 'last night I felt something very pleasant at my feet. I put my feet on it and rested them—I was half asleep. How very kind, I thought, of the steward, to put in an extra air cushion, and when I looked in the morning it was my hat!' To-day, however, everything is magnified in character a hundred fold. I have just stepped into his cabin, and the draper's shop is like a dozen drapers' shops; a lumber-room before washing-day; a travelling merchant's stall on the morning of a country fair; a pawnbroker's establishment in the process of dismantling, will give you an idea of it. There is not an inch of the floor or the bed to be seen, all covered with boxes, and the contents of boxes. You look up to the ceiling but there is no ceiling. Never did a public washing green show such exquisite variety, and for two yards outside of the cabin door are open trunks waiting like patient camels to be loaded and filled. 'Steward,' I hear him say, 'did you see my red fez?' 'Is it a blue one?' is the counter inquiry. 'No!' roars Norman, 'it's a red one. If you see it, bring it, and if any fellow won't give it up, bring the head with it.' 'All right, sir,' replies the

obsequious steward. 'Any man,' I hear him say again, any man who tries to open a portmanteau when it won't open, or to shut it when it won't shut, for half an hour, and keeps his temper——' the rest of the sentence is drowned in the laughter of bystanders. Poor man, it is not for want of muscle and labour that these ill-conditioned portmanteaus misbehave.

"We have had a very prosperous voyage, and a very happy one. Long talks of our friends at home—now in merriment, and again pausing to let the corners of the eye right themselves—talks of what has been, and talks of what we expect to see and do."

To Mrs. Macleod :—

"I was awakened at three on Tuesday morning by our guns signalling for a pilot. Soon the whole vessel was alive with excited passengers, and sleep was gone. The sun was rising as I went on deck, and never in my life did I see anything more gorgeous than the golden clouds, the picturesque hills, the splendid bay, and the palm-trees everywhere.

"My eyes are closing with sleep.

"I am writing all alone under the verandah in Mr. Crum's house. The shades of evening are rapidly closing, 'for in one stride comes the dark,' and the weather is hot, and the crickets are chirping, and the musquitoes are buzzing, and the sultry air closes the eyes. I must sleep.

"The features which struck me most on landing, and when driving five miles or so to this, were crowds of naked men with thin lanky legs, some with huge earrings or huge red turbans, not a stitch on but a cloth round their loins, ugly miserable-looking creatures ; but the whole crowd, without the colour or picturesqueness of the East. They look black, ugly, poverty-stricken wretches ; the native huts, such as one would expect to see in the poorest villages in Africa: the streets confused rubbish, unfinished, a total absence of order or anything imposing, huggery-muggery everywhere The one good feature, until

I came to Malabar Hill, where we live, is the glorious masses of cocoa-trees and palms, here and there, with houses or huts nestling near them, and troops of naked bronze children running about.

"*December* 3, *Tuesday.*—We have had a great St. Andrew's dinner. Morning meeting of missionaries of all denominations. Dr. Wilson most kind. I preached on Sunday. Such a crowd. The governor, commander-in-chief, and a number of high-class natives were present. I never saw such a scene. Had a long meeting with the Corresponding Board yesterday.

* * * * * *

"*Colgaum.*—As we left the village to return at 8, the scene was very striking. The huge red moon was rising over the village, between us and the sky was the outline of the temples, with banyan and other trees. Shepherds were driving in flocks of sheep and goats, while in the centre of the picture was the group of white-robed Christians, pastors, elders, and people, with the missionaries from the great Western world.

"The night will soon pass!

"At eight we returned to the same place, accompanied by ——, who, like most Europeans, knows nothing almost of the American Mission or any other; and though seventeen years in the district, had never visited or examined into it, and would have no doubt told the people at home that they were doing nothing. He confessed his surprise at what he saw. There were thirty Christians and about seventy heathens present. Psalms were sung in Mahratti, and the tunes Mahratti also, the precentor being a pastor, who accompanied the air on a big guitar, held vertically like a bass fiddle. Then prayer, then an address on Transmigration of Souls. Then one by a famous native preacher, intellectual, calm, and eloquent, Ramechuna, on the only true religion which, he said, was in accordance with the character of God, the wants of men, and was revealed in Scripture. Among other evidences he mentioned the moral character of Christians, and appealed to the very heathen to judge as to the difference between the native Christians and the native heathen. I gave an address on

both occasions, which was translated, and so did Watson. They gave an address to us. The Moderator sent in his own hand-writing a letter after me, which I beg you to copy and keep as gold.

"I never spent a more delightful evening in my life! The Americans have six hundred members, seventy or eighty teachers, six native pastors, with excellent schools for Christian children only. Preaching is their forte.

". . . . It is one of the mysteries in this land to hear natives teach Christianity, who have been possessed of every argument in its favour, for years, but are as far from accepting it as ever. Their difficulties are not from immorality, for their lives are equal to the average of most professing, though not real, Christians at home. They are happy, on the whole, in their families, live all together, and are fond of their relations, and are sober, and, among each other, tolerably truthful and honest—and, on the whole, faithful servants, &c. Nor are their difficulties chiefly intellectual, though the Christianity which they oppose is often misapprehended—I fear, in some respects and in some cases, misrepresented—by missionaries with little culture. But their difficulties are social; they have not, as yet, the deep convictions and the moral strength to give up Caste. This would, in almost every case, imply the breaking up of their whole family life—parents, wife, children, and friends being separated from them as literally out-casts. But, nevertheless, I cannot comprehend the want of soul, the apparent want of a capacity to be possessed, overpowered, mastered by the truth. Many will fly round and round the light, but never see it. They will give the fullest account of Christianity, and say they disbelieve in all idolatry, yet every day perform at home their idolatrous rites—be almost ready for ordination, and take a whim to go as a pilgrim to the holy cities. Superstition and Fetisch live in them."

To the SAME:—

BOMBAY, *December* 1.

"It seems an age since I left home. I feel as if I were an old Indian, and had become familiar with heat and

heathenism. I have very been well. The swelling in my feet is as bad as ever; but I have no pain of any kind.

"As to our work here, everything has succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectation. We have seen much, heard much, and, I hope, learned much. We feel that we have done good.

"I communicated yesterday with the native congregation of the Free Church. About eighty communicants."

From a letter of SIR ALEXANDER GRANT to a friend at home:—

"I had a select party of educated natives to meet Dr. Macleod. He talks to them in a large, conciliatory, manly way, which is a perfect model of missionary style. I had the most charming talks with him, lasting always till 2 A.M., and his mixture of poetry, thought, tenderness, manly sense, and humour was to me perfectly delightful. I had no idea his soul was so great. His testimony about India will be most valuable, for he has such quickness of apprehension as well as largeness of view, and has had such wide previous experience of all European Churches and countries."

To Mrs. WATSON:—

BOMBAY, *November 29th*, 1867.

"If you are in the least degree inclined to pity your beloved absentee, to feel anxious about him, to imagine anything whatever wrong with him in soul, spirit, or body, or in his conduct to superiors, inferiors, or equals, I beg to assure you that all such thoughtful, spouselike cares are thrown away. He is, if anything, too much carried away by a sort of boyish enthusiasm for palm groves, and laughs too much at the naked wretches called Hindoos who crowd the streets. He is also very weak about his beard; it is growing so rapidly that it threatens to conceal his whole body, and to go beyond the skirts of his garments. All you can see in his face are a mouth, always laughing, and two black eyes, always twinkling. But for my constant gravity, he would ruin the deputation!

"Those who don't know him, as I do, are immensely taken with him!"

To his MOTHER :—

MADRAS, 23*rd December*, 1867.

"I have never forgotten this anniversary of the first break in our family.* It was a terrible time, but has passed away as such long ago, its memory associated with that of a saint in heaven, and many spiritual blessings to those who partook of the sorrow, and to myself especially. I have full faith that all my dear ones above sympathize with my work here."

To Mrs. MACLEOD :—

BANGALORE, *Last Sunday of* 1867.

"I have had a peaceful hour for devotion; and who but God can interpret my thoughts as on this day I recall all the way He has led me during those many years—thirty of which have been passed in the ministry—all ending in India, with the greatest and noblest work ever given me to do, a-doing! The whole review, with all its sin, its darkness, selfishness, vanity, the best hours how bad! and with all I have been, and have done, and have left undone, and all I am, with all the blessed God has been, and done, and is, and ever will be to me—all this finds expression in falling at the feet of my Father in adoration, wonder, and praise; seeing the glory of salvation by grace, of justification through faith in my God, of the magnificent suitableness to all my wants, to all which *ought* to be towards God, in what was done by my Head, Jesus Christ, for me, and what He is doing, and will perfect in me. I have had great peace and joy in pouring out my heart for His grace and guidance that our time and talents may be used for His glory; in confessing our sin as a missionary Church, and praying that He Himself would build up our Sion, and bless us by enabling us to take a part worthy of a Christian Church in advancing His kingdom in this grand but degraded land; in praying for you and all my darlings by name, that they may not be merely well instructed, polished heathen, but truly attached to God in faith and love, which through the Spirit are in Christ Jesus; and

* His brother James's death.

that you, my own self, may be strong in faith and kept in perfect peace; and for my beloved people, that they may be ministered to by the Spirit this day and every day. May the Lord reward you all—family and people—for your love to me and prayers for me! But to my Mission work!

"I wrote to you up to Friday, 27th. That was a busy day! Eight A.M., till ten, visited Dr. Patterson's medical mission and hospital; eleven, a meeting till one, with about thirteen native pastors of all the Churches, in the presence of the European missionaries. Rajahgopal and others spoke as well as I could. We asked, and got, information showing the great changes which have taken place in the native mind in regard to persecuting converts, &c. At half-past five we had a magnificent meeting in the great Memorial Hall, with the bishop in the chair. The Governor, Commander-in-Chief, present, and all the *élite* of Madras. I suggested the meeting, to tell on Madras and Home, and to *challenge contradiction on the spot* to the statements which each missionary gave of the history and condition of his mission. I spoke, and so did Watson. The Bishop is a most Christian man: his meekness makes him great. At eight, conference in our Institution; dinner at nine. Pretty hard day!

"*December* 31.—The last day of the year! It is impossible to write, I am weary of 'attentions'—people at breakfast, people at tiffin, people at dinner, people calling; then meetings, visiting of schools, &c., &c., so that I have not one second to myself. It is now two, and not a moment.

"We had about twelve yesterday here to breakfast—Wesleyans—one of whom came out the same year as Duff. We talked till one. Many of them did not seem acquainted with any difficulties. —— said, 'I go to a village, sit down, tell them they must live after death, and for ever be in hell or heaven, and then tell them how to get out of hell by Jesus Christ.' Calvinism, and Plymouthism, and indifference, seem to divide the Europeans. There are noble civilians, and bad ones; fine, manly missionaries, and weak ones. We require a broad, manly, earnest Christi-

anity, and not formal orthodoxy, weak 'Evangelicalism,' or sickly Plymouthism.

"We drove through the *Rettah*, or native town, with its crowded bazaars. The houses are low and the bazaars poor; yet many are very rich in it. Saw silk-weaving by the native loom. Saw the best female school I think to be found in India, taught by two truly noble women—so clever and energetic, such genuine ladies—the Misses Anstey. They have money of their own; their work is one of true love. What teaching! what influence! what power! The senior class of fifty girls; the junior, with two hundred or more. I could not puzzle the senior class on the Old Testament from Genesis to Samuel, nor on the New in the Gospels and Acts. All are Canarese; but my questions were interpreted. They do not yet profess Christianity, but never can these be idolaters; and whether they marry Christian husbands or heathen, they must exercise a leavening influence. My heart and eyes were full."

"*January* 1, 1868, *Bangalore.*—This is my first greeting for '68. Our plans are again changed, and instead of bringing in the year in the railway we are spending it calmly and quietly here. The fact is I took a disgust yesterday at travelling and work of every kind. We had intended to tour it very hard till Saturday, and to go over some hundreds of miles to see either Seringapatam or Tanjore. But because we had rested and did nothing yesterday we began to feel weary and to realise how we had been kept up by constant excitement, and that we required perfect quiet. So after our things were packed I took a fit of disgust at Idolatry, Missions, sight seeing and everything, and saw but one paradise—rest—and so we return to Madras, where we shall have little to do till we sail on the 9*th* for Calcutta. I am glad we did so, as we are enjoying this cool, or rather cold weather intensely, and doing nothing.

"We returned last night at 8, and here I am writing as well and hearty as ever I was in my life, actually enjoying the weather, so that I begged them at breakfast to stop the punkah, as it was making me sneeze. In fact, I

am getting too fond of India. Take care you get me home, as they are spoiling me fast. Actually asked to a ball at the Governor's ! !"

CALCUTTA, *Jan.* 23*rd*, 1868.

"My only touch of illness since I left has been this week. I had my old gout, which quite lamed me and compelled me to keep my bed since Tuesday, and so I missed a state dinner at Government House, at which many were invited to meet us. I was all right except the heel. But you know my love for a day in bed. I had twelve missionaries in conclave around me. Church Missionary, London, Baptist, Free and Established. So I was honoured while on my throne. One old missionary was the friend of Carey and Ward. While I keep my leg up I am quite well, and shall be as usual to-morrow. I never enjoyed better health and spirits ; but must take it more calmly. It is not away ! A public dinner is to be given us on Friday week. We leave for Gyah on the 3rd. Like a school-boy I say, 'The month after next I hope to leave India for home !'"

CALCUTTA, 31*st January.*

"One line to say we are well and hearty, very hard wrought indeed, having had much care ; but all things going on well.

"All parties strive to do us honour from the Governor and Bishop down to the Fakir. I have much to say."

From the *Friend of India*, Jan. 23rd, 1868 ;—

"The presence of Dr. Macleod has cheered many a worker and helped to enlighten many a doubter. More remarkable than his receptive powers, amounting to genius, which enables him to appreciate the merits of abstruse political questions ; more striking than his marvellous conversational gifts ; more impressive than his public speeches, have been his sermons. That is the perfection of art without art. Of his three sermons in Calcutta two were addressed to doubters, being devoted to a semi-philo-

sophical exposition of our Lord's Divinity and Atonement. He spoke as a man to men, not as a priest to beings of a lower order; he reasoned, as one who had himself felt the darkness, avowedly to help those who were still in the gloom. Affectation seems as foreign to the character as it is to the thought of this John Bright of the pulpit. The lesson taught to preachers by the crowds of high and low who flocked to hear him, was, as it seems to us, that truth and honesty, guided by faith and unconsciousness of self, and expressed in manly speech face to face, will restore to the pulpit a far higher function than the Press has taken from it."

His work in India reached its climax as well as its unexpected close in Calcutta. The reception there accorded to the Deputies was peculiarly hearty; but the fatigue and mental excitement produced by speeches, sermons, conferences, and addresses were excessive; and when, to mark the close of their three weeks' labour in the capital, a public dinner was given to them—the first which the Governor-General ever honoured with his presence—Dr. Macleod made a speech which proved the last he was to deliver in India. From Dr. Watson's account of the work gone through on that single day, it is not wonderful that, at midnight, he found himself prostrated with illness.

"In the morning he drove from the suburbs, where he was living, to a meeting in the city, where he spoke about half an hour. From that he went to the General Assembly's Institution, and took an active part in the examination which was held of the various classes: this over, the advanced students of the Free Church Institution assembled along with the students

who had just been examined; and in that great hall, which was full, and which accommodated about a thousand persons, he delivered a vigorous and stirring address, which lasted a full hour. When the proceedings came to a close, a large company were entertained to lunch by Dr. Ogilvie at his house, and then, of course, no one cared to hear anybody say a word except the guest of the day. When he reached home that afternoon, after a drive of five or six miles, he was in a state of sheer exhaustion; and though he was most nervous about the evening, he tried to snatch an hour of sleep; for he wished to do perfect justice to his work, and he felt that in one sense the work of his mission was to terminate with the dinner, which was arranged for eight o'clock that night, when every phase of English life in India would be represented from the Viceroy downwards.

"He had spoken often of his desire to give expression on this occasion to some of his strong convictions on the relation of India to England, or of Englishmen to India; and though he had had an opportunity at a large meeting previously, presided over by the Bishop of Calcutta, to speak on missionary affairs, he felt that the last occasion when he was to open his lips in public before he left Bengal, was one which necessitated a wider range of subject than any ecclesiastical topic, however interesting or important. His reception in the evening was most hearty. He rose with a heavy sense of what he was to say; and, as was often the case with him in his most earnest moments, he started with a few unpremeditated strokes of humour and homely words which touched

all hearts, and in a minute or two brought himself into *rapport* with the audience and the audience with him.

"Only on one occasion, when he delivered his last memorable speech in the General Assembly, a few weeks before his death, have I seen him so agitated and, to use a common expression, 'weighted' as he was then; and it was with a deep sense of relief that, towards midnight, he stretched out his feet and smoked his cigar before going to bed, having received the assurance, from those he relied on, that all his anxiety and care in regard to that last appearance in public in India had not been thrown away."

To Mrs. Macleod:—

Calcutta, *7th February.*

"On comparing this date with that on telegram you will be surprised at my being here, especially if you have read the *Friend of India* and learn that I have been 'prostrated by fatigue' you will be in delightful anxiety, and my mother will have food for alarm until I return home.

"Just after the telegram was off I was threatened with dysentery. So the doctors gave me forty grains of ipecacuanha in two doses in a few hours. This was on Wednesday. I at once said Amen, lay in bed, obeyed orders, and slept all day, read newspapers, &c., when awake, saw no one, and thoroughly enjoyed the blessed rest. The complaint was checked yesterday, and between the perfect rest and medicines I feel gout all gone, and except the weakness of being in bed, nearly perfectly well, very jolly and not the least dowie, though very thankful indeed that I am so well. To show you how sensible and good I am, I have allowed Watson go off alone to Gyah, the only really rough and rude drive on our route, and I remain here doing nothing, seeing nobody, in the full rollicking enjoyment of idleness, till Tuesday or Wednesday, I am even

now able to join him, but I take four days' holiday, though my not going to Gyah is a terrible loss and self-denial. This will prove to you what I always told you, that I would return direct home, if necessary, the moment any doctor said or believed I should do so. Are you satisfied? Don't you feel I am telling you the whole truth? Look at me! Don't I look honest?

"The fact is the back of the work is broken! It is, I may say, done, and well done, and all to come is plain sailing, so that if I did not go to Sealkote at all (but only went by rail to Delhi to see sights), I should feel a work was already accomplished far beyond my most sanguine expectations. It was not the work only, but the excitement that put me wrong. I never preached to such congregations. The admission was by ticket, and stairs and lobbies were crammed, and many went away.

"The Mission Meeting was a great event. Such was never before held in Calcutta, called by the Bishop, and attended by all denominations, and such an audience to welcome us.

"Then came on Saturday an evening meeting as great on City Missions. I was taken all aback. But it was a great success, and they tell me I have re-established an agency which was declining. The public dinner made me ashamed of having so much honour paid us, though it was given to us as deputies. The Viceroy had never gone to a public dinner in Calcutta, and to see such guests meet to do us honour and bid us farewell! It passed off splendidly!

"We have had many deeply interesting private meetings with missionaries—Zenana included, which I cannot dwell on; but one meeting I must mention. I addressed the lads attending our Institution, and at my request all the lads of the Free Church Institution, who understood English, came to hear me, and all the missionaries, as well as many of the ladies. They have met me with unbounded confidence. They are a nice lot of fellows. In one word, God has helped us, and helped us in a way that quite amazes and overpowers me. May He give me grace never to pervert those great tokens of His mercy to personal sectarian objects.

"The Bishop has been very kind, and Sir John Lawrence has acted like a brother to me; in fact, all have contrived how to please and oblige us."

CALCUTTA, *Saturday, February* 9.

"Since writing to you yesterday, what a change has taken place in all my plans! I intend leaving this for home on March 3, so that as you are reading this I am on the ocean going home. Are you not glad and thankful? I, on the whole, am. It happened thus: last night Dr. Charles said, 'if you had asked me, I should have forbid your going to Sealkote.' 'Hallo!' I said; 'asked you?' 'Take my word I shall ask you, and that most seriously, and no mistake.' So I insisted that he, Dr. Farquhar, my old friend, and Dr. Fayrer, Professor of Surgery, should meet here to-day, and give an official opinion. They have done so.* They don't object to my going along the railway as far as Delhi, especially as the climate is better there than here, but object to dâk travelling,—*i.e.* going in a cab and two horses as far as from Glasgow to London and back!—in my present state; and they object to my being later than the first week of March, as the climate might from present symptoms prove dangerous. I feel thoroughly well to-day, except weakish from so much medicine. I am quite lame again in the heel; but they laugh at that. Thank God the real work is done and well done! Had this come on one day sooner! As it is, I am full of gratitude for all that has been done, and bow my head for what I cannot accomplish. Dear Watson is thoroughly able to do it as well as I am, and since he is so well he will enjoy it as I would have done. Amen! Verily God's plans are not ours."

After a brief tour to Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, and Delhi, he sailed from Calcutta on the 25th February. Owing to the kindness of Sir John Lawrence, his voyage to Egypt was

* See Appendix B.

made peculiarly happy and comfortable. Lady Lawrence was returning to England with her daughter, and was to sail as far as Suez in the *Feroze*, an old man-of-war, then used for the service of the Governor-General, and Sir John, with a friendliness which was heartily appreciated, asked him, as a guest, to share the ease which the roomy accommodation of the yacht afforded. The perfect rest and comfort he thus enjoyed proved most helpful to his recovery.

To Mrs. Macleod:—

"I parted with William Craik, whose kindness, constant, considerate, unwearying, was that of a brother more than a friend. I cannot tell you all he and his wife were to me. The Governor-General came down to the *Feroze* in his tug, and talked with me for about two hours in the frankest manner, giving me an immense number of most interesting facts about his life and government in the Punjaub, the mutiny, Delhi, &c. I was greatly touched by his goodness, and I loved him the more when I saw him weeping as he parted for one year only from his wife and daughter. I cannot tell you what kindness I have received. Sir William Muir came on Monday morning, to see me; and Sir R. Temple came the night before I left, drove about with me, dined at Craik's alone with us, all the while giving me volumes of information."

The only adventure which occurred on his voyage to Suez was a harmless shipwreck some twenty miles from port, caused by the *Feroze* running on a sandbank, and having no worse consequences than the delay of waiting till a passing steamer took off the passengers. He was met by Mrs. Macleod at Alex-

andria, and they came home by Malta, Sicily, Naples, Rome, Civita Vecchia, and Marseilles. In spite of some benefit derived from the voyage, his strength was visibly broken, and his limbs betrayed increased liability to gout, accompanied by ever-recurring attacks of acute pain, which he called neuralgia, but which were really due to a more serious derangement of the system.

To Rev. Dr. WATSON:—

February, 1863.

"We got on board the steamer—an old, broad-decked, strong-built, and high-masted man-of-war, with a huge steam-engine, and able to go when we started six miles an hour. India soon vanished into a few palm-trees rising out of the water in the horizon; and as I thought of all we had seen and done, and not seen and left undone, it appeared a strange dream, and I could not say whether shame and confusion of face for my wretched work, or great thanksgiving to God for His tender mercy, were most in my mind. Perhaps both alternated. Anyhow, I thanked God with all my heart for His having given you as my companion, for all you were to me, for His giving you the honour of completing the work, and for the happy, happy hours we had together, unbroken by a single shadow to darken our sunshine.

". . . . We have had a summer sea every day since we left. Some days a glorious breeze, and all sail set; other days very hot. I have never felt vigorous on board, and fear, unless it is this hot damp climate, that I am in for gout and sciatica for life, and that I never shall be fit for as much work as before. But we shall see. I have prayers and exposition every day, and find it pleasant. Sunday services as usual. Had a capital day with the sailors last Sunday."

To Mrs. Macleod :—

"*Sunday, March 8th.*—A glorious day. I have preached on the quarter-deck, and at four I met all the sailors in the forecastle, and read to them 'The Old Lieutenant' for an hour and twenty minutes to their great delight. The sun is nearly set; it goes down like a shot about six, and no twilight. The sea is blue as indigo, and the white crisp curling waves add to its beauty. Two white birds, 'boatswains,' as Jack told me, 'with their tails as marling spikes,' are floating in the blue, hundreds of miles from land; thousands of flying-fish skim the water like swallows, each flying about sixty yards or so. All the sailors are in their Sunday best; the Lascars dressed in white with red caps on, squatted in a circle mending their clothes. The half-naked coolies and firemen lounging and sleeping, or eating curry and rice, making it up with their fingers into balls and chucking it into their mouths. Old Pervo, the steward, dressed in pure white calico and turban, is snoring on his back on a carpet spread near the funnel; and I in my hot cabin writing to those I love, and wondering if I am indeed to have the joy of seeing them again, blessing God for the health and perfect peace He is giving me, and in heart trying so to adjust the difference of Longitude (71°) as to follow the Sunday services of my beloved people. Such is our Sunday at sea outwardly.

"*Ceylon.*—The foliage! The glorious foliage! Every kind of tree, palm and chestnut; bread-fruit tree, with its large furrowed glittering leaves—with the huge dark fruit hanging by strings from the bark; the graceful bamboo, whose yellow branches remind one of old-fashioned beds and chairs or sticks; the plantain, with its large green leaves; down to the sensitive plant which creeps along the ditches, while beautifully coloured flowers and creepers colour the woods. I missed the flocks of paroquets and bright-coloured birds one sees in North India, but the woods resound with the jungle fowl, and birds with sweet notes. Sunrise from St. Nicolas tower was glorious. The sun rose like a ball of fire out of the sea to the right, and his horizontal rays, shooting across the island, separated the many ranges of low hills, and brought

out the higher hills to the north, up to Adam's Peak fifty miles off. All those hills are covered with forests of palm and every splendid tree. A light mist lay between each ridge, and a sleepy radiance of wondrous beauty over all. The smoke of comfortable cottages, which nestle in the woods, rose here and there in white wreaths, giving a sense of comfort and of home to the scene."

CHAPTER XXI.

1868.

HIS reception by the General Assembly, when he first entered it on his return from India, deeply touched him; the whole house greeted him with an enthusiastic outburst of welcome, which took him by surprise. On the afternoon of the same day he delivered, from a few notes, an address occupying two hours, in which he stated the chief results arrived at by the Deputation. The substance of this speech was carefully prepared for the Press during a period of leisure enforced on him by his medical adviser, and which was spent in the Highlands.*

From his JOURNAL:—

"*June 3rd, Cuilchenna.*—On my fifty-seventh birthday (entering my fifty-seventh birthday), and at Cuilchenna once more. I am silent. This is the first personal and private journal I have written since my last on the previous page, the night before I left for India. What months these have been to me! Is it all a dream—the voyage out with Watson and Lang, and the friendly passengers, Bombay and Poonah, and Colgaum and Karli,

* Those portions of his address which touch on the general question of missions are given in the Appendix B, to which the reader is referred for the results of his inquiries in India.

the voyage to Calicut, Madras, Bangalore, Vellore, Conjeveram, Calcutta, Patna, Allahabad, Benares, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, the *Feroze?*

"Then the remembrance of that meeting with my wife at Alexandria, and the good Cunliffes, and Cairo and its Oriental glories; the voyage to Malta, and St. Paul's Bay; then Sicily, Syracuse, Catania, railway to Messina, boat to Palermo, and the drive to Monreale; then the horrible *Carybdie* steamer to Naples; Naples and Madame Meuricoffer, and the Watsons, and Dr. Pincoffs, and Amalfi; Puteoli, Baiæ, and Rome! with Strahan and Signor Garofalini, and all the glories. Home by Civita Vecchia, Marseilles, Paris. God be praised—God be praised! What a time of joy and blessing!

"That night I returned was indescribable—so unreal, and yet so real. Never was there to me so dreamlike a thing as when dear friends, deacons, elders, and members of my church and working people met me at the railway, and shook me by the hand. Spectres could not have been more unreal. It seemed as if it could not be they, and that I was not myself, and home again. India seemed to follow me up till that moment, and Scotland did not seem real. The present was not as the past; and then the ever memorable supper in my own house, with my mother and aunts, and sisters and brothers, and children. What! was I at home? Was I alive? Had I returned? Perhaps the feeling of never returning to which I clung, somehow, as necessary for my peace, made the return the more strange and incomprehensible. I cannot describe the feeling. It was not excitement, but calm, dumb, dream-like wonder!

"And here I am, with a full moon shining over Glencoe, and all as still as the desert—health restored, and all spared!

"Oh my dear Father! how I thank and bless Thee, and record Thy goodness. But it is the old story of Love! T. O. Δ.

"I wish also to record the marvellous manner in which my people behaved in my absence. Everything went on better than before! Few things have helped more to bring about an answer to many a prayer, that I might be enabled

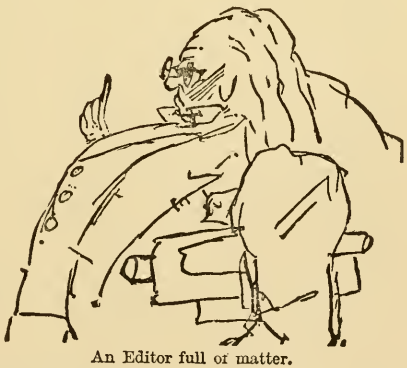
to love my people with something of that yearning, motherly feeling, as if to one's own children, which St. Paul had in such glorious perfection. I feel this strengthening of the chords between us as a great gift from God. Our separation has done us both good!"

To Miss Scott Moncreiff:—

"Many, many thanks for your *chit* (I have lost my native language). I have so much to say to you and to your Indian staff, that I must be silent till we meet. I have verily had a memorable time of it. God has blessed us and our work. I have been wounded in the grand campaign, and the doctors say that I must go to hospital for months to come, and that, to prevent evil, I must be idle, as my brain cannot stand constant demands on it. At fifty-seven I am not what I was, but I may do work yet if I get rest. It was wild work in India! Do you remember the Sunday controversy, and how I was an outcast from all good society? Fancy me last night, chairman by request at a Free Kirk missionary meeting, in a Free Kirk, with a Free Kirk lecturer, and only Free Kirk ministers around me, and receiving Free Kirk thanks! I may live to be a Free Kirk Moderator till the next time I am called to stand alone, and then—woe's me!"

To A. Strahan, Esq.:—

"Ideny the canon of criticism by which religious novels are condemned. It would exclude even Christ's teaching by parables, and would for ever preclude me or any minister from writing stories. 'I stan' on the head o' my fish an' wull maintain the flukes are fresh and gude,' as a Newhaven fish-wife said to me."



An Editor full of matter.

To his MOTHER, on his Birthday :—

June 3rd.

"I am quite safe in saying that I have written to you, say forty letters, on my birthday; and whatever was defective as to number in my letters was made up by your love. Now I begin to think the whole affair is getting stale to you. In short, you anticipate all I can say, am likely to say, or ought to say; and having done so, you begin to read and to laugh and cry time about, and to praise me to all my unfortunate brothers and sisters, until they detest me till June 4th. Don't you feel grateful I was born? Are you not thankful? I know you are, and no wonder. I need not enumerate all those well-known personal and domestic virtues which have often called forth your praises, except when you are beaten at backgammon. But there is another side of the question with which I have to do, and that is, whether I ought to be so very grateful to you for the event with which June 3rd, 1812, is associated. As I advance in life, this question becomes more interesting to me; and it seems due to the interests of truth and justice to state on this day, when I have had fifty-six years' experience of life in its most varied forms, that I am by no means satisfied with your conduct on that occasion, and that if you fairly consider it, I feel assured you will justify me in demanding from you the only reparation possible—an ample apology, and a solemn promise never to do the like again! You must acknowledge that you took a very great liberty with a man of my character and position, not to ask me whether I was disposed to enter upon a new and important state of existence; whether I should prefer winter or summer to begin the trial; or whether I should be a Scotchman, Irishman, or Englishman; or even whether I should be 'man or woman born;' each of these alternatives involving to me most important consequences. What a good John Bull I would have made! what a rattling, roaring Irishman! what a capital mother or wife! what a jolly abbess! But you doomed me to be born in a tenth-rate provincial town, half Scotch, half Highland, and sealed my doom as to sex and

country. Was that fair? Would you like me to have done that to you? Suppose through my fault you had been born a wild Spanish papist, what would you have said on your fifty-seventh birthday, with all your Protestant convictions? Not one Maxwell or Duntroon related to you! you yourself a nun called St. Agnese!—and all, forsooth, because I had willed that you should be born at Toledo on June 3rd, 1812! Think of it, mother, seriously, and say, have you done to me as you would have had me do to you?

"Then again, pray who is to blame for all I have suffered for fifty-six years? Who but you? This reply alone can be made to a thousand questions which press themselves on my memory, until the past seems a history of misery endured with angelic patience. Why, I might ask, for example, did I live for weeks on insipid 'lythings,' spending days and nights screaming, weeping, hiccoughing, with an old woman swathing and unswathing me, whose nature retires from such attentions? Why had I for years to learn to walk and speak, and amuse aunts and friends like a young parish fool, and wear frocks—fancy me in a frock now, addressing the Assembly!

and yet I had to wear them for years! Why have I suffered from mumps, hooping-cough, measles, scarlet fever, toothache, headache, lumbago, gout, sciatica, sore back, sore legs, sore sides, and other ailments; having probably sneezed several thousand times, and coughed as often since christened? Why? Because I was born! because you, and none but you, insisted I should be born! Why have I had to be tossed about on every sea and ocean, and kept in perpetual danger from icebergs, fogs, storms, shipwrecks? You did it! Why have I had my mind distracted, my brain worn, my heart broken, my nerves torn, my frame exhausted, my life tortured with preachings and preparations, speeches, lectures, motions, resolutions, programmes; with sessions, presbyteries, and assem-

blies; with all Churches, bond and free; with all countries from west to east, with good words and bad words; with Sunday questions and week-day questions; with all sorts of people, from Trembling Jock to the Queen; with friends and relations, Jews and Greeks, bond and free? Why all this, and a thousand times more, if not simply and solely because, forsooth, of your conduct on June 3rd, 1812? No wonder it is a solemn and sad day to you! No wonder you sigh, and—unless all good is out of you—weep, too. I was told my poor father, on the day I was born, hid himself in a hayrick from sheer anxiety. He had some idea of what was doing. But, dear soul! he always gave in to you, and it was in vain for either of us to speak. I am told I yelled very loud—I hope I did—I could do no more then; and I can do little more now than protest, as I do, against the whole arrangement.

"An American expressed to a friend of mine a great desire to visit Siam, as he understood its people were all twins! The thought makes me tremble. What if I had been born like the Siamese twins! Think of my twin brother and myself going as a deputy to India: in the same berth, speaking together at the same meeting, sick together at sea, or both suffering from gout, and you concerned and anxious about your poor dear boys! What, supposing my twin had married Mrs. ——?

"Mother dear, repent!

"One good quality remains: I can forgive, and I do forgive you this day, in pledge of which I send you my love, big as my body, yea without limit, as large a kiss as my beard and moustache will permit.

"This is a glorious Highland day! What delicious air! It blows and rains, and is as bitterly cold as the most ardent Celt could desire.

"The amusing prattle of eight children in the house,

craving for excitement, with nothing to do, is truly soothing, and acts as balm to my nervous system. The sail yesterday was charming, and the canal boat with a crammed cabin and heavy rain, was too delightful for a gouty world.

"Glencoe, if you could see it through this thick rain, is grand, and the rattling of the windows from the wind quite musical. I am trying to cure my gout by walking in wet grass, so keep your mind easy!"

To A. Strahan, Esq. :—

Friday.

"I send, for yourself only, the enclosed hints from ——. Now you know the real love that he has to us personally, and to *G. W.* I therefore value such hints, though I confess that I do not know to what he alludes. But to guard against the possibility of a single expression being printed by us which the weakest Christian could be pained by, I beseech you to let me see every MS. or proof before being printed off. I, as a minister, am more conversant than you can be with religious topics and the pulse of the religious world. Besides, as you also know, my chief delight in *Good Words* is its power of doing good. God knows this is more precious to me than all the gold and silver on earth could be."

To Miss Scott Moncreiff :—

"The past and the future seem to me to become every day more vivid, while the more immediate point is more confused and vanishing. The old home in Dalkeith Park is never empty, but always full to me with people who are always happy, and can never die. So are other houses of my friends. Thank God for memory and for hope! When these earthly houses are discovered by us at last to be empty, and all our thoughts about them dreams, then at the same moment we shall also discover that another home is inhabited by the same dear friends, and that our dreams cease only when we have awoke to and met with realities. My dear Norman has left us this morning to begin com-

mercial life in Liverpool. He, and two of his sisters, joined us on Tuesday at our winter communion, but as I entered his bed-room after he was gone it was very dream-like—'In deaths oft.'"

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Sunday, July* 19.—What are called innocent enjoyments, with much which makes up and adds to the happiness of life—poetry, painting, smiles, and laughter, the sallies of playful wit, or the quiet chuckle, the delightful emotions—half smiles, half tears,—created by humour, the family fun in summer evenings in the open air—all that kind of life which we enjoy and remember with such enjoyment (albeit mingled with sadness, not for what it was, but because it is not)—why is this not associated in our minds with saintship and holiness? Is it because those who are not holy possess it all? Yet this would only prove the liberality of God, and not the sinfulness of man—or any inconsistency in saints partaking of it. Is it that such happiness is sin? This cannot be. It would be a libel on all our instincts and feelings and the whole round of life as appointed by God. Is it that we have formed wrong ideas of saintship, and created, as in mediæval art, such notions as would make saintship impossible, or utterly *outré* and grotesque in the Exchange, or behind the counter, or on a Railway Board, or committee of Parliament? Yet it is in such places we need saints most. Or is it that we make such men as the apostles examples of what all men should be, and thence conclude that if so, the life I have alluded to must be wrong, earthly, and unworthy of men, as it could not be theirs? But, again, I look at the flowers Christ has made, and listen to His singing birds, whose bills, and throats, and instincts He has made, and con over all the gay and beautiful 'trifles' He has attended to as the Maker of the world, and which He called very good, and in which He has pleasure, and so the 'methodistical' view of life does not hold. But may not a life in harmony with this, in which the small flowers, and the small singing birds, and the perfumes, and the lights and shadows and sparkling

waves, shall hold their own with the great mountains and mighty oceans, and intellectual and moral harmonies among God's great beings, be the normal state of things, and be reproduced in the new heavens and the new earth? The sorrows and sadness of Christ and of men like St. Paul would thus be abnormal, conditioned by the evil of sin. They would be as the sadness of a family because of a death and burial, but which was not their natural condition. The world's greatest men, in God's sense, God's own elect ones, the kings and princes of humanity, are thus necessarily the greatest sufferers. It is given them to 'suffer with Christ' as the highest honour, for it is the honour and glory of seeing things as they are in the true and eternal light which no mere man can see and live. But such men must die and be buried in the grave of sorrow, crucified by the world's sin.

"Yet let this occasion of sorrow be taken away, and why might not a St. Paul be a child again, and chase butterflies, gather flowers, and shout with joy among the heather? It is a great gift to be able to be happy at all, and see, however dimly, into life and death. Those who imitate these holy men only in their sadness and sorrow, practise a vain guise, like a mask, and fancy the signs of grief or grief itself to be a virtue, and not a misfortune, and glorious only as a sign of an inner love—the light which casts the shadow. Those who seek happiness for its own sake and call it innocent, and think it lawful without the eternal good, are vain as larks who would live only for singing, and silly as flowers who see nothing in creation but their own colours, and perceive nothing but their own perfume.

"A mountain once rebuked a rivulet for always foaming and making a noise. The rivulet replied that the ocean often did the same. 'Yes,' said the mountain, 'but the ocean has its depths and calms: you have neither.'"

"SUBJECTS FOR SONNETS SUGGESTED IN MY WALK.

"*Cuilchenna, July* 21.—The scenes of peace and beauty in Nature, resulting from the great cataclysms of the past; paralleled by the peace in the world and in the soul from the anguish of suffering.

2.

"The force of gravitation overcoming the storm and waves in carrying tiny bubbles out into the ebb tide; paralleled by the power of faith in the unseen, in those otherwise weak, as a power striving against and conquering apparently irresistible opposition.

3.

"The light, reflected by clouds, climbing a mountain side, illustrative of a pure mind rising over mighty heights of thought, and revealing their beauties."

"I see a field, one half is tilled
And may give something to the baker;
With weeds the other half is filled,
Not worth a halfpenny per acre.

"I won't admit that field is good
Because some good things grow within it—
I say 'tis bad for human food,
And getting worse, too, every minute.

"The owner of it is so lazy,
Yet most contented and pretentious,
His sense of duty very hazy,
And yet so very conscientious.

"He says 'he likes' one half to till,
He 'likes' what gives him little trouble,
He likes to follow his own will,
He likes in short to quirk and quibble.

"And now as I have told my mind
About one-sided plough and harrow,
The lesson is,—I never find
Men very good and very narrow.

"One half their lazy minds they till,
The other half is always weedy;
They worship idols do their will,
Are often wicked—always seedy!"

To the Rev. Dr. WATSON:—

CUILCHENNA.

"It is very difficult for me to write at present, as a nervous headache sets in always in half an hour, so that it is impossible to write. It goes off ten minutes after I stop, so that I can get on by fits and starts only.

"You must come soon again. I am wearying to have a talk in Sanscrit.

"'He who talketh Sanscrit talketh like a man, but he who talketh never (like me) is dumb.'—*Hindoo Proverb.*

"'He who is choked can never be hanged.'—*Hindoo Proverb.*

"'Heartburnings cause sourness, and sourness is never sweet.'—*A Scotticism.*

"My head gets so sore when I try to write."

To the SAME:—

"If we could only get half-a-dozen truly able and enlightened Christian native preachers, they would soon settle a creed for themselves. When we get freedom at home as to the subscription of articles, we shall be better able to work freely in India. The chief difficulty in the way of advancing Christianity in India is, unquestionably, that almost all the missionaries represent a narrow, one-sided Christianity."

To Mrs. MACLEOD:—

GLASGOW, *Wednesday.*

"I think this fit of sciatica is past. I had a queer night of it, between pain and sleeplessness.

"I employed part of my idle time after midnight in arranging the drawing-room. You would have laughed at me, as I did. But I could find no rest with that horrid neuralgia. It is gone to-day."

Friday.

"I got sleep from seven to ten this morning, and I feel better than I have done for weeks. In short, after this I shall have a lease of good health.

"Kiss Cuilchenna for me.

"In the meantime, 'Good-night!'"

To Mr. Simpson, of Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, Publishers:—

Cuilchenna, *August* 24.

"I send you the last and concluding pages of my MS. The fact seems to me incredible, but it is true. I breathe more freely. My soul could transmigrate into 8vo., and lie for ages in a minister's library, unread and uncut like his own volume of sermons. Open the parcel, gently and reverently; 'there is a spirit in the leaves,' but one which your devils alone can comprehend. By the way, it may strike you that I say nothing against the devil-worship, so common among the aborigines of India. The fact is that I respect it more than any other form of heathenism. Its origin is literary. I have no doubt whatever that the original printers of the Vedas had some shocking MS. of Ram, or Krishnu, or Dasaratha, or Ikshwaku, or Vishnu, to print, and they manifested such genius in deciphering it, such patience in printing it, such meekness in correcting it, that they became objects of worship. The 'Devil Dance' evidently originated in the joy witnessed among the printers when the MS. of the Ramayana or Mahabharat was finally printed. I respect therefore all these types of the devils who lived in the days of Noah. They may have been the 'regular bricks' of Babylon, with their printed sides.

"The great Sanscrit scholar, Dr. Muir, must know all about it. Was the corrector of the press originally the corrector of morals?"

To the SAME:—

"I should like to see final proof of that address.

"'To fight the battle of Waterloo,' remarked the Duke, with whom I humbly but firmly compare myself, 'was nothing. But to reply to letters, criticisms, &c., upon it, that was the work of real pain and difficulty.'

"The Duke, I feel, was right; but what was his work to mine?

"He got Water *loo.** I'll get water hot."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Cuilchenna, Sept.* 1.—This day ends my rest since I returned from India. I cannot tell what these months have been to me of quiet repose, of health almost restored, of blessed family life.

"I have not been idle, in the sense of doing nothing but amusing myself. I have hardly been a Sunday without preaching somewhere; once on the green, four times at Ballachulish, twice at Kilmallie, and once at Fort William. Above all I began and finished here my 'Address on Missions,' which has occupied more of my thoughts, and given me more trouble than anything I ever did. I have also written a chapter on 'Peeps at the Far East,' and a preface on the 'Characteristics of Highland Scenery,' for a Book of Photographs illustrative of the Queen's book, with some songs, and letters innumerable, besides preaching twice at home and attending all the meetings of the India Mission Committee.

"And then we had our evening readings from Shakespear, or some other worthy book, and delightful croquet, and such evenings at fishing! never to be forgotten for their surpassing glory; and two happy visits from dear Watson, one of them with Clark of Gyah. It has been a heavenly time, for which with heart, soul, and strength I thank God.

"India, how dreamlike!"

* *Anglice*, lukewarm.

"We need not build memorial cairns,
Ah no, my wife, I cannot do it;
For should we do so with the bairns,
Some day, my love, we're sure to rue it.

"If each dear hand lays down the stone
With love to all around to guide it,
Oh, who of us could come alone
In after years, and stand beside it?

"There's not a spot around this place,
There's not a mountain, glen, or river,
But shall recall each dear one's face,
And memories that perish never.

"On every hill-top we might raise
A 'holy rood,' though I would rather
We gave upon it daily praise
To Him who is indeed our Father.

"This time of joy in this dear place,
This Sabbath rest—to Him we owe it,
And not the least gift of His grace
That both of us have learned to know it."

"A word about politics. As to the Irish Establishment, I am on this point out and out for Gladstone. A nation must choose its own Church, and for all such practical purposes Ireland is as much an individuality as India. No idea can be right which practically is so offensive to common sense and to *fair play* as the Irish Establishment. Had the rest of Britain been Roman Catholic, how should we Presbyterians have liked the Establishment of a Roman Catholic Church in Scotland, with two millions of Presbyterians and one million of Roman Catholics? We drove out the Episcopal Protestant Church when it was out of harmony with the mind of the nation. To square the Protestant Establishment with Protestants won't do. It is an offence as a privileged Church to those subjects who do not believe in its teaching, and to whom it is no Church at all. If the Church of Scotland is in the same condition, which I deny, let it go. Justice must be done. The age of selfish monopolies of every kind is gone. Let it go. Christianity

implies a giving all we can, a sharing all possible good with others. To fear Romanism! I am ashamed. Having ceased long ago to fear the devil, I can be frightened by nothing more. No evil need be feared, so long as good is loved. All evil is doomed; God is on the side of truth alone.

"All true politics should be in the line of making all the good possessed by the nation or in the nation, as much as possible a common good. No institution can be righteously defended unless it can be proved to benefit the country more than its destruction could do."

To Rev. Dr. Watson:—

Cuilchenna, *September*, 1868.

"There is nothing I believe more firmly than that what is needed is that a man seek to know, believe, and act out the truth as he best can; and I rejoice in the thought that thus the great stones which build up the mighty Temple are cemented by thin layers, unseen by human eye, of ten thousand times ten thousand unknown but great, because humble, men and women.

"My highest ambition ought to be, and in a feeble sense is, to be a humble man, which I am not. Although, being not so, I would not like you to agree with me! I hope, however, by the grace of God, to be able at last to creep into a doorkeeper's place in the house of God, or to be among the lowest guests in the lowest room. 'It will wonder me,' as the Germans say, should it be so in the end."

To Mrs. Macleod:—

Abergeldie, *September* 14, 1868.

"I am much the better for this trip. The air is cold and bracing. No strangers. All most kind. The Duke of Edinburgh is here.

"I preached happily. The Prince spoke to me about preaching only twenty minutes. I told him I was a Thomas à Becket, and would resist the interference of the State, and that neither he nor any of the party had anything better to do than hear me. So I preached for

forty-seven minutes, and they were kind enough to say they wished it had been longer.

"The Prince's whole views as to his duty to Scotland and Ireland as well as England, were very high. He spoke most kindly and wisely of Ireland, and seems determined to run all risks (as he did) to do his duty to her."

From his JOURNAL:—

"The Moderatorship has been offered me by the Old Moderators, and I at first, by word and letter, out and out refused it. I did so chiefly on the ground of my desire for freedom in the expression of my personal opinions, without involving the Church as its representative, and as also a writer of whims, crotchets, songs and stories, and the editor of *Good Words*. But it was strongly represented to me by old Moderators that I ought and must accept—that it was a duty to accept, which is a very different thing from a mere compliment. Well, they know all about me, and the worst about me, and if, knowing this, they like to take me, it is their own look out. I was free to accept it, which I latterly did, feeling very much the generosity of the Church in so acting to me. I feel that I won't betray them, as I have no object but the good of my dear Church, and, if possible, my still dearer country."

"*Nov.* 24.—My family left Cuilchenna at the end of September. I was obliged to leave sooner, and felt as stiff and gouty at the end as the beginning."

CHAPTER XXII.

MODERATORSHIP AND PATRONAGE.

1869—70.

HIS unanimous election by the General Assembly of 1869 to the dignity of Moderator gave him no ordinary satisfaction. The event was gratifying in itself; but it was specially valued as a token of the liberality of the Church, which could bestow such an honour on one who had so recently fought for freedom at the risk of losing his ministerial position, and was highly appreciated as a mark of confidence in his personal loyalty and attachment to the Church.

From his JOURNAL:—

"*April 8th.*—It is a deep working out of love to say or do from true love that which may cause the object of love to manifest hate to us and yet to love him in spite of his hate.

"How wonderful is the love which can discern and accept of the love of God revealed in and by deepest suffering, and which rejoices in the love in spite of the suffering! 'He took the cup' and 'took the bread,' symbols of a broken body and shed blood, and 'gave *thanks!*'

"Love is the only way along which the whole world may reach greatness. The proud despise it as too common

and vulgar. They prefer to reach it by way of genius or talent.

". . . See clearly what you wish. Sincerely desire that others should see it also and seek it. Help to bring them into this mind by perfect truth and candour, patience, meekness, respect and tender consideration for their feelings and their prejudices. Never despair, and believing in God and His good-will to man, be sure that the right will come right.

"Deal with others as God deals with you, and all will be done with truth and charity and patience. Want of candour and want of confidence in our fellow-men hinder and weaken us.

"I believe we would always gain right ends sooner, whether political or ecclesiastical, if we openly declared what we wanted, and made no mystery of it. Wrong alone fears the light. 'Policy,' in most cases, if not in all, belongs to the devil and darkness. It creates the very suspicions which it endeavours to conquer."

To A. Strahan, Esq. :—

Shandon.

"I have come here for a quiet day's work. I send you a morsel to keep your printer's devils going. I shall send as much more to-morrow."

The Old Guard.

From his JOURNAL:—

"*May* 18*th, Tuesday.*—I record my gratitude to God for the quiet and comparatively unbroken fortnight I have had, and the measure of good health also given me, and the peace of mind to prepare my long address for the Assembly. I go to-morrow to reach the highest point in my public life. My mother, dear one! wife and nine children, aunts, brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces, and troops of friends to be with me. What a height of mercy! Oh, may this be a talent used lovingly, humbly, and unselfishly for His glory! Such is my earnest desire."

In giving the customary address at the close of the Assembly, he took the opportunity of uttering his convictions on several important matters of ecclesiastical policy. Among other points he noticed certain characteristics of the age of which he thought account should be taken by the Church.

"1.—The age in which we live is one of searching inquiry in regard to truth. We do not complain of this; for however perverted the spirit may sometimes become, and however much it may manifest mere discontent with things as they are, yet the spirit itself in its essence is good, and should be hailed by all who love the true and the right for their own sakes, be the consequences to themselves what they may.

"2.—Another characteristic of our time may be described as a jealousy of all monopolies, of all privileges which would secure good to the few, at the expense, directly or indirectly, of the many. And this is being applied to existing Church Establishments. Treaties of union, Acts of Parliament, and the like, however invaluable they may be, even as means of securing time for discussion, or as affording the strongest possible grounds for a patient and considerate policy, must ultimately yield to the prime question of political justice as decided by a national jury. The country will determine, wisely or un-

wisely, what it deems best, not for this or that class, this or that denomination, but for the general good. And I might add, that establishments of religion are henceforth likely to be dealt with, not according to an imperial policy which recognises the unity of the State, but with reference to the wants and expressed wishes of each separate nationality, so to speak, whether of Scotland, England, or Ireland, in which they respectively exist. On this principle the Church of Ireland has been dealt with, not as an Establishment connected with the Church of England, far less as connected with the Establishment of Scotland, but merely with reference to its suitableness for Ireland, as determined by its past history, present position, and future prospects. And thus, too, must the Churches of Scotland and England in the long-run be tried, each on its own merits, each according to its adaptation to the religious wants of the country in which it exists. Now this is a principle of which national Churches should not complain, inasmuch as their power and efficiency are inseparable from the fact of their being acceptable to the nation as a whole. If by any fault of theirs they lose the confidence of the nation, or fail to recover it after a fair trial, their continuance is more than imperilled, seeing that they exist for the nation, and not the nation for them."

"For myself," he said, in reference to the question of Subscription, "I confess that I do not see how the Church of Christ, or any section of it, as a society professedly founded on the teaching of Christ and His apostles, and having a history since the day of Pentecost, can exist without a creed expressed or administered in some form or other. As far as I know, the Church has always had some test for the doctrinal beliefs of its teachers and members, or for their beliefs of the historic facts of the New Testament which constitute the basis of objective Christianity.* Moreover, the theory held by us, as an Established Church, implies that the State ought to know what are the doctrines professed by the Church which it proposes to establish.

* John ii. 10, 11; 1 John iv. 1; 2 Peter ii. 1; 1 Cor. xv. 8.

Hence those doctrines when mutually agreed upon, become the law at once of the Church and of the State.

"What therefore in these circumstances can be done by our National Church? Shall we, for example, compel every minister under pain of dismissal, or of incurring charges of dishonesty, to accept every statement, every alleged fact, every argument for doctrine, and deduction from doctrine, and proof of doctrine to be found in the Confession? Is this what the Church really means before God when it uses the formula? And do we practically make no distinction between those things on which Christians, the most learned and the most holy, may and do differ in all Evangelical churches, and those doctrines on which, as a whole, all are at one? Possibly we may obtain honest agreement in minute details, but I fear it will only be on the part of the very few, of the very ignorant, thus necessarily creating the dead unity of a churchyard, rather than the living unity of a Church, and fostering a faith like that of Romanists, which rests practically upon mere Church authority. It appears to me that the quantity or quality of any confession to those who thus receive it, is of no more importance than the quantity or quality of food is to a man who only carries it, but does not eat it. But on the other hand is it possible without running still greater risks for a Church to give official permission to any office-bearer to make this distinction between Essentials and Non-Essentials? Then where is the line to be drawn? And what value would there be in this case in any Confession at all? Might not the most dangerous and Anti-Christian opinions be preached in our pulpits, and the result be that to include sceptics we practically exclude true believers? It is much easier for some to sneer at creeds altogether, and for others to raise a cry of horror as if God's Word was attacked when a doubt regarding them is expressed, than for both parties to carry the burthen of fair and candid men, seriously considering the difficulty and suggesting such a solution of it as may satisfy our sense of truth in regard to ourselves, and our sense of justice and charity towards others.

"And now let me ask with unfeigned humility and with

a full sense of the difficulties which I have indicated, whether a practical solution, if not a logical one, may not, on the one hand, be found in common sense and spiritual tact and Christian honour on the part of those who, with doubts and difficulties, desire to enter or to remain in the Church, and that from no selfish motive; and, on the other hand, by the exercise of those same gifts and graces towards such individuals on the part of the Church? The minister can thus easily determine for himself how far he honestly agrees with the teaching and doctrine of the Church, or cordially accepts it as that which has been recognised as constituting the essentials of Christianity by the whole Catholic Church from the days of the Apostles; while the Church, retaining her power to exercise discipline in every case of departure from the Confession, may also exercise due caution, charity, and forbearance."

The Dean of Westminster, who was present at several meetings of the General Assembly, afterwards addressed the following letter to Dr. Macleod as Moderator:—

From DEAN STANLEY:—

DEANERY, WESTMINSTER.

"MY DEAR MODERATOR,

"I was obliged to leave in such haste on Friday, as to have had no time to thank you for the great kindness of the past week.

"It was a sincere grief and disappointment to me not to be able to be present to-day to hear your address, and to-morrow to assist at your dinner. Nothing but the call of imperative engagements here would have prevented it.

"Meanwhile I have had the very great pleasure and profit of having become acquainted, by personal intercourse, with your famous Assembly, and with the established organ of the Church of Scotland.

"I cannot bring myself to believe that an institution so represented is doomed to fall, or that the Scottish people

will consent to the overthrow of a body which gives such pledges of dignity and progress to the whole country.

"If at your dinner you should think it worth while to refer to this humble expression of regard from a Presbyter of the sister Church, pray consider yourself at liberty to do so.

"Yours sincerely,

"A. P. STANLEY."

From his JOURNAL:—

AIRD'S BAY HOUSE, *2nd August*, 1869.

"The Moderatorship was a time of great peace of heart. There was no *contretemps* of any kind. The house was very full, and every one was kind. Dean Stanley attended our Assembly, and visited the Free Church one also. He lived in the same hotel as we did. My address, which occupied two hours, was delivered to a crowded house, and was kindly accepted. It has since been published.

"After the Assembly, on the following Sunday I went to Balmoral; and at the end of June went with the Anti-Patronage Committee to London. The Scotch Members gave us a dinner. Had an interview with Gladstone, accompanied by twenty-seven M.P.'s. It was my own decided opinion that we should go to Government to do away with Patronage. If they refused to aid us, they could not accuse us of want of sympathy with the country; and if they aided us, they could not destroy us. They could not well order new clothes for a man, and then kill him.

"Some think that Gladstone, in his interview as reported, wished that in the memorial which he suggested, we should discuss the question of sharing endowments with other Presbyterian Churches. No one, at the time, as far as I know, believed this. Had I done so, although warned by several influential Members of Parliament not to discuss anything at that interview, and also feeling the extreme difficulty of my position as representing the Church, accompanied by a deputation with so many M.P.'s of different sentiments, yet I would have refused, without consent of the Church, to entertain and discuss the

question of Disestablishment, when we were commissioned to consider Patronage only. But a leader in the *Daily Review* made me think that this meaning might be given to the words, and possibly truly, so I protested in a speech given in Glasgow, at my brother's induction dinner to Park Church, against what seemed to me the insulting idea of asking us to entertain such a question, although the Church might do it. This called forth an abusive article." *

Ecclesiastical policy was never congenial to him, and it is doubtful how far he was fitted to be in this sphere the leader of a party. He had strong convictions as to the principles by which a national Church should be guided, and drew a line, clear enough to his own mind, between the generous comprehension which he advocated, and the latitudinarianism which would override the limits of catholic belief. But he had neither patience nor taste for diplomacy, nor for the *finesse* required to 'manage' a party. His special calling, in the circumstances in which the Church had been placed since 1843, had respect to her life and practical work; and he felt that in proportion as he helped to make her better he would also make her stronger. But,

* Considerable difference of opinion prevailed as to the exact words used by Mr. Gladstone, but that Dr. Macleod had quite apprehended their purport, may be gathered from the following letter, written by Mr. Gladstone's Secretary to the Rev. Mr. Dykes, of Ayr:—

"Mr. Gladstone has no report by him of his conversation with the deputation that waited on him in the summer, and is unable, without that assistance, to make any positive assertion on the subject; but according to his best recollection, he gave no opinion of his own on the proposal of the deputation, but inquired if it had been considered what view was or would be taken of the proposal by the other Presbyterian communions in Scotland, and what effect its adoption would have on the relation between those communions (regard being had to their origin) and the Established Church."

although he was not an ecclesiastical politician, he acquired an influence in the councils of the Church, and, what was still more important, an influence beyond her pale which was perhaps wider and more vital than that of any or all the leaders of parties.*

On this subject Dean Stanley wrote:—

"He was the chief ecclesiastic of the Scottish Church. No other man during the last thirty years in all spiritual ministrations so nearly filled the place of Chalmers; no other man has occupied so high and important a position in guiding the ecclesiastical movements of his country since the death of Robertson, we might almost say, since the death of Carstares . . . . Macleod represented Scottish Protestantism more than any other single man. Under and around him men would gather who would gather round no one else. When he spoke it was felt to be the voice, the best voice of Scotland."

It was fortunate, therefore, for the movement for the Abolition of Patronage, that when it first took definite shape, the Church was represented by one whose antecedents gave him claims to attention in professing to speak on grounds of public rather than sectarian policy.

His own views on the question of Patronage were sufficiently defined. He never for a moment imagined that it was contrary to Scripture; and, as actually exercised in the Church, he deemed there might be many advantages as well as disadvantages connected with its continuance. It was, however, on grounds

* I am reminded, that since the Disruption there have been no *parties* in the Church. This may be true in a technical sense, but practically, each Assembly has been divided on special questions; and these divisions have usually been determined by a general policy.

of Christian expediency, and in view of the relation of the Church to the country, that he now supported its abolition. Even as early as 1843 he had foreseen the necessity of moving in this direction, and in his closing address as Moderator of the General Assembly he strongly urged the motives by which the national Church ought, in his opinion, to be actuated.

"By a national Church, I mean one whose clergy are secured a decent support out of certain funds set apart by the State for their use; a Church whose doctrines have been accepted by the State, as those which are henceforth to characterise the teaching of its ministers, and whose government and discipline are in their several outlines defined, recognised, and protected by law. Such an organization exists, not for the sake of the clergy, but for the sake of the country. The people do not thus belong to the Church, but the Church to the people. Our stipends are not given for our own sake, but for theirs. The Church is their property, and all her ministrations are established for their advantage. If this be so, then a national Church can never, without forfeiting its true position, regard what are called its own interests as being in any way independent of the interests of the country, but rather as subordinate to them.

"A Christian body, self-supported, whose members are united by a mere voluntary agreement, may exist for itself only, and teach as it pleases, being answerable alone to conscience and to God. Not so a Church which has had conferred upon it the privileges and consequent responsibilities of an Establishment. Every question which comes before such a Church for decision must be judged of with reference to the general interests of the nation. According to this principle, the views and wishes of Churches dissenting from our communion, on grounds which it may be possible for us to remove, and the beliefs even of those of our fellow countrymen who reject all Churches, demand from us earnest and anxious consideration. The office-

bearers of the national Church are trustees of a property which is theirs only in so far as they regard it as a common boon, which all citizens are entitled to share. How many of our divisions might have been prevented, had all parties, acting on this principle, carried in common the burden of the Church, and endeavoured to make her claims harmonious at once with the righteous demands of the State and of the country! How much might yet be done if we would pass over all the narrow space bounded by Church party into the wider space limited only by Christian patriotism! We are thus bound, as far as is consistent with our existence as a Christian Church, to include within it as many, and to exclude from it as few as possible, of our countrymen. And in order, I repeat, to do this, we should weigh their conscientious convictions whether as to government, forms of worship, or doctrines of minor importance, in the light of that true Christian charity, which is at once the highest form of freedom and of restraint."

His anxiety was, if possible, to rebuild the Church on a foundation sufficiently wide to include the Presbyterianism of Scotland. He did not, however, delude himself with the hope of any corporate union immediately taking place with the Free Church and United Presbyterians, in consequence of the abolition of Patronage. He knew too well their historical antecedents, understood too well the spirit which years of antagonism had created, and had weighed too carefully other practical difficulties to expect any such happy consummation. In reference to this he used to quote from 'Christabel' these lines—

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
* * * * * *

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

But he certainly dared to hope that, after time had exercised its healing influence, these Churches would be thankful for the preservation of the national endowments for religion, and appreciate the attempt now made to open the doors of the Establishment as wide as possible to all Presbyterian bodies. In these endowments he saw the only sufficient security for the existence of a well paid and well educated ministry for the nation. All he had seen and learned of Voluntaryism in America, and all he had known of its working in this country, had convinced him that, when existing alone, it was not only insufficient for the proper support of the Church in poor districts, but involved in its very nature elements of danger to the tone, independence, and liberty of the clergy.* It seemed to him therefore a betrayal of the interests of Christianity in Scotland, where the people were practically at one in their beliefs, to throw away the patrimony of the Church for the sake of a party triumph. He was therefore determined, as far as in him lay, to conserve the Church for patriotic ends, and, with this view, was anxious to bring her government as much

* See his Speech on Patronage in the Assembly of 1870.

as possible into harmony with the lawful wishes, and even the prejudices of the people.

"We must endeavour to build up a Church, national but not sectarian, most tolerant, but not indifferent—a Church with liberty but not licence, endowed but not covetous, and which, because national, should extend her sympathy, her charity, if need be her protection, to other Churches, and to every man who, by word or deed, tries to advance the good of our beloved country."*

Some months after the deputation had waited on Mr. Gladstone, he wrote to the Duke of Argyll in the following terms :—

29th March, 1870.

"No man realises more fully or intensely than I do the difficulties which surround us on every side in attempting to preserve the Church as an Established Church, or even to secure for Presbyterianism the ecclesiastical funds of the country. We cannot remain in our present position and receive an attack, for our doing so would provoke an attack, and justly too, as that would not be acting a worthy part. We cannot retract after the vote for movement in regard to Patronage. We must advance, stronger in numbers, in activity, in talent and influence, than during any previous period subsequent to '43 ; and stronger still I humbly hope in an unselfish desire, as becomes a national Church, to seek the good of the country. And for this end we ought to be willing to share as far as practicable the advantages or the prestige of the Establishment, or at the worst, its endowments, with all who will receive them. I advance therefore to make honourable terms, not with 'the enemy,' or mutineers, but with those regiments who have left us, formed themselves into a Free Corps, and have weakened in so many ways the army which should be united against the common foe. Our attempt is not hopeless ! No attempt can be so which, before God, seeks

* Speech in Assembly, 1870.

to do good. A higher blessing in some form must come than if no such attempt is made. I have faith in God. All will depend on the spirit which may actuate the Churches.

"The removal of Patronage I am aware is but one step, and not the greatest. But I fancy that if it could be enacted that induction should take place 'according to the laws of the Church,' leaving liberty to regulate from time to time the laws regarding the election, that the difficulty of 'spiritual independence' would be practically solved.

"The Free Church could not, without denying her principles and history, refuse at least to consider the question in the gravest manner, and the responsibility of refusal would be laid on her. A considerable party in that Church, and in the whole north of Scotland, which has declared against union with the Voluntaries, and mourns over the 'sad defection' of Candlish, Guthrie, and Buchanan, would gladly entertain the idea. The United Presbyterians, who in their political eagerness to join the Free Church, consented to let *the principle* of Establishment be 'an open question,' could hardly make its practice (a mere £ *s. d.* affair) be a ground for rupture, and thus, if there was an Endowed Free Church in friendly co-operation—in unity, if not union—with those tender consciences which 'cannot touch the coined money,' we should have reform, in harmony with our past history, and not Revolution.

"In spite of all that Voluntary Churches have done, never were endowments, in addition to free gifts, more needed, if we are to have, beyond the towns, clergy who can hold their own among a cultivated and educated laity.

"There is a great fear on the part of some of our Broad Churchmen, lest an immigration of barbarian races into the Establishment should extinguish all the freedom and break up the Church by a series of massacres, or force other and counter migrations to Independent or Episcopal Churches. They tell me I should be the first man to be shot! But I do not fear this. Indeed, I begin to fear much more lest liberty should degenerate into licence:

anyhow, I have confidence in truth, time, and public opinion.

"I write to you without reserve. I believe in your good-will to the Church, your love to your country. 'Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this!'"

To Dr. CHARTERIS:—

"There would be, on the one hand, great danger to fair and honest freedom by union at present with the Free Church. We should be terribly tried by a Demon of Dogma, wandering in dry places, and no real man daring to pass that way. Even John Calvin would be strangled. Hymns! Organs! Simpler Creed! Simpler formula! Pfui! All gone, and the Church would soon follow.

"I see no chance of any legislation by which their idea of spiritual independence can be made possible. Do you? And if possible, desirable. Do you?

"But, on the other hand, I hold an endowed Church, according to all experience, to be almost essential to our possessing men of culture, and such are a great gift from God. We may do without them, but we shall do immensely better with them, and this leads to union, for the strengthening of the Church.

"And again, bad as high and dry, tight-laced, hard straight-line orthodoxy is, there is something inconceivably worse, and that is cold, heartless, breathless, speculative unbelief. If I fear the Presbyterian Church of Scotland being frozen by orthodoxy into fixed and dead forms as respects thought, I fear a million times more her ministers and people being frozen into eternal lumps of ice.

"Lastly, if our Church in Scotland is to do the utmost possible work as a Church for Scotland, it must be by method, by the saving of waste power, whether of men or money, and by gaining more moral and spiritual power by means of fewer temptations to malice, envy, pride, selfish ambition, &c., and by affording greater inducements and opportunities to cultivate common sympathies and common

affections in praying, preaching, and working together in advancing our Lord's kingdom. All this points to union."

From his JOURNAL :—

AIRD'S BAY, LOCH ETIVE, 1869.

"At the end of June, I went with Watson and Strahan to Berlin. I fixed the missionaries to the Aborigines of India. We left Glasgow on Tuesday, and I was back on the next Friday week. I had a most uncomfortable journey, and was very wearied. I returned by Hamburg; since that I have been here."

To CANON KINGSLEY :—

AIRD'S BAY HOUSE, *July* 24, 1869.

"Your note about Captain A— came when I was occupying the Chair of the General Assembly. After that I had to go to Balmoral; then London; then Berlin; all on public business. Now I am trying to rest beneath the shadow of Cruachan, and to pump out the letters which have nearly drowned me.

"What a glorious country this is! I think Loch Etive the finest loch in the Highlands. It worms its way like Olaf Tryggveson's snake-boat far up among silent hills for thirty miles, with branching glens going nowhere, here and there a hut like a boulder, ending with the shepherds of Etive Glen.

"It is worth coming all this way to row up the Loch, for there is no road on either side, and its shores are unpolluted. No Murray knoweth them. The trail of the old clans has not been obliterated by foot of civilised man. An old seal raised his head and wondered if I was going to join Prince Charlie. The sheep stare at me. The hills seem to dress themselves in their best robes and colours to receive strangers.

"Well, Benares and Bunawe, Lucknow and Lorne are queer contrasts!

"What a glory before me is that Cruachan! For a week after arriving I was so fagged and out of sorts that Nature touched me only on the outside. My soul seemed Nature

proof. It begins now to receive some of its beauty; and next to the Bible I find Nature the holiest teacher.

"It is fortunate for me that you will be unable to read this."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*20th August*, 1869.—I leave in an hour for Inverie, Mr. Baird's place in the north.

"I have had a wonderful time of happiness with all my dear children, all so well and joyous; one of those many times of heaven's sunshine on earth we have had together, but which cannot, in the transition period of education by trial, be repeated often.

"I preached every Sunday, except the one I was in Glasgow. I have written two 'Peeps'—Madras and Calcutta; also a long article in *Record* on the Aborigines, and at least 200 letters. We have had little trips—on Loch Awe and Loch Etive—once with dear Shairp.

"I have been made Dean of the Thistle."

His former assistant and minister of his Mission Church, the Rev. Mr. Young, of Ellon, gives the following reminiscence of an evening spent at Aird's Bay:—

"The Doctor had retired early in the day into a quiet room for work, but as the day wore on, and he heard us at croquet, he left his letters and India Mission work and joined us for a while. He likes this game, for it brings him into the open air and the society of his children, and so enthusiastic does he get that he affects even to lose his temper as the play goes against his side. It was, however, only a brief interlude of relaxation, for he was soon at his writing again, and scarcely emerged till late in the evening. We had gathered in the drawing-room, and the music had just commenced, when a tap on the window outside summoned me to join him. He is tired after his day's work, and sits smoking under a tree. The solemn calm

and beauty of the landscape, seen in the fast-fading light, have suggested a multitude of profound thoughts which he wishes to communicate. I sit almost speechless, for he discourses most marvellously about God's mercies and their varied effects on the grateful and ungrateful. There is a nervous eloquence in his words, and although it is very dark, I know that his whole frame heaves with emotion, as he pictures the hard struggle which the Christian has in acquiescing in the divine will when that will requires the surrender of some choice blessing. This leads to a touching autobiographical sketch, in which he tells of the deep waters he had some years before passed through during the time Mrs. Macleod was in fever. I never was so impressed as by that conversation. The sacred quiet of the late evening, the earnest pathos of the speaker, and the thrilling nature of the theme powerfully affected me. When he ended we wiped the tears from our eyes, and joined the family in the drawing-room, and enjoyed music and singing the rest of the evening."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*December* 31*st*, 1869.—In a few hours the century will have lived its threescore and ten years! I question if since time began, with the exception of three or four great eras, such as the calling of Abraham, the Exodus, the Birth of Christ, the Reformation, the invention of printing, or it may be, the breaking up of the Roman Empire, the birth of Mahomet, or of Buddah—such an influential period has existed. The invention of the steam-engine, the discovery of gas, telegraph, chloroform ; with the freedom of slaves, the British acquisition of India, the opening up of the world to the gospel, the translations of the Scriptures, will make it for ever memorable.

"It has been a happy year to myself, and some events in it have been to me interesting personally.

"I have collected some thousands for Retiring Allowance Fund : addressed very many meetings on Missions ; founded and collected for Aborigines Mission ; got free site

for new Mission Church at Bluevale ; aided in arranging plan for ten new churches. Written eleven articles for *Good Words.*

"*January,* 1870.—We had our old gathering on the first of the year at Shandon. My beloved mother, alive and hearty, at the head of our table! Such mercies are awful! And very rare it is in a man of fifty-eight to have such a mother—so grand and good, so full of love and sympathy—almost painful from its intensity—to be one with him from his infancy!

". . . . God Almighty, imbue us all with Thy charity! The longer I live the less do I desire to judge any man. There is no one but God can decide as to any man's character. This is a product of so many causes—temperament, the society into which he has been cast, intellectual capacity, the teaching he has received, whether from the books he has read, the clergy—perhaps bigots, ignorant men, superstitious dogmatists, mere talkers—he has heard, and a thousand circumstances—that we dare not condemn the man, though from the light God has given us we may say, 'to me this is right or wrong.' Many a so-called 'infidel' is nearer the kingdom of God than many an 'orthodox' minister. Many an unbeliever is a protest against those who in honest ignorance have, in the name of God, spoken what is untrue. What we all need is a child-like spirit to trust God, to hear God, to believe that there is a God who loves us, Who desires our individual well-being, Who can and will teach us, and lead us into all essential truth, such truth as will make us His children in teachableness and obedience.

"The clergy have often done great damage to the truth. They have sought more to fit in what has been proposed as truth to them, to a system of theology given them in the Divinity Hall, than to see it in the light of God himself.

"It is an awful thought that some men cannot bring God's own revealed truth into the light of reason and conscience. I have such profound faith in revealed truth *to* us as to rejoice that it shall be tried by what God has revealed *in* us. I would tremble for any truth that could be main-

tained by nothing more than by the authority of the letter, by an 'it is written.' Jesus used this argument; but it was to the Devil, who had no spiritual eye to see. So may we address his disciples, and leave them to think of it. Yes, and it answers to what is written in the soul, conscience, hopes, sorrows, joys, and expectations of humanity. I almost adore the Bible. The more I read it, without almost any thought of questions of inspiration, but simply as a record of fact, of precept and principle, of judgment and of mercy, of God's acts and 'ways' (*i.e.* the principles of his acts), all culminating in Christ, as a revelation of what God is to man, and what man was created to be to God, the more my whole moral being responds to it, as being a revelation of God. The authority of the Bible is to me supreme, because it 'commands' my reason and conscience. I feel it is from God. It was once otherwise with me. It is so no more; and the older I get, the more my spirit says amen to it.

"I feel a great difference from looking at revealed truth, not as it dovetails into a system of theology, but as it appears in the light of God, as revealed in Christ. A divine instinct seems to assure me 'this is true,' 'it is like God,' 'it is in harmony with all I know of Him.'

"I believe all our churches are breaking up. We have almost settled the questions of mere dogmatics. Calvinism, Arminianism, and all the *isms* connected with men have done their work in educating the Church. Rome tries by the force of numbers centred in Papal infallibility in regard to dogma, to hold the Church together. Protestantism is, in another form, trying to create unity by restraints that are also external. But what we crave for is the union of life, 'Christ in us,' which alone can convince the world that a new supernatural power has really entered humanity, a power which alone can produce in us a new character, and make us partakers of the divine nature. I think we shall be all *smashed* as respects churches and systems, and this, as a negative preparation for the second coming of Christ—not an objective coming, but one through the Spirit, as Christ in us, the whole life of Christ, uniting

all who know Him, as the one hope of glory. May Thy kingdom come!

"The power of mere traditional views of so-called Christianity is to me utterly astounding. I heard an excellent young man preach last night. He logically carried out the assumption that our Lord endured the very punishment our sins deserved. Hence, he said, the damned in hell alone could understand His sufferings! Yet such monstrous—shall I call it blasphemy?—never struck him. God forgive us clergy, who have made men infidels by all the 'hard speeches' we have in our ignorance uttered against Thee.

"The Lord reigns! Let the earth be glad! Our hope is in Him who 'is able,'—who else can?—to give us light and life.

"My life is not what I would have chosen. I often yearn and long for quiet, for reading, and for thought. It seems to me to be a very paradise, to be able to read, think, pray, go deep into things, gather the glorious riches of intellectual culture, rise into the empyrean of abstract truth, write thoughtful and careful sermons, grasp at the great principles of wise statesmanship, master all the historical details necessary as data for future reference, &c., &c.

"God has forbidden it in His providence. I must spend hours in receiving people (not of my congregation) who wish to speak to me about all sorts of trifles; to reply to letters about nothing; to engage on public work on everything; to waste my life on what seems uncongenial, vanishing, temporary, waste. Yet God knows me better than I know myself. He knows my gifts and powers, my failings, and my weaknesses, what I can do and not do. So I desire to be led, and not to lead; to follow Him; and I am quite sure that He has thus enabled me to do a great deal more, in ways which seem to me almost a waste of life, in advancing His kingdom than I could have done in any other way—I am sure of that. Intellectually I am weak. In scholarship nothing. In a thousand things a baby. He knows this, and so he has led me and greatly blessed me, who am nobody, to be of some use to my Church and fellow men. How kind, how good, how compassionate, art Thou, O God!

"Oh, my Father! keep me humble. Help me to have respect towards my fellow-men—to recognise their several gifts as from Thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, envy, or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts and talents; and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself, if Thou art glorified! Root out all weak vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God, hear my prayer! Grant me the wondrous joy of humility, which is seeing Thee as All in All!

"*January* 17.—That which does not commend itself to the conscience of the Church, *i.e.*, the true Church of men who reverence God, who seek Him, desire to do His will, and peril all in knowing Him, is not to be received. God Himself challenges the response of the enlightened conscience—'Judge between me and my vineyard.'

"I thank God that He, not man's absurd arguments, can touch sinners and bring them to Himself.

"How often are men right in the thing, and wrong in the argument. How often right in the argument, and wrong in the thing! All-merciful, wise God, have mercy on us and teach us!"

To Rev. W. F. Stevenson :—

February, 1870.

"I returned at the end of last week from England, where my wife and I spent ten days very happily. We visited, with our kind friends the Lumsdens, Oxford, Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon, and, aided by a carriage and two horses, had a splendid day with the hounds, and followed them from the meet to the death. The clergy are too much Jacob all over, and might be improved by a little of Esau. What a fine man could be made out of them both—better than either!

"I have too much on hand. I begin another new church for my poor people. But I am now as firmly convinced as Müller or you are, that whatever work God gives us to do will be done and finished, if done to Him and by Him! So I shall build my church—get £10,000 for my Retiring Fund, establish my Aborigines Mission, get fit

men and money for home and abroad, and also become myself a better man—though last not least!

"I wish I had a long talk with you on public affairs. All is preparing, by bad as well as good, for the coming of Christ in us—to reign on earth."

He resumed once more the fatiguing labour of addressing Presbyteries and public meetings in different parts of the country on behalf of the India Mission; and while he was grateful for the personal kindness he always experienced and the expressions of increased interest on the part of clergy and laity with which these meetings were generally concluded, he had yet to deplore the absence of permanent results. The movement which was inaugurated, the resolutions that were heartily carried where he was present, were too frequently forgotten a few weeks afterwards. He was also not a little annoyed by the readiness with which many excellent ministers assumed an attitude of suspicion towards the Mission, lest it should be conducted on too 'broad' principles.

"This India Mission," he writes, "our only mission to the heathen, is on its trial. The deputation to India was but a prelude to the more difficult work of seeking to give life to this great, stolid, dull mass of clergy and people."

"I solemnly declare," he writes again to a respected brother clergyman who was standing aloof, "that except I am better supported by the clergy I will give it up. I have neither time nor heart for it. Last night, lame with gout, I addressed two thousand five hundred people in Perth. I have now been for four hours doing nothing but writing letters connected with another meeting—and this is but a drop in my bucket—and in the midst of this constant worry of mind to have cold water or lukewarm water thrown over me! The fire burns in my bones for a mission and a

Church at the point of perishing. In God's name I will fight my gun till I die—but you must come into the battery."

From his JOURNAL :—

"Our India mission has never been so strong in point of agency since '43. But will the Church respond? The Lord knows! My terror is that she will not; and then God will in judgment take away that which has been given! How fearful! God's ministers to be the obstructions to missions! God's ministers to be the last! 'Then cometh the end!'

"May the Lord avert it! It is almost inconceivable into what a hard, formal state, even ministers may come! A sort of Protestant Pugi;* a Romanism of mere 'sound words'—forms; no life, no longing or yearning to win souls to Christ; no faith, but a conceited philosophism, a *puppyism* of would-be philosophical or evangelical cant, or an unbelief, whose one end is cultivating popularity with farmers and parishioners.

"As to farmers, I was visiting to-day a working man's family from the country. What an account they gave me of the family life so often found in our Scotch farms! The indifference of the masters, the consequent ignorance, brutality, and moral filth of the servants—the atrocious selfishness of the whole thing! I have the poorest possible opinion of the morality, the common decency that is too frequently observed on the farms of Scotland. As Dr. Chalmers said of —— so I may say of a mass of our agriculturists—they are a set of 'galvanised *Divots*.'†

". . . There is a great talk about education. Well, I would prefer what is foolishly called 'secular education' (as if all truth was not from God, and therefore according to His will) to none. But why not religious instruction, if 'religious education' is too glorious a thing to aspire after? Surely the facts of the Bible, what it records and says (whatever value individuals may attach

* 'Pugi' is the Indian name for ritual.

† 'Divot' is an expressive Scotch word for a turf—sod.

to them), should be given to our children? I think that the facts of Mohammedanism and even Brahminism, as well as those of Greek and Roman mythology, should be given to the citizens of a great nation which rules millions believing in both. How much more the facts of the Bible! As for the Shorter Catechism, I would not wish it taught in schools, or any catechism or abstract dogmatic teaching. Give me the alleged facts! I shall then have the skeletons which I can through the Spirit quicken into a great army!

"The ignorance of some critics on Scripture is wonderful! There is just as much bigotry, narrowness, and fanaticism in sceptics as in Christians. I have often marvelled at the ignorance of writers against the Bible in regard to facts, or as to what enlightened theologians have written.

"I don't believe one *fact* narrated in Scripture will be found, in the end, adverse to, but in profound harmony with science, reason, conscience, history, and common sense.

"Narrow-minded theologians have been the greatest enemies to the gospel. They are sincere, pious, devoted, but often conceited, self-willed, and ignorant, making their shibboleths inspiration. Pious women, good souls, have also played into the hands of infidels, and done them much service.

"Ignorant missionaries of the revival and extreme Calvinistic school have been great barriers in the way of the gospel in India.

"Why is it that 'liberal' Churchmen don't work? Why don't they take up missions, tract and other societies? They leave these to many old wives. The good and wise men among the 'Evangelicals' would be thankful for their aid."

"*March* 11*th.*—I have been astounded by a most influential member of the Church saying to me, 'What is it to me whether Christ worked miracles or rose from the dead! We have got the right idea of God through Him. It is enough, *that* can never perish!' And this truth is like a flower which has grown from a dunghill of lies and myths! Good Lord, deliver me from such conclusions! If the battle has come, let it; but before God I will fight

it with those only, be they few or many, who believe in a risen, living Saviour.

"This revelation of the influence of surface criticism has thrown me back immensely upon all who hold fast by an objective revelation. Nothing can possibly move me from Jesus Christ the living Saviour, the Divine Saviour, the Atoning Saviour, whatever be the philosophy of that atonement. I fear, yet fear not, a great battle with all forms of Antichrist."

"*April* 6.—If the Church of Scotland will relax her formula, improve her worship, by using a liturgy as well as extempore prayer, prescribe a regular course of Scripture lessons for reading in Church, have good music and organs if need be, no patronage, a more careful superintendence of men, as was done by the old superintendents, establish a Central Sustentation Fund to support and stimulate Home Mission work—then we may be stronger than ever. We must be the Church of evangelical freedom and progress.

". . . . If the sorrows of Christ were the necessary result of His relationship to God and man, must they not continue? Why not, but in a form consistent with and modified by His present glorified and triumphant state?

"Our heaven is not a selfish one. It is sympathy with Christ. A part of its glory may be noble suffering such as a wise and good man would prefer inconceivably to the spiritual self-indulgence of golden harps and enjoyment.

"Then cometh the end! When? But until then—what? What of the wicked? What of their education beyond the grave? What of the mission of the Church to them? May not our Foreign Mission last in the next world? What if tremendous self-sacrifice will be demanded of the Church to save the wicked, in every case where that is morally possible, and the death of Christ for sinners be repeated in principle?

"O blessed God! How beautiful is that blue sky seen through my small study window! What glory in Thy clouds? What calm and peace above this world of battle and of blood!

"We are made for society. God has implanted the

social instinct in us, but the only bond of society is unselfishness."

From Sir Arthur Helps:—

Council Office, 1870.

"You are a very foolish man in one thing; and, as a sincere friend, it is my duty to tell you so. I have noticed this error in you more than once. You are by nature, and you cannot help yourself, however much you may try to fork Mrs. Nature out, an eloquent man in talk as in speaking.

"The good talk of others excites you, and you heartily respond to it.

"People never like you better than when you do so respond. And then, afterwards, you have qualms of conscience and worry yourself by saying, 'Was I not too tempestuous?'

"No, you were not; you were never more agreeable. I must, as a true friend, drive this silly notion out of your head.

"For example, the other day that clever Saturday reviewer who sat next to me was your most dire opponent. He fired arrows into you, sharp arrows. You went on, never minding. With the arrows sticking in your breast, you went on thundering at him, and being perfectly unconscious of the adherent shafts.

"Now that reviewer went away with me, and he expressed the most affectionate admiration for you.

"I declare to you, that vehement as you are (and I love your vehemence), I never heard you say a discourteous thing to your opponent whether he were present or absent, and the latter is by far the greater merit.

"Never again talk to me about repentance in this matter. Sometimes I think you are too merciful to your opponents."

To Principal Shairp:—

April 23rd, 1870.

"Matthew Arnold is good, but I do not think that the inspiration, in any honest sense, of the Apostles is to be set aside and their testimony as to fact and dogma to be

criticised as one would a lecture of Jowett's or a volume of Rénan. He jumps also too rapidly from the position of not seeing a statement as true to that of rejecting it as if untrue, rather than to wait for light. I see also a tendency to deal with a spiritual machinery of motive, law, conscience, will, to the exclusion of a living personal God, just as men are doing with machinery of law in the natural world. But I did not mean to write an article. I believe the Bible from Genesis to Revelation will be recognised more and more as a revelation chosen and approved of by God, as the best possible, just as true science increases in breadth, unity, and depth. I despise and abhor that self-indulgence of whim, and measuring everything by the agreeable. I'd rather sweep chimneys and be a man, than a king and be a spoon."

To Mrs. Macleod:—

Balmoral, *May*, 1870.

"Yesterday was a day of battle and of triumph and no mistake for my friends the evil 'speerits.' Through the ignorance of that wretched 'Boots' I was kept hanging about the Perth platform from 12 noon-day, till 11.45 P.M. Think of it if you can, sleeping, walking, yawning, smoking, groaning, smiling and abusing! A train leaves Aberdeen at 3 A.M. while the Queen is here. I got it. Messenger's carriage full, of course. Had to hire another. Arrived here at 6 A.M. Have slept since, and breakfasted in my own room. Seen no one. Tired, but have been worse.

"On opening my bag found hair-brushes and comb left behind! Of course. Oh these wee deevils!"

To Rev. A. Clerk, LL.D.:—

"That early school of Campbeltown—boys first and lads afterwards—up to college days has had a deep effect on me. I am amazed as I think of the reckless and affectionate *abandon* with which I threw myself into it! My slap-dash manner and words are its result, and will stick to me more or less all my life."

To the SAME, on the death of a very dear son :—

GLASGOW, 1870.

". . . . I trust you and Jessie realise the truth of Adie's life and love to you all. He is not unless he remembers, and as he does he loves. I always think of him as received by his numerous relations, grandfathers and grandmothers, aunts and uncles, and his little brother grown up and feeling so thoroughly at home, and rejoicing in life and in hope, and sustained by a great faith in the hope of meeting you all, and in you all pleasing God on earth as the highest of all. I preached lately on death in the light of Christ coming for us and taking us to Himself, and on heaven as a place prepared for us, *i.e.* adapted in every detail to the feelings, associations, &c., of human beings, young and old, cultivated and ignorant. All this is necessarily bound up with the fact that He who was a child, as well as a man, who lived among and loved such persons as ourselves, must build, furnish and adorn the house in a way suitable to all the members of His own family—the dear bairns most of all, for them He took to his own heart."

His summer quarters were fixed for this season at Java Lodge, in the island of Mull, not far from the celebrated ruins of Duart Castle. The view from the coast was superb, including, what was to him of unfading interest—the hills of Morven and distant Fiunary, the scene of his earliest and happiest associations.

From his JOURNAL :—

JAVA LODGE, *July* 17, 1870.

"The Assembly—for I must go back in my brief record of events—passed off well. Its characteristic was its treatment of questions chiefly bearing on the practical life of the Church. The Patronage question, though carried by a large majority, did not excite much enthusiasm ; first, because there was no great hope of Government taking it

up unless a strong political pressure was brought to bear upon it—this was not likely from the influence of political Dissenters on the elections in Scotland;—and, secondly, should it be carried, we felt no great security for better ministers being appointed than now, when the people have it practically all their own way, checked by Patronage. But the resolution of the Assembly put us in a better position with the country. Dr. Cook, almost the only statesman we have, acted a very unselfish and patriotic part, seeking the good of the Church, and not a party triumph.

"I spoke on Patronage, Christian Life, Home Missions, and India. I published my sermon given at the opening of the Assembly. But how can I publish as I preach!

"I have this moment heard that France has declared war against Prussia. It is awful to think of the thousands who are on this quiet Sunday, here all peace, marching to wounds and death. The Lord Jesus is over all! This is an end of the Napoleon dynasty, and an end of Rome for the Pope! So much for the dogma of the Infallibility.

"The Emperor is mad! He must fail. I argue that the French dare not cross the Rhine at Strasburg, as the Prussians will advance from Coblentz and Maintz—these being magnificent bases of operation—and they will thus outflank the French, and compel them to keep to Metz as their centre. They are outnumbered, and must fail.

"*August* 10.—Victory, victory for Prussia! (*Woerth.*) We shall have the grand battle east of Metz. If the French gain, by dividing the Prussians, what then? It would be but momentary. To cross the Rhine is not impossible. But the French are outnumbered, and will receive a terrible smash! They will fall back on Paris, Paris will revolt, Napoleon will abdicate, and in three weeks be, with his family, in London. There will be a Provisional Government. All will be confusion. The Lord reigns!"

"*Sunday, 27th.*—What a glorious day! I preached on Missions. These days of preaching make the little Highland churches the monuments to me of the most happy days of my sojourn. Never did the landscape appear more magnificent; the shadows and lights upon the hills were

unearthly. Shien, in glory, a rainbow rose—for there was no arch—up from the Buachaill Etive, and was such as the Shekinah may have appeared to the tribes who from afar looked on the encampment of Israel. The sea crisp with sparkling waves ; the sky intensely blue, in great spaces between huge masses of cumuli clouds, with some more sombre ; the distant hills were near and clear, as if seen through crystalline air ; and then, the lights upon them ! bright rays lighting up, below, yellow cornfields, and green pastures ten miles off, and above, sometimes a bare *sciir* or deep corrie, or broad green hill-back, with heavy dark shadows slowly pursuing the sunlight over hill and dale. I beheld Morven along with Aunt Jane. We gazed together on the distant church, beside which as holy a family lie interred as I have ever known. I saw the trees which mark Samuel Cameron's house, where I spent such happy years, and received an education, the education of my beloved ones in Fiunary included, such as has moulded my whole life. I enjoyed one of those seasons of intense and rare blessing when tears come we cannot tell why, except from a joy that rises in silent prayer and praise to the Creator and Redeemer.

"Dear Dr. Craik is dead, and his funeral sermon has this day been preached. His illness and death—how real have both been to me ! He was a good man, a great strength to the Church, and a most sincere friend, and I mourn his loss.

" Blessed be God for the gathering in and eternal union of His people. Our friends in heaven remain the same persons, with all their sinless peculiarities. They therefore remember us, and love us more than ever. Are they interested in us ! perhaps concerned about us ? Why not ! The joy of the redeemed is not a selfish joy. I would despise the saint who enjoyed himself in a glorious mansion singing psalms, and who did not wish his joy disturbed by sharing Christ's noble and grand care about the world. So long as man, and my dear ones are in 'the current of the heady fight,' I don't wish to be ignorant of them on the ground that it would give me pain and mar my joy ! I prefer any pain to such joy ! I

cannot think it possible that my heaven there shall be different from my heaven here, which consists in sympathy with Christ. If He has a noble anxiety, limited by perfect faith, in what is going on upon earth; if human sin is a reality to Him; if His life there as well as here is by faith in the Father; if he watches for the end, and feels human sin and sorrow, and rejoices in the good, and feels the awfulness of the wrong, yet ever has deep peace in God; why should not His people have the joy of sharing this Godlike burthen of struggling humanity? 'Then cometh the end.' But the end is not yet. The final day of judgment may be millions of years hence. Until then the whole Church may have its education of labour and teaching continued in mighty ventures of self-sacrifice, and in ten thousand ways put to the proof, in order to improve those talents of faith, self-denial, hope, acquired on earth. This might imply suffering; why not? Many picture a heaven which is a reflection of their own selfish nature. 'Don't trouble us;' 'Tell us no bad news;' 'We are saved, let others drown;' 'What is the earth to us?' 'It is past; give us fine music, fine scenery, and let the earth—shall I write it?—go to the devil!' That is not my heaven! I wish to know, I wish to feel, I wish to share Christ's sympathies, until the end comes.

"The idea that Dr. Craik no longer cares about Missions to India, would give me a poor idea of a heaven of sympathy with Jesus Christ."

To Mrs. Drummond, Megginch Castle:—

Isle of Mull, 27*th August*, 1870.

"I am in retreat, banished to a spot beyond space, and where time merges into eternity. Posts are rare. Their news is *post mortem*—dead—belonging to a past world history! Your kind note arrived here long after Dean Stanley had become Archbishop, and the Established Church destroyed. To have met him in your house would have been a true delight to me, but I was and am still in Mull, and where Mull is, no one knows except Sir Roderick Murchison, who knows everything, and

he only guesses about it; so I can only express my great regret at having been so far away, and thus deprived of such good company. There was a foolish report spread here this morning by a chance whaler, that a war had broken out in Europe, that the French had taken Berlin, and, after landing at Aberdeen, were marching on Glasgow. If this is true I won't leave Mull until peace is proclaimed; but, if the news proves a *canard*, as I think quite possible, I shall return this week to Glasgow, which I hope to reach six weeks after the world, according to John Cumming, is consumed!"

To the Rev. THOMAS YOUNG:—

August, 1870.

"As to sudden death I never could pray to be delivered from it, but only to be ready for it. God alone who knows our frame and temperament, knows by what death we can best glorify Him. Sudden death may to many be a great mercy."

To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:—

JAVA LODGE, *August*, 1870.

"What an evening of glory! The lights, the hills, the castled promontory are as of old, and years too have fled, and Ossian is old also.

"What a dinner awaited you! Flags flying, chickens delicate as sonnets of Miss ———, vegetables as many as the articles on ———, and far more digestible. Champagne with a brilliancy and bouquet that rivalled the papers of the editor, rice pudding as pure and wholesome as ——'s sermons. While every hill looked down, and every coney opened its eyes, and the fish swam and the ocean murmured, and the red deer got white, all with excitement to see—what? Your arrival that arrived not. Oh, it was sad, sad!"

From his JOURNAL :—

"War! How strange that war has formed the subject of our oldest poems, paintings, and histories, that it is at this moment as terrible as ever! What does it mean? How can we account for its existence, its apparent necessity in the kingdom of God? It does not imply any personal hate whatever, no more than the execution of a malefactor does cruelty and love of blood. The bravest soldier is associated with the gentleman, and highest chivalry. It seems to me that lawful war, as distinct from war of passion, originates in what appears to be a social law. That as God wishes mankind to be divided into nations smaller or greater, and as no nation ought to exist in which there is not government, and as government implies power to protect life and property and enforce its laws, so must the more powerful govern for the greatest good of the greatest number. Who the most powerful are can be determined only by war, unless the weak give in. It is by this law of the weak giving way to the strong, by this sifting process of war, that our clans have been absorbed into a small nation, and small nations into a great one, strong enough to hold its own. Any race, or any people have, therefore, a perfect abstract right to assert its superiority or independence if it is superior; but war alone can determine that, if the fact is disputed. In the long-run, as a rule, each successive great advance in the world's civilization and progress has been the result of war. Battles are great sacrifices preceding resurrections. What man designs is one thing, and what God brings to pass is another. This great war is really to determine not whether Louis Napoleon is to be Emperor, but whether the Latin or Teutonic race is to be strongest in Europe and the world!

"As to 'the inventions for murdering people'—this is all nonsense. Every contribution made by science to improve instruments of war makes war shorter, and in the end less terrible to human life, and human progress. Never was the ameliorating influences of education and Christian benevolence more visible than in this war. The more that kingdoms are much about the same strength, the

less likely is war. And, by the way, it is an index of a time when one state will respect its neighbour, that the tendency of all improvements in guns, &c., is to make defence in an increasing ratio more powerful than attack. But the ultimate defence must be in man, for nations are really strong not in machinery but in man. Their manhood must alone or chiefly determine their freedom and independence.

"'Peace at any price' is but selfish indulgence at any price. Liberty and self-government at any price! Life is of no value without freedom."

To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:—

"I so hate those eternal love stories, this everlasting craving after a sweetheart! I wish they would marry in the first chapter, and be done with it. Is there nothing to interest human beings but marriage? What a fuss to make about those two when in love!"

To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:—

"Whatever may be my fault, it does not consist in my chariot-wheels tarrying; as the following statement will prove:—

"*Friday*, 31*st September*.—Left Glasgow for Aberdeen at nine, P.M., arrived at Aberdeen at three, A.M.

"*Saturday*, 1*st October*.—Left for Balmoral. Dined with Her Majesty.

"*October* 2.—Preached a sermon on 'War and God's Judgments,' which the Queen asks me to publish, and to dedicate to herself, as soon as possible—not a line having been written.

"*October* 3.—Joined my wife in Perthshire, dead beat.

"*October* 4.—Rested my chariot-wheels and greased them.

"*October* 5.—Returned to Glasgow, and answered twenty letters; wrote long Minutes for Sealkote and Calcutta; had prayer-meeting in the evening.

"*October* 6.—Commanded by the Prince of Wales, and left at seven, A.M., for Dunrobin, 220 miles off. Dined at half-past nine, left the drawing-room at half-past one, A.M., and smoking-room at half-past three. Left per train at six, A.M., and never halted five minutes, being past time, until I reached Glasgow at half-past six P.M.

"*October* 7.—A weary Saturday, to prepare two new sermons for Sunday amidst manifold interruptions.

"*October* 8.—Preached twice.

"*October* 9.—Again dead beat, and went to see my old mother the first time for six weeks.

"*October* 10.—Returned, and received a letter from a patient friend, asking, 'Why tarry thy chariot-wheels?'!!!!

"Bother the chariot-wheels!

"I am as nervous as an old cat."

To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:—

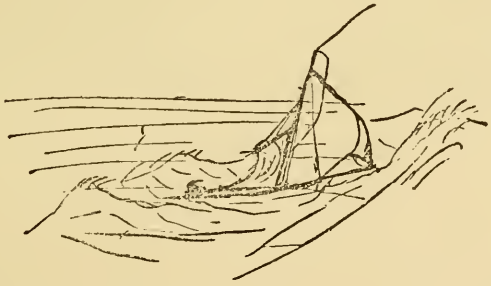
"I am more anxious about *Good Words* than perhaps even you are. It is one of my heaviest hourly worries, how little I have been able to do it. As a public man I am worked from 6 A.M. till 10 P.M., and if a man must be occupied twenty-four hours in killing rats or planting carrots it is practically the same to him, as far as time is concerned, as if he were attacking Paris."

To his ELDEST SON :—

1*st December*, 1870.

"I was very glad, my boy, to hear from you, and that you have told me so well and so fully all you are about. I am quite satisfied with everything, and pray God that you may be able to form those habits of study and of mastering difficulties, and of persevering in what may be uncongenial but necessary for you, all of which is of such importance. You are, in fact, now moulding your whole future life. May it be worthy! Never, never forget your daily dependence on God and His interest in you. The Stockport panic might have had a fearful ending, but it was stopped in time—3,000, three stories up, and but one stair of outlet, with the panic of fire! *

"I am giving the last corrections to the sermon on war. When you read it, it will appear very simple to you, and easily written. But it may encourage you to know that this is the seventh time, at least, I have corrected it, and each time just as fully as the previous one. So difficult do I find it to write with tolerable accuracy. Begin soon!"



To Mrs. WARRICK, New York.

Glasgow, December 15th, 1870.

"I heard all about your great sorrow, all those pleasing yet harrowing details which make one realise the whole scene. Such an affliction is to us a profound mystery. This seems to me the lesson taught by the

* He refers to a panic which took place while he was preaching at Stockport on behalf of his Sunday School Union, when his presence of mind and calmness did much to preserve order.

Book of Job, for Job never found out in this world why he had been afflicted, although he knew that it was not because of his individual sins (and he was right), but in order to bring out the reality of his life in God; yet he was left in darkness, and although sons and daughters were given him, the old dear ones were seen no more. And there are like times of darkness in which the servant of the Lord can see no light, but must be cast on the bare arm of God for strength, and on the heart of God for peace. Yet we can never be in such pitch darkness as Job was, now that we see God's own beloved Son as the man of sorrows; and in Him have the assurance given us of a Father Who will ever act as a Father even in sending grief, Who never acts arbitrarily, but Who appeals to the heart of the most tender and loving parent to judge from his own truest affection towards his children, as to what He, Who is perfect love, feels towards themselves. Faith in this God is our only refuge and strength in times of dark and mysterious sorrow.

"I am utterly powerless to help —— at Chicago. I never directly or indirectly asked a favour small or great from court or government, and never will. I am tongue-tied and hand-tied; having so much intercourse with both, this seems strange, but it is a fact."

CHAPTER XXIII.

1871—72.

THE last years of his life were marked by the manner in which both his character and convictions ripened. There was no diminution of the wealth of his humour, and his enjoyment of outward things was keen and fresh, though tinged with a certain pensive and recurrent sadness. But as his health became more broken, the sense of approaching age, the brevity of the time given him to work seemed continually present, and lent an increased earnestness and thoughtful care to the fulfilment of the most commonplace duty. He spoke and acted as one who knew 'the time was short.'

His health was gradually but decidedly becoming infirm. In the spring of 1871 he had so severe an attack of his old enemy that he was for some time confined to bed, and his strength was so much impaired that his brother, Professor Macleod, forbade his undertaking any engagements which implied fatigue. At the end of April, on Sir William Jenner's advice, he went to Ems, and for a time found much benefit from rest and from the waters of the famous Brünnen. In summer he and his family spent their holiday at

Geddes, the early home of Mrs. Macleod, and doubly precious to him as associated with many memories of John Mackintosh. It was a happy time, and he regained so much of his old health and spirits, that on the return of the family to Glasgow he was able to enter with considerable vigour on his winter's work.

There were some things which specially coloured his later thoughts. He was deeply moved by the condition of religious belief in academic and literary circles. As he had opportunities possessed by few clergymen, of becoming acquainted with current opinion, not merely from books, but by intercourse with representative men, his interest in the religious difficulties of many scholars and thinkers was proportionately keen. His anxieties regarding such matters frequently found vent in lamentations over the ignorance or indifference of ecclesiastics in Scotland as to all questions except the most trivial. 'They are squabbling about the United Presbyterian, Free Church, or Established, when the world is asking whether Christ is risen from the dead!'

India and the condition of the heathen were subjects which he was never weary of pondering by himself, or of discussing with his friends. The impression his Eastern journey had made on him was profound, and showed itself latterly in an incessant study of the problems which the spectacle of so many millions of brothers and sisters living in heathendom suggested. He had not looked on these millions with the eye of a dogmatist who measures all he sees by the scale of a hard, scholastic theory. He did not ask how they

stood related to some theological tenet, but rather 'What are these men and women to the living God?' He had tried to understand the flesh and blood affinities, the prejudices, difficulties, aspirations of the Hindoo mind, and to comprehend as far as possible a humanity which had grown up under conditions so different from those which had moulded his own. The effect of all this was to lead him back to first principles, to oblige him to deal with the mind of the personal Saviour, as of more account than Church formularies. His theology had ever been centred in the character of God as revealed in Christ, and he instinctively now referred every doubtful question to this ultimate standard. 'Do you think it would be like Christ so to act?' or 'From all you know of God, do you think it would be like Him to do that?' —with such questions, as many of his hearers remember, it was his habit to clinch many an argument when addressing his congregation in the Barony. To him therefore it was anything but glad tidings to preach to the educated natives of Hindostan that all their parents and ancestors were suffering the pains of hell because they had not believed in One of Whom they had never heard, or to declare to them that their own ultimate salvation depended on their acceptance of some theory of atonement which was beset with intellectual and moral difficulties. On behalf of England's greatest dependency, he longed to see missionaries intent upon bringing these human hearts into living contact with the love, the holiness, the character of Jesus Christ, and who would let the New Testament speak its own language to their spirits, rather than

through the medium of a system of theology. Such reflections on the state of the heathen, inspired, as they were, by love to man and firm reliance on the righteousness and goodness of God, opened up to him a new region of thought as to the character of the future state, and the possibility of a gospel being preached to those who, in this life, had never an opportunity of accepting or rejecting the truth as it is in Christ.

The following notes of a sermon preached in September, 1871, indicate the tendency of his views respecting the condition of the heathen beyond the grave:—

"What is to become of those who never have heard of, or have never had opportunities of hearing of God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—who have never heard of that truth which to us is inseparable from all our thoughts of salvation? Of these there are millions upon millions, thousands of millions who have since creation lived and died, and passed away into the unseen. There are hundreds of millions now alive in the same condition in the kingdoms of heathendom: more numerous than any human mind can conceive. In addition to these, there are millions in Christendom who, from the circumstances of their birth and up-bringing, are as practically ignorant, who never had the means of making any conscious choice between the claims of God on their affection and obedience, and the demands of sin and of every evil passion—to whose thoughts it would make no practical difference if all we know, love, and rejoice in regarding God was never heard or known: no more than the extinction of the sun would make any practical difference to a blind man's eye. Such a question is tremendous, painful, oppressive, often agonising—even when feebly understood. We are disposed, from our utter inability to take in its momentous importance, to make a positive effort to

put it away. Such a fact as thousands of millions of human beings existing now, and existing for eternity, *somewhere,* makes hardly an impression upon our minds. We feel, in trying to realise it, as if the finite tried to comprehend the infinite, and so we dismiss the whole question. But when the complex idea is resolved into its details; when we think of one human being, with all our own powers and capacities for thinking, understanding, remembering, anticipating, hoping, fearing, rejoicing, suffering, being holy as a saint or wicked as a devil; a being made after God's image, and therefore so far divine; an object of more interest and importance to God his Maker than the material universe; and such a being growing up from infancy with as distinct and individual a history as ourselves, a being, too, who is for ever responsible, and can for ever please God and meet His wishes, or the reverse—then do we in some degree feel that any question affecting him is not a question regarding a mere thing, however interesting, like the preservation or destruction of a great picture, a grand column, or stately palace, but regarding a person, an immortal being, the noblest specimen of the art of God, the greatest building of His hands, and intended to be a temple of the Holy Ghost. But much more does our interest increase if we are personally acquainted with such a being; if we have come into contact with him so as to realise fully our common humanity, and to sympathize with his bodily sufferings or mental sorrows. Yet what would our interest be if this person were a father, or mother, or child, or our individual selves! We could not then think of such an one's fate for ever, as we would that of a stone which, cast into the great deep, sinks and passes at once out of sight and out of memory. But what this unit is to us, each unit of the whole mass of humanity, from Adam to the thousands who have been born and died since we entered church, is inconceivably more to God. Not one is lost to His sight, not one ever becomes to Him of less importance as an immortal being; and just as we realise this, the question will press itself with increasing force on us, what is to become of them? We cannot get quit of it. We may do so in regard to the

race, but we cannot in regard to those units of which the race is composed, and many a perplexed mind, and many a weary, anxious heart yearns for an answer.

"Many object to bring such questions into the pulpit at all. Is there not, it is asked, enough that is clear, simple, and of infinite importance, sufficient to occupy with profit the short time allotted on the Lord's-day for public instruction, and for the conviction and conversion of sinners now, without putting difficulties into people's minds, or raising doubts which it may be impossible to dispel? I deeply sympathize with this, and my whole teaching testifies to the sincerity of my sympathy, to the earnestness of my desire that it should be simple and practical, and to avoid as much as possible all doubtful disputations, and to aim constantly at one thing—to bring souls to God. And I know well how superficially any such questions can be dealt with in a sermon. But in these days men need not avoid going to church to avoid doubts being suggested. We have entered a period of active thought, such as has not existed since the Reformation. Theological questions on every truth of Christianity are, within the last few years, forced upon men's notice in every periodical down to the daily papers. Men cannot avoid them, but they may avoid church if no help whatever is given to them there to solve their doubts, and to guide them to truth, and to deal kindly and candidly and intelligently with their difficulties. For such difficulties many true Christians have little sympathy. They have sympathy with struggles against evil deeds or habits, but not with such doubts as bewildered the mind of St. Thomas when he refused to believe in the resurrection. These Christians, by the mercy of God, have been blessed with such a disposition, or have been placed in such circumstances, whether of early up-bringing, or of gospel preaching, as have enabled them to grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. But there are others differently placed, and if a minister can help such inquirers; if he can show them that he understands their difficulties, if he feels with them as a brother, if he preaches not merely what is given him to utter, as if

he were a machine, but what he believes and feels as one who has to work his way through difficulties like others; if he has felt 'the burden of the mystery;' if he can put them in the way of getting the truth; if, in short, he can strengthen their faith in God and in Jesus as their teacher, he will be of some use, and in spite of many defects and even errors, be a true aid to his fellow men.

". . . To believe that God should create by His power millions of responsible beings, who are doomed to agonies for ever for not believing or not being what, from circumstances over which they had no control, they could not believe or be, seems to many earnest minds quite impossible.

". . . Is there, then, the possibility of the education of human beings, of those at least who have never had the means of knowing the truth, and of choosing between light and darkness, of believing in or neglecting Christ, being continued after death? Whatever weight is attached to this reply, whatever deliverance it may afford to distressed souls, whatever light it may cast on the character and purposes of God as revealed in Christ (and it is held by increasing numbers of the best men in this and other ages of the Church), let us understand at least what it means. It does not mean that there is not to be a day of judgment, after which the fate of every individual of the human family is to be finally determined. But when is this period to dawn? It may be thousands, it may be millions of years ere the end comes when Christ shall have delivered up the kingdom to God the Father. Whatever may be done towards such human spirits as we have spoken of, it is assumed to be before that. Nor does it mean that any man can be saved here or afterwards in a way essentially different from that in which he is saved now, except it may be by severer chastisement and a more trying discipline. It assumes that there is a connection unchangeable and eternal as the law or character of God, between sin and spiritual suffering. This must show itself in the want of peace, joy, hope, and all that glory of character for which man was created, and in the ravages of spiritual disease, in deformity of soul, in blindness, deaf-

ness, and moral decrepitude. Consequently, come when it may, in this world or the next; or how it may, by teaching or by chastisement; or when it may, in three score and ten years or in hundreds of years, there must be a conviction of sin as sin, a repentance towards God, a seeing His love, and a choice of Himself as God, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, before salvation is possible.

". . . But it is asked what there is in Scripture to forbid the belief which a sense of God's love of righteousness in them craves for, that, *may be*, the term of education with millions of the heathen and of the ignorant, who have been neglected by selfish men, may not terminate with three score and ten years? It is not said that it must be so, but it is alleged that, for aught we know, it may be so. We are reminded that each person as he dies lives on—seen and known by God, and is the object of His interest somewhere—that wherever he is he is as responsible there as here; and it is asked whether that, to us unseen,—but to them most real, state of being,—as real as if it existed in a material world like this,—is necessarily an abode of hopeless unmitigated woe for such persons as I have alluded to; whether God's infinite resources are at an end in regard to them, and whether truth may not be made known there which was never heard here—a God revealed who was unknown here, a Saviour proclaimed with a fulness, tenderness, love, and all sufficiency, Who was never once preached to them here; and whether, as the result of this, the kingdom of God may not yet come in a way that we never dreamt of—and, alas! never in our wretched and degraded feebleness and unbelief ever laboured for?

"Many reject this thought. I remember the time when ministers could entertain the idea of God condemning an infant to eternal misery from its connection with Adam—an opinion which is as horrible as any occurring in Brahminism.

"Who would not wish the hope, whose character I have sketched, to be true? Who would not feel a great relief if they only saw that it may be true? . . . I have some

sympathy with the fanatic Communist who calmly stands to be shot, shouting, 'Let me perish, if humanity is saved!' I may not see how, without faith in God the Father, or in Christ the Brother, he can obtain any true idea of humanity as a unity, or any real love to it; but still there is something grand in such an idea rising higher than his personal love of life. But where is there similar grandeur in him who, professing to have this faith, has not only lost all hope of humanity as a whole, but rests contented in his hopelessness; who seems to think that any such hope of the probable salvation of others through Jesus perils his own, and looks with nervous fear and jealousy at the thought of any future opening of the door of the awful prison-house to deliver a penitent soul, who never in life had heard of Christ, as if this made it possible that a door might be opened for his own fall; who, in spite of all his defects, all his sins, all his greed, all his heartlessness, all his selfishness, has hope through the long suffering, forbearance, and patience of God, and who yet feels indifferent or indignant at the thought of there being possibly ways and means for this same God acting in mercy to millions of miserable prodigals who never had his light—a man who cries out, not like the Communist, 'Perish myself, but live humanity,' but, 'Perish humanity, if I live myself!'

"But the view I speak of may be dismissed by the one assertion that it is contrary to Scripture. If so, it is not worthy of the consideration of those who acknowledge, as I do, the supreme authority of the word of God. But Christian teachers hold it who would sooner give up their life than the authority of Scripture. They think that the passages which seem to forbid the thought have reference to what is to happen after judgment only.

"The possibility of such an education beyond the grave is also what the early Church and many since believed to be the only possible meaning that could be attached to the preaching to the spirits that are in prison, and which has found a place in the creed of Christendom in the article, 'He descended into hell,' to the unseen regions, or the world of spirits. . . ."

To Dr. John Macleod Campbell :—

March 16, 1871.

"It was so kind of you, and therefore so like yourself, to have taken the trouble to write to me. There is no one living who can so minister to me as you can. You always find my spirit, and enter *into* me, while others only touch me. I therefore feel towards you as to no one else, both as friend and teacher. If ever you have seed you wish to sow in a soil that will receive it and keep it, please cast it this way. Oh, that you sent me now and then a few life thoughts! How precious would they be!

"I have had a sharp and very painful attack of gout with sciatica as an interlude, and other pains for a change. This is the first day I have been out, for a drive; and the blue sky and budding earth came streaming in as a life-joy to my heart, which showed that the veil was lifted up which had been concealing from me things beautiful, 'for I saw nor felt how beautiful they were.' I cannot say that spiritual realities were vividly present to me during my illness; but I always felt God as a living atmosphere around me, and I was filled with peace. The lesson I think He is teaching me is to take more care in glorifying Him in the body, and to make my common life of work more religious by my living more quietly, patiently, and obediently. One result of this education is, that I have resolved not to go to Lord Lorne's marriage. This is a great loss in very many ways to me, as I have been asked to be a guest at Windsor; but my brother George says 'No,' and so I say 'Amen!' and feel at rest. When the Communion is over, I shall probably go to some Spa abroad, and drown the enemy if possible. I am too easily bothered and upset by even trifling work. When I was confined to bed, I read and was fascinated by Hutton's 'Theological Essays.' To me, reading such a book is an era. He has such a firm intellectual grip with one hand of the true scientific aspects of questions, and with the other holds fast, with true spiritual insight, to his position of 'God in Christ.' With his anchor fast within the veil, he swings round and round with a long cable, but always round the centre. I think it a great contribu-

tion to the times, but I cannot understand how he should not welcome your views of the atonement, as they seem to me to harmonize so beautifully with his principles and his views of truth. I am glad that he adheres to the fourth Gospel.

"What a mystery is this slow—to us, slow—growth in the education of the world! It would be to me still more mysterious, if it were not to be continued till Christ delivers up the kingdom. 'Then cometh the end.' When—what? No doubt to the glory of God in a way and measure such as to overpower the minds and hearts of the whole family of God. I wait in the full assurance of faith. How strange, too—how long the clouds linger in the blue sky, which nevertheless are as surely passing away as morning mists before His love. It is sweet to think that such darkness conceals us not from the Light of Life. But the common notion of the punishment of hell fire, and for all eternity; the punishment of all who have not been elected, and have, for Adam's sin, been justly left dead without an atonement; the atonement itself as explained by hyper-Calvinists; the utter impossibility of any teaching or salvation after death (how we may not see); these, and the whole complicated system of sacerdotalism and popery, seem to me a thousand times doomed. And yet, God is so wise, so charitable, so patient, such a Father, that even by these ideas, or in spite of them, He will educate man for 'the fulness of time,' the grand 'end!' I feel more and more the simplicity and grandeur and truth of Luther's idea of faith—to be an out and out child; to be nothing, that God may be all, not only for us, but in us; and, perhaps more than Luther would admit, to choose this—and to choose it not only once for all (a mighty choice!), but always and in all things—what strength and peace! I know the lesson, but it seems to me that I have never learned it. And heaven would be heaven, were it nothing more than its being the finishing of our education by the perfect utterance of 'Our Father.'"

From his JOURNAL:—

"*April 9th.*—This is Communion Sunday—Easter Sunday. I conducted the service in the forenoon. I am at home for the rest of the day.

"The winter's work has been chiefly preaching. I exchanged with Donald, and preached the Temptation sermons in Park Church, he preaching for me for five Sundays. Had pleasant district meetings, with a new plan of inviting the members to tea. This has helped to unite us. I have raised by personal application every farthing for Bluevale Church, now £2,100, and it will soon be the £2,500. I profoundly feel that this, like all done by me, is God's doing, certainly not mine. Our organ has been given by kind, good James Baird, and a memorial window by Mrs. George Grant. I am deeply thankful that the number of my communicants has been greater than usual, new ones eighteen, and among them my dear ——. Oh! what a joy it is to see my beloved children, one after the other, thus in simplicity of faith publicly accepting of the Saviour. God's Spirit has surely been with them since birth. I don't think they have been converted by any sudden change. They seem to me as growing up in the faith, being educated gradually by the Spirit. They are full of life, energy, and happiness, and will probably have to pass through trials in which their true life will be deepened. They little know how happy they are, and in what domestic sunshine they have lived. God bless them, darlings, in the bonds of Christ.

"I have published in *Good Words* my War sermon and my Temptation sermons. The Peace Society seem to dislike me. We don't comprehend each other. They think me blind, and I think them silly.

"I have been reading Hutton's 'Essays' with great delight. His great defect is ignoring the Holy Spirit, or not connecting Him, as he does the Eternal Son, with one eternal abiding reality.

"I have been much distressed about our Indian Mission. Within a few weeks we have had many losses; but God will certainly provide. We are deep in debt. We want men and money; from whom but One can we get both?

"The war! the Reds and Assembly now fighting. Of course the Commune must go down, or France as a nation must. What next? Monarchy before long. But the character of the people has been ruined and requires a national restoration of principle, of patriotism, of unselfishness; the destruction of a sensual, vain, irreverent, and cruel spirit. The French need to be Puritanised, if that is possible, or even Teutonised. It will take two generations of peace, education, and a firm, wise, truthful, and powerful government to do this. Where are the governors? Where are those who will be governed? Unless a nation is religiously educated, it is gone. I fear our own may suffer from secularists and Comtists."

The following letter was written in reply to some inquiries which were made regarding a young clergyman who was a candidate for a parish. Among other questions Dr. Macleod was asked whether he had any faults.

". . . . Mr. ———, when with me, was very earnest in the discharge of his duties, remarkably successful in impressing the working classes, and in bringing very many not only to the church, but I believe to God. . . . I do not say but that he may have defects which some nice critics might possibly detect, although they are so small as not to be worth mentioning; but if he were perfect, he would be more fit for heaven than the parish of ——"

To Mr. Simpson, at Messrs. Blackwood and Sons:—

May 8, 1871.

"I have the pleasure of sending you my first portion of MS. of the Indian Mission Report. A single glance will convince you of one fact, and to be assured of the truth of even one fact is in my opinion a great gain in these days, when a man is thought a conservative bigot who believes beyond doubt that $2 + 2 = 4$. The fact I allude to is, that my hand has not improved with age

and experience. As Falstaff says, 'thou knowest thine old ward,' that is, my old hand, and it will be some advantage to the mission if any of your devils share your knowledge.

"I know a man who was so disgusted with some 'proofs' which he had received, that he commenced a course of study on printing by ordering 'MacEwan on the Types.' I never heard what effect it had on him.

"I shall send you more as soon as possible—I mean MS. which might be interpreted, 'more scribbling.'"

To his MOTHER:—

EMS, *May* 7, 1871.

"What misery you must be enduring, and no wonder! Here am I, gone off for the first time in my life—poor little boy! and across the wild ocean, and to savage people, not to return for ten long, long years! Oh it's sad! sad!

"A sky of perfect blue, warm sunshine, but a chill in the shade, an east-wind feel, telling that summer is not yet begun. But the woods are green, the birds singing, and the cuckoo tolling through the glens.

"I don't feel better, for to tell the truth I did not feel ill immediately before leaving. But I feel well, peaceful, happy, and I believe after a month will return with good spirit for fair honest work, not extra.

"I have finished 'Lothair,' which I have read for the first time. It is nothing as a story, or rather it is miserably ill put together, but it contains a series of most interesting pictures

of life. I have no interest in the hero, he is a mere bit of fine red wax, impressed by every new seal. The best thing in the book is the exposure of the tricky and clever way of Rome in making converts.

"Now my dear, are you amazed we had no hurricane? No accidents? No sore backs or broken heads; but that we eat, sleep, and thoroughly enjoy ourselves, and have now but one wish, to be back soon among you all."

To his MOTHER:—

EMS, *May* 17, 1871.

"It is interesting to see the wounded soldiers walking about here with their iron crosses. The leader of the band has one. He led the band of the Guards as they marched into battle at Gravelotte. A fine old fellow was drinking at the spring yesterday. A ball had passed into his breast and out at his back at Spicheren.

"A very nice fellow was dressed in faded uniform, sitting behind his counter, with such a blithe face. He had come back the day before to wife and children. His next neighbour, landlord of the Golden Vine, who was engaged to our landlady's daughter, lies buried where he fell.

"A noble-looking Uhlan officer who walks about, was surrounded with his troop. The French officer ran a lance through his coat only. The lance broke, and he shot the officer, and returned with the lance hanging in his clothes.

"I never saw more modest, unassuming men."

To Dr. WATSON:—

EMS, *May*, 1871.

"I have been fairly settled here for two days only, living in lodgings, rising at 6.30, drinking, morning and evening, half-boiled soda water from a *Brünnen;* taking baths every second day, walking two hours, watching roulette, and rejoicing in the losses of the fools who stake their money; reading novels (Lothair for the first time), and all with balmy air and a quiet conscience. I am as yet

much as I was when I left home, well, but heavy in the legs, and gouty. But I have no doubt I shall be all right and cheery yet.

"My great anxiety is our Mission.

"Holland is in a horrid state, a hundred and sixty-five parishes vacant, no clergy to fill them. Rationalism reigns. The national system of education is rearing a godless people. The teaching of national history even is forbid, as the history of the national struggles against Rome would offend the Papists. May heaven confound their politics!"

To the SAME:—

"Your letter did me more good than a hogshead of M's or N's water. A thousand thanks for it. Of course I am anxious about the India Mission Report. I may have to resign the Convenership. But I leave my honour in your hands, and give you full authority to give in my resignation when you give in your own. I will not carry out a different policy from the present. I could not. My judgment would not go with it. So far from losing heart, one result of restored health, should God grant it, will, I firmly and gladly hope, be to let me loose again for a season through the chief towns in Scotland, and to address the students, on behalf of the Mission. 'We believe, and therefore speak.'

"I deeply feel with you that unless we get such men as Jardine, Wilson, Grant, it will be vain to sow seeds in India which will produce the Church of the future. An American clergyman told me yesterday that Puritan (once) New England is now becoming the hot-bed for atheism and Popery. I pray God we may be able to help to save Scotland from a similar re-action, which the union of the F. and U. P. Churches would develop more rapidly. I don't fear disestablishment; but so long as there is a clerical order of men, who may beg, but are not allowed to dig, I fear an uneducated and low-bred clergy."

To his MOTHER :—

EMS, *May* 31, 1871.

"I did not tell you I had crossed to London. I heard, *en route,* a night service in Cologne Cathedral. There were 2,000 people present, a mere handful in that huge pile. The sermon was quite like a Gaelic one, preached by a hot old Ross-shire minister, in which the glories of Rome took the place of the glories of the Kirk and its principles. All other parties were of course anathematised. The people were deeply earnest. After the sermon, a glorious simple hymn was sung, led by the organ, and by female or boys' voices only. The last rays of evening were lighting up the exquisite old windows high up in the nave, and casting on the pillars, whose tops were lost in darkness, marvellous colours of every hue ; below was the dark silent mass of worshippers. Lights were on the altar, above which was the tawdry image —so like India !—of Virgin and Child. Under the altar were the famous 'Kings of Cologne,' who had paid homage to Christ, the 'Magi,' all telling of mediæval stories, belonging to a world passing away ; but all was lost to me in those angelic strains that warbled here and there as they seemed to wander along the fretted roof, coming you knew not from whence. An old priest before the altar then repeated various prayers, the commandments, &c., to which Amens were given, that were repeated like the murmurs of the sea, from the large congregation. The holy sacrament was exhibited, and all knelt in silent devotion, and then departed. What a strange world is this ! Not one there ever heard of G—— or B—— ! and yet Scotland, if true to God, and not to its Church only, will help to blow up Rome, otherwise Rome will blow it up."

"I am not so very sad now. My spirits rise sometimes in proportion to real difficulties, and I feel anxious to enter on India Mission work with renewed vigour."

To Dr. Watson:—

Ems, *June* 5, 1871.

"I have been greatly worried day and night with the India Mission. What speeches have I made about it! And so it is that I have got the old gout back, and can hardly crawl. Why do I bother myself? Why do I think? It is in my blood—bone of my bone; it came with my father and mother and all my forbears, and must die with me; but it is not to every one I can lay bare my feelings. On thy calm devoted head I can discharge my lightning, and roar like thunder, or bray like an ass. So I am thankful I was not in the Assembly. I would have gone wild, and been sorry for it next morning. The cause was in better and wiser hands when in thine."

From his Journal:—

Geddes, *September* 14, 1871.

"Early in May we went to Ems by the advice of Sir William Jenner. The back-bone of that journey is recorded in *Good Words*. We were very happy. Dear Nommey went with us. The Van Loons were very kind to us. The General Assembly, and its ignorant treatment of the Indian Mission, has given me some trouble, and if God spares me, I shall in a long and possibly final speech in the next General Assembly, defend it with all my might from these attacks."

One of the few public meetings which he attended this year was the Scott Centenary, held in Glasgow in August. The address recently given to the British Association by its distinguished president — his esteemed friend Sir William Thomson — respecting the meteoric origin of the germs from which vegetable and animal life have been evolved, was then exciting considerable comment, and it provoked him to indulge on this occasion in some quiet banter, which no one of the audience enjoyed more than Sir William.

"It is not for me," he said, "to account for the genesis of that marvellous literature, so prolific as to have multiplied and replenished the earth. Instructed by science, I dare not seek its origin in the creative mind of Scott; yet, as it is a literature so full of life, it must, I suppose, have come from life somewhere. Will my illustrious friend, the President of the British Association—for whom my highest admiration and deepest affection are divided—pardon an *ignoramus* like me, if I start an hypothesis to account for those extraordinary phenomena? Is it not possible, I timidly ask, that some circulating library, or, more correctly speaking, some library circulating through endless space—some literary meteoric group of 'Mudies' and 'Maclehoses' was broken up—and that the shreds of the exploded leaves fell on Ben Nevis or the Braes of Lochaber, accompanied, perhaps, by the shivered fragments, from a distant Highland world, of bagpipes and claymores and 'spleuchans' and kilts, and that out of them sprang 'Waverley,' and that this product 'Waverley' selected, very naturally, the west of Scotland in which to evolve sundry other novels of that ilk?"*

* A friend who was an *habitué* of the 'back study' relates, that shortly before the speech was delivered, the 'meteoric theory' was there discussed, especially with reference to the reception it had met with from newspaper critics, who seemed to be unanimous in holding that it only removed the difficulty as to the origin of life a stage back. Norman's friend, in a note which he sent to a local journal and which was read in the 'back study,' contended that this criticism was unfair, inasmuch as the difficulty was not only removed farther back, but removed out of this world altogether, and after having bothered our savants for ages, would now have to be taken up by the Association for the Promotion of Science in one of the other planets. Tickled by this suggestion, and marching up and down the room, Norman dictated a P.S. to be appended to the note.

"Perhaps the men of science would do well, in accordance with these latest results, to rewrite the first chapter of Genesis in this way:—

1. The earth was without form and void.
2. A meteor fell upon the earth.
3. The result was fish, flesh, and fowl.
4. From these proceeded the British Association.
5. And the British Association pronounced it all tolerably good!"

From his JOURNAL :—

GEDDES, *September* 14, 1871.

"Thank God for this peace! I have had a most blessed time here—the more blessed because, as I had anticipated, it made my own dear one so happy. No wonder! It has been like a resurrection of old friends of the family, rich and poor. The kindness from all has been quite overpowering. I thank God that my children, who have been all I could wish—have had proof of the deep affection and respect in which their grandfather and grandmother have been held. It is most touching, and immensely gratifying—a great reward for their goodness—to hear their praises spoken of by every one with a pathos and touching heartiness which is most pleasing. I cannot tell what a marvellous gift Geddes has been to me. It has made our own John literally alive again. I have preached twice here, and given an Indian address, and raised £40. I have preached with great delight twice in the School House. I wish daily to reveal the Father to His children. It is such light, such freedom, such a binding power!

"We have sung, danced, and played croquet. I have written 'Major Fraser.'

"God reconciles all in Himself.

"Oh, my Father, thanks—thanks be to Thee!

"We leave to-morrow. I lament nothing. I thank God for everything. His goodness is overpowering. I do know how good He is!"

While at Geddes the memory of John Mackintosh seemed continually with him as a sweet and refreshing presence. One of his first walks was to a spot closely associated with him, and he used to tell the overpowering effect it had, when, as he was sitting there wrapt in quiet thought, he heard the wild sad notes of the bag-pipe playing 'Mackintosh's Lament'—one of the most beautiful, as it was now the most appropriate of pibrochs. The family usually spent

the evening in the hall, off which opened the door of what had been John Mackintosh's room; and when his children were dancing reels, he would often sit watching them, lost in quiet thought, the past and present mingling without discord, and feeling how 'God reconciled all things in Himself.' The following impromptu lines express the character of these musings :—

IN MEMORIAM OF "THE EARNEST STUDENT."

(IMPROMPTU.)

In the hall was dancing and singing,
My children were brimful of joy.
I sat there alone, and in shadow,
Near his room dreaming about him
Who there long had laboured and prayed,
Where angels saw heaven and earth meeting
In the heart of that true child of God,—
The bright, the unselfish, and joyous!
And the chill winds of autumn were moaning
Through the pines, down his favourite walks;
But the stars were out brightly shining,
And one brighter than all was above.
I dreamt of those last days of sickness,
Of his patience, his meekness, and love,
Of the calm of his summer twilight,
Of the midnight before the bright day.
As I gazed at that chamber long empty,
In this home, his heaven when on earth,
It was strange, it was terribly awing,
To think of him now lying dead!
Dead as the granite that heavily
Covered him with the stones and clay!
That heart of the laughing and loving
In a cold leaden coffin lying still!
That heart to which all that was truest
And pure was a well-spring of joy,
Yonder twenty long years lying buried,
Yet for twenty long years still living
Elsewhere in the home of his Father!
Ah, where was he now, in what mansion,
In what star of the infinite sky?
Whom had he met since we parted,
Since the night when we bade him farewell?
What since had he seen, was he seeing?

What since had he done, was he doing?
With whom had he spoke, was he speaking?
Did he think of us here, and remember
Those he never forgot when on earth?
Was he here with the ministering angels
In the hall of his early dead home?
Ah, what would he think of our evenings,
Our evenings so merrily spent?
Could his heart now feel holy sorrow,
With his faith and love perfect in God?
Could his heavenly sunshine be shadowed,
Beholding these forms of earth's gladness
'Midst the sin and the sufferings of life?
Would he wonder that we could be happy,
And his and our Saviour still waiting
To see joy from his anxious soul-travail,
And the true life of God in the world?
Ah! that dear one would bear our weakness,
Our sleep 'midst the glories around,
Our blindness to all he rejoiced in,
Our slowness to learn from our Lord!
As I gazed at his room, now silent,
The sweet life he then lived recalling,
Him laughing and playing with children
Telling tales to them, singing them songs;
His true soul in harmony chiming
With all the arrangements of God;
I awoke from my dream, yet saying,
In anguish, "My love, thou art dead!
Thou art dead to us twenty long years!"
Then I said, "No, my love is living;
For is he not part of our being,
And with us wherever we are;
And are not all 'together with God'—
With Himself the life of the living!"
If we saw thee once more among us,
We would fly to thine arms entwining,
And thy smiles as of old would welcome,
With the old voice of love only sweeter,
And the bright eyes of love only brighter
All lovely I see thee among us,
And hear thy loved accents again;
In my calmed heart whispering gently,
"These joys are all gifts from our Father,
But our Father Himself is all."

Now all are at rest. It is midnight—
How dead is the hall and how silent!
The night winds still sadly are moaning,
But the stars are still brightly shining,
Still o'er all is the bright light of God!

To Mrs. Macleod:—

Balmoral, *Oct.*, 1871.

"I preached extempore, on 'Our Father which art in Heaven,' and on the education of men beyond the grave. I fear I shocked not a few—I hope I did so for good.

"We have here Helps and Mr. Forster, M.P., and we have had tremendous theological talks till 2 A.M. I keep my own not amiss. I have the greatest possible respect for Forster's abilities and truthfulness. Would God we could lose our Calvinism, and put all the teaching of Christ and His apostles in a form according to fact and not theory. 'Our Father' is the root of all religion and morality, and can be seen with the spirit, rather than the mere intellect.

"The Queen has asked me to remain till to-morrow. I hope to have another set-to with the M.P. He seems to expect the same, as he said 'Hurrah!' when I told him I was to remain."

From his Journal:—

"*January.*—I have lost much to my memory, already failing from a multiplicity of objects, in having recorded so little about '71.

"I have been very steadily at home since September, and my every day occupied with those details of public and private life which, although important at the time and demanding patience and forethought, and bringing usual cares and worries, soon pass, like the seas which a vessel meets every ten minutes, that hit her, splash over her, make her shiver, and are forgotten. My life is strangely broken into small parts, and as this is God's will, I must submit, and make the best of it.

"Events! what are they? None! Addressing meetings and *soirées* in my own parish, preaching, finishing Bluevale Church, directing India Mission, writing letters innumerable, visiting sick, writing nonsense for *Good Words for the Young* — doing everything and doing nothing. Stanley has been with me."

The hymn 'Trust in God and do the Right,' which had been written in 1858, was not published in *Good Words* until January, 1872. On its appearance there a writer in a local paper charged Dr. Macleod with plagiarism from an American hymn-writer, stating that he had in his possession a volume, compiled by Philip Philips, of Hymns by American Authors, in which these words occurred; that this volume was in circulation a considerable time before this number of *Good Words* appeared. A friend having sent this criticism to Dr. Macleod, the following letter was sent in reply :—

Friday.

"I received your note with extract from a Paisley newspaper last night on my return from Liverpool. I think the critic might have done me the justice of sending me a copy of his remarks. But this has too often been my experience of writers in newspapers. They seldom take the trouble to let you know what they have been publishing against you ; I have seen letters and criticisms founded upon the most absurd assumptions weeks after they were published, and, of course, never contradicted. In regard to the verses in question it is quite clear that some Yankee in his zeal for hymnology has neither trusted God nor done the right, but trusted to a lie and done the wrong. These verses of mine were first published at the end of a lecture given to the young men at Exeter Hall in 1858. The music was composed by Sullivan expressly for the words. But it is perfectly possible that some spiritualist hymn-writer in America may have written the same words, composing the same music, using Mr. Philip Philips as his medium. After all, such barefaced stealing is too bad.

"Make any use of this you please."

As he had always practised strict reticence regard-

ing all matters connected with the Court, and heartily hated that gossip which the public craves for only too greedily, he was not a little surprised and annoyed to find a few kindly words he had spoken off-hand at the laying of a foundation-stone at Lenzie, near Glasgow, made the occasion for a grossly personal attack on the part of some of the English newspapers. The insinuation as to his using flattery for selfish objects was too offensive to be publicly noticed by him, but he was none the less gratified by the manner in which he was vindicated by other representatives of the press.

To Mr. Hedderwick, Editor of the *Glasgow Citizen* :—

January, 1872.

" I have just read your generous defence of me against the most untrue and malicious attacks of the newspapers. The fact is that during the thirteen or fourteen years in which I have been in close contact with the Royal Family, I have carefully avoided ever speaking about them in public, and in private only to intimate friends. Yet I have often felt my heart burning in listening to all the wild lies told about them. These, my only two speeches, were purely accidental, and almost forced upon me.

" At Lenzie I forgot there were reporters in the room, and was suddenly called upon by the chairman to confirm the account he gave of the Queen's health ; and a minute before I spoke I had as much intention of doing so as of seeking to be knighted. So it was in the Presbytery—I was not aware the topic was to be introduced. Dr. M. was speaking about it as I entered. He stopped, and called on me to propose it, and I did so without one minute's preparation. To flatter majesty is gross impertinence. As to being knighted, thank God the Queen herself cannot bestow any honour of the kind on a Scotch clergyman. No possible favour can she grant me,

or honour bestow, beyond what the poor can give the poor —her friendship.

"Yours gratefully,

"N. Macleod.

"I never asked a favour from the Queen or Government since I was born."

The improvement which his sojourn at Ems and the summer's rest at Geddes had wrought on his health was unfortunately of short duration. Before mid-winter was reached, and in spite of his taking the utmost care in avoiding unnecessary engagements, his work began to tell heavily upon him, and he assumed a wearied and broken-down aspect. Labour which before sat lightly on him, was now exhausting toil, and an increasing sense of depression weighed on his spirits. The most ominous and distressing symptom was the restlessness which he experienced whenever he retired for the night, and which prevented him enjoying sleep for more than a quarter of an hour at a time. Though happily unaccompanied by pain, this usually lasted till morning, and became so trying, that in order to humour it he generally passed the night on the sofa in his dressing-room. A volume of Alison's 'History of Europe' and Gurwood's 'Sketches' lay on the mantel-piece, and the long hours, broken by brief snatches of sleep, were spent in reading the accounts of campaigns and battles.* About seven in the morning he would return to his

* This kind of reading had always a peculiar charm for him, so that not unfrequently after a day of unusually hard mental work, preaching or otherwise, he would have recourse to Alison's 'History,' or 'Wellington's Dispatches,' and find refreshment in giving entire change of thought.

room, and after an hour or two of refreshing slumber enter on the hard toil of the day.

He devoted much time during this winter to his pulpit, writing all his sermons fully out, and preaching not only with great delight to himself, but in a manner so instructive to his people that they look back to the teaching of these later months as more precious than any they ever received from him.

He went to London in February, on the occasion of the public thanksgiving in St. Paul's, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. The gathering of the representatives of the British empire for such a purpose, the imposing ceremony, the spectacle of the vast cathedral filled with its ten thousand worshippers, the music, the dignified service, all combined to impress him deeply. 'I thank God,' he said to his brother who sat beside him, 'for a National Church, without which we could not have such an expression of the national religion. It is all worthy and right. We could not do this in Scotland. Our Presbyterianism is too individual in its methods,—healthy enough as bringing the soul to deal with the personal God, but there should be room in a Church, which professes to be national and historic, for such a service as this.' One feature in the assembly deeply affected him. There were near him a number of Orientals, Parsees, Hindoos, and Mahommedans, whose presence touched a sympathetic chord in his heart. In his speech to the General Assembly three months afterwards, he alluded to the impression that scene had made on him. 'When these men,' he said, 'some of them representatives of sovereigns

who once occupied the thrones of India, beheld the assembly, which, take it all in all, was one of the most remarkable ever gathered,—when they beheld the Queen who now ruled over them, the legislature of Britain, old warriors covered with medals won in many a hard-fought battle in their own India, men of philosophy and science, men who had governed provinces far greater than England,—all bowing down in worship, and when they heard like a mighty breeze the prayer whispered from these ten thousand lips, 'Our Father which art in heaven;' what if one of these Easterns had risen and said, 'You have sent us laws, men of science, and warriors, but have never told us of that Father to whom you pray!' Could that be said in truth, then might a greater assembly still be summoned to ask God's mercy on a nation that had been so unfaithful.'

The Scotchmen settled in Liverpool had always shown him affection, which was quite reciprocated by him, and as his eldest son was now there learning business, he determined on his way home from London to visit him, and beg for funds for his beloved India Mission. His method of approaching some of the merchants of the town greatly amused them. 'If you treat me in Liverpool as well as I see you treat dogs I will be content,' he said to one of them; and in answer to the puzzled look of inquiry, he added, 'Merely that I noticed how a dog had carried off hundreds of pounds at a coursing match, and I think I am as good as a dog any day.'

To George Campbell, Esq. :—

Broadgreen, Liverpool, *February*, 1872.

"Thanks for your £50. I will tell you a story—a rare thing with me. The beadle and gravedigger of Kilwinning parish, Ayrshire, was dying. One day his minister found him very sad, and on questioning him as to the cause of this unusual depression, he said, 'I was just countin' that since the new year I had buried fifty folk, includin' bairns, and I was hopefu' that I might be spared to mak' oot the hunner (hundred) afore the neist new year.'

"Do you see ? That heart of yours is, I guess, even bigger than your purse. May both be bigger, if possible !

"I am trembling betwixt hope and fear for my Indian ark."

On his way to Liverpool he received the tidings of the death of the man whom of all others he reverenced and loved, Dr. John Macleod Campbell. During the few previous months he had seen one after another of his friends pass away. Erskine of Linlathen and Maurice had just entered into their rest, and now Campbell, to him the greatest and best of all, had followed.

During the same month he visited St. Andrew's for the purpose of urging the claims of the Mission, and appealing to the students of the University for volunteers to go to India as missionaries. 'We were all struck,' Principal Shairp writes, 'by his worn and flaccid look; he seemed so oppressed and nervous when he was going to address only a few hundred people in our small university chapel; and I well remember the close of that address. After describing very clearly and very calmly the state of the Mission and its weakness for want of both fit men and sufficient

funds, his last words were, 'If by the time next General Assembly arrives neither of those are forthcoming, there is one who wishes he may find a grave!' That was his last word, and it fell like a knell on my heart and on many more. So infirm was he that day, that though the college church is scarcely a hundred yards from our house, he had to be driven both there and back!'

From his JOURNAL:—

"*March* 1.—What events of importance or interest to myself have been crowded into the months and days which have passed since these last words have been written! The Thanksgiving for the dear Queen and Prince this week in London—the grandest thing, morally, I have ever witnessed or can witness; and the death of my best of friends, and of the best man I have ever known on earth or can know—my own John Campbell!

"This last implies worlds to me as affecting my inner life. I might have added to it the crisis of the Indian Mission; yet I am so wearied in body and soul this night, that I cannot write about them, yet cannot be silent, but must mark this point and transition between my past and future, in which I am involved as a minister, a citizen, and a friend. Oh my dear, dear John! I left thee to-day in thy grave, and the world can never more be the same to me. Thy light, shining through an earthly tabernacle, is gone; my staff is departed; the arm on which I leant is in the grave; and my best and truest of friends is dead! Oh, how I loved him and adored him on this side of idolatry! He was my St. Paul. No words of mine can express my love to him. I took part with Story in the service; I lowered him to his grave; I cannot preach about him to-morrow; I hope to do so next Sunday. Till then, all things else depart."

To Principal Shairp :—

Saturday, March 16, 1872.

"My dearest John,

"More dear than ever, as friend after friend departs, and as we feel ourselves every year like the remains of an old Guard, whose comrades have almost all left us—all who could speak, not of the old wars, but of the old times of joy and hope, of struggle and of victory. The reason, perhaps, why I have not written to you, or indeed to any one who was one with me in devoted love to beloved John Campbell, was that I knew we had the same feeling, the same sense of loss, the same joy in his gain, the same everything! I heard of it in England. It was a sudden and terrible blow. As we praised God in St. Paul's, he, a king and priest, had entered into the joy of his Lord; and oh, John, what joy! You said truly to me that if there be a God, we as men are alienated from Him, and need reconciliation; and I add, if there be a God—shocking 'if' even to speak of—he is with Him. I returned home on Friday, and was in time for his funeral on Saturday. I took part in the services along with Story, and what that was to me you will understand, as I prayed in the church, near the head of his coffin. It was a wet and cold day, but there was a large attendance of ministers, and of men and women, who loved him as few were loved. Tuesday I spent with his wife and family, and heard all. Five days before his death, when very cheerie, he wrote his last and a most beautiful letter to comfort orphans. But he spoke not much of religion when dying. His silent death was like his life, an 'Amen' to God's will.

"I preached a funeral sermon for him, which I will publish, that his dear Lord may be glorified in him, even through unworthy me. He has left a large collection of letters; many written to his father on the Mondays, giving an account of his teaching on the previous Sundays at Row; many to his brother and sister, both worthy of him; a series over ten years, to his son, on general subjects of Christian interest; all immensely valuable. Who will edit these? I know not. In spite of my dearest wish, it seems impossible that a man so poor in good as I am

should be called upon to give an account of such men as our two beloved Johns! But the treasure is often committed to earthen vessels, that the power might be seen to be of God.

"My heart, dear, is very sore. The world and life look awfully serious to me. I feel as if the winding-up were coming soon, and I have a depressing sense, of which no one but God can judge, of a miserably improved life. But such feelings are for God, more than for man. They don't come from gout, as they are of late my habit; yet I suffer still from the enemy. God is my only light, and I seek to cast the burden of my soul, my life, my fears, my all on Him; and yet my very faith is so weak."

The sermon which he preached on Dr. Campbell was afterwards published in another form in *Good Words*. The privilege and responsibility of speaking regarding his lamented friend were so keenly realised by him that, before beginning, he wrote on the fly-leaf of his manuscript the following touching prayer:—

"May God the Father, whose glory my beloved friend ever sought, teach me, a miserable sinner, who am unworthy to speak of the holy ones in His presence, to speak of His saint in glory so as to give some true impression of what he was; that Jesus, who was and is his 'all in all,' may be glorified in and by him; and that, though dead, he may speak through my feeble lips! I begin with fear and trembling; yet, if I am every Sunday called upon to speak of Jesus, why should I fear to speak of one of his holy apostles? God help me in His mercy!"

Saturday, March 9, 1872.

Similar prayers are of frequent occurrence on the first or last pages of his sermons, and there are sometimes brief notices of the events in his own life which suggested certain lines of thought.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HIS DEATH.

'I FEEL as if the winding-up were coming soon,' he wrote to Principal Shairp, with little anticipation of how soon his words were to be realised.

As the spring wore on, the sense of feebleness and discomfort continued to increase; but his family physician, Professor Andrew Buchanan, after careful examination, discovered, at that time, nothing organically wrong with his heart; and believing that complete rest and freedom from anxiety would suffice to remove his ailments, he ordered him to give up the India Mission, leave his town-house and reside in the country, and, in short, confine his duties within the narrowest possible circle. Dr. Macleod at once acquiesced in these arrangements, and for a time found some enjoyment in planning a cottage which he thought of building on the slope of Campsie Fell, in a situation he had long admired, and he seemed almost happy at the prospect of renewing his early love of country life. The other direction of his physician made a greater demand on his feelings. He did not hesitate as to relinquishing the India Mission, but he determined that in doing so he would express, once for all, the

conclusions he had reached regarding the manner in which Christian work in India ought to be conducted. For weeks he revolved the subject in his mind; for weeks it possessed his thoughts night and day; and, whether from the nature of the views he felt it his duty to propound, or more probably, from the exaggerated colouring which weak health imparts to coming difficulties, he somehow expected that his speech was to provoke a violent and painful discussion. These anticipations, natural to an invalid, although utterly groundless, had the effect of exciting his shattered nervous system, and of producing an anxiety and agitation which told with fatal effect upon him.

When he rose in the Assembly to address a house crowded to suffocation, his rapid breathing revealed the strain he was labouring under. He had written nothing beforehand except a few jottings on the fly-leaf of the Mission Report; and such was the impassioned and rapid manner in which, under the pressure of his convictions, he grappled with the points he wished most to impress, that the reporters were unable to take down even the meaning of a great part of the address — the most powerful and stirring he ever delivered. The speech is practically lost. Passages can be recalled; the general scope can be sketched; but there is no adequate record of the masterly handling of principles, the touches of kindly humour, the skill with which he conciliated his audience while urging views calculated to offend the prejudices of many, the overpowering earnestness with which he defended his own position and appealed to the Church

for a generous and self-forgetful policy towards India. Those who were present may retain an impression of its power, but the speech itself has perished.

He had been labouring for years, with little effect, to induce the clergy to adopt efficient methods of raising funds, and had discovered how difficult it is in such matters to combat sloth, prejudice, power of custom. He had tried also to make the Church realise the nature and difficulty of the problems with which her Mission had to deal, only to find, however, that many good people withheld their sympathy, eyed with suspicion the education policy which formed an essential part of the Mission system, and cared little for any results except such as took the form of individual conversion. He deeply felt that—

"There was a sort of feeling of uneasiness and discontent throughout the Church in reference to his conduct of the Mission, as if they said, 'The Mission is excellent; God bless the Mission; let us support it; but—' and there was a groan or a sigh, a something he could not get at. It needed no power but that of thoughtlessness to destroy, but they must remember how difficult it is to restore. Any man could set a great building on fire; and a single word, or the shake of the head of a man in authority, might be very destructive to the work of the Committee. . . . Did they realise," he asked, "what they expected the Hindoos to do, what they blamed them for not doing, or compared these expectations with what they were doing themselves at home? They were asking Hindoos, men of flesh and blood like themselves, and far more sensitive than Scotchmen, of great intelligence and culture, to give up hoary traditions, to cut down the tree of that religion under which they and their fathers had sat for teeming centuries, and to accept the religion of a people whose very touch was pollution! They were asking these men in

many cases to give up father and mother, and brother and sister, and were much astonished they did not make the sacrifice! But suppose the Hindoos, who were observing and intelligent, were to turn on themselves and say, 'You are sending us Christianity, to believe which implies enormous sacrifices on our part, but what are your own clergy doing? You are asking us to sacrifice all our traditions, but you won't sacrifice the custom in your parishes that has been brought in by your venerable predecessors! What do you give for the salvation of souls? A pound or a penny, or, as is the case in one hundred and seventy of your churches, nothing at all? You call us deceivers; but we take you by appearances, and ask you to let us see what Christianity is in yourselves before you come to us.' . . . . He had yet to learn that it was the work of the Foreign Mission to make converts. He had always understood that the conversion of souls was in the hand of God. He was not speaking lightly of conversion—far from it; but their responsibility as a Church was to use the best means for converting, and to implore God's grace on the means. But he would ask those who judge the Mission by the number of converts, to find out how many conversions had taken place in their own parishes during the same time. Let them go down to the village, and entering a house, say they will not leave it till they bring the men and women to Christ. Let them go to the man of science, who had mastered many of the questions of the day; let them not call him proud, or sneer at him as a 'natural man,' for he may be most earnest, and may be sweating a more bloody sweat in seeking to come to the truth than they had done; let them go to that man and satisfy his doubts, meet him fairly before God, and when they returned from such a visitation as that, they would have more sympathy with missionaries dealing with educated heathens."

The chief purpose of his speech, however, took wider ground. He desired all Churches to consider whether the forms in which they were presenting truth,

and the ecclesiastical differences they were exporting to India, were the best means for Christianizing that country. Was it right that the divisions which separated Churches in this country, and which were the growth of their special histories, should not only be continued, but be made as great matters of principle in India as in England or Scotland?

"When these Hindoos heard an Anglican bishop declare that he did not recognise as belonging to Christ's Church congregations of faithful men holding a pure gospel and observing the sacraments of the Lord; when they met others who said, 'You must accept all these Calvinistic doctrines;' and when the Wesleyans came next and said, 'God forbid! don't bring these things in;' and the Baptist came with his idolatry of sacrament, saying, 'You must be a Baptist, you must be dipped again;' and when the Roman Catholic came and said, 'You are all wrong together;' is it any wonder that the Hindoo, pressed on every side by different forms of Western Christianity, should say, 'Gentlemen, I thank you for the good you have done me, but as I am sore perplexed by you all, take yourselves off, leave me alone with God, then I will be fairly dealt with.' It was a positive shame—it was a disgrace—that they should take with them to India the differences that separated them a few yards from their brethren in this country. Is it not monstrous to make the man they ordained on the banks of the Ganges sign the Westminster Confession of the Church of Scotland or the Deed of Demission and Protest of the Free Church? Was that the wisest, was it the Christian way of dealing with Hindoos? . . . . And were they presenting the truth to the native mind in the form best fitted for his requirements? The doctrines of their Confessions might be true in themselves, but the Confession was a document closely connected with the historical development and with the metaphysical temperament of the people who had accepted it, and might not be equally suitable for those who had

not the same traditions and tendencies. Was it necessary to give these minute and abstract statements to Orientals whose habits of mind and spiritual affinities might lay better hold on other aspects of divine truth, and who might mould a theology for themselves, not less Christian, but which would be Indian, and not English or Scotch? The block of ice, clear and cold, the beautiful product of our northern climes, will at the slighest touch freeze the warm lips of the Hindoo. Why insist that he must take that or nothing? Would it not be better to let the stream flow freely that the Eastern may quench his thirst at will from God's own water of life? Would it not be possible for the Evangelical Churches to drop their peculiarities, and in the unselfishness of the common faith construct a Primer, or make the Apostles' Creed their symbol, and say, 'This is not all you are going to learn, but if you receive this truth and be strong in the faith, we will 'receive you so walking, but not to doubtful disputations; and, if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God will reveal even this unto you?' And they should make known the truth not only by books but by living men. Send them the missionary. Let him be a man who embodies Christianity; and if he were asked, 'What is a Christian?' he could answer, 'I am; I know and love Christ, and wish you to know Him and love Him too.' That man in his justice, generosity, love, self-sacrifice, would make the Hindoo feel that he had a brother given him by a common Father. Let them prepare the Hindoos to form a Church for themselves. Give them the gunpowder, and they will make their own cannon."

While advocating these catholic aims, he did not forget that spirit of ecclesiasticism, and those prejudices and bigotries he was offending. He rose into indignant remonstrance as he thought of how India might possibly be sacrificed to the timidity of some of the clergy afraid to speak out their thoughts, or, still worse, to the policy of others who, in the critical

position of the Church at home, were cautious not to verify the accusations of latitudinarianism made against her by interested opponents.

"You must take care lest by insisting on the minutiæ of doctrine or government you are not raising a barrier to the advances of Christianity. You must take heed lest things infinitesimally small as compared with the great world, may not be kept so near the eye as to conceal the whole world from you. A man may so wrap a miserable partisan newspaper round his head as to shut out the sun, moon, and stars. You must take care that your Cairns do not stand so near as to shut out Calcutta, and the *Watch-word* make you so tremble for petty consequences at home that all India is forgotten by you. I am not speaking for myself alone," he added, "for I know how these difficulties press upon many a missionary—and remember how more than one has taken my hand, and said we dare not speak out on these things, lest our own names be blasted, ourselves represented as unsafe, and all home-confidence be removed from us. But why should they be afraid of such reproach? Why should I be afraid of it? Am I to be silent lest I should be whispered about, or suspected, or called 'dangerous,' 'broad,' 'latitudinarian,' 'atheistic?' So long as I have a good conscience towards God, and have His sun to shine on me, and can hear the birds singing, I can walk across the earth with a joyful and free heart. Let them call me 'broad.' I desire to be broad as the charity of Almighty God, who maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good; who hateth no man, and who loveth the poorest Hindoo more than all their committees or all their Churches. But while I long for that breadth of charity, I desire to be narrow—narrow as God's righteousness, which as a sharp sword can separate between eternal right and eternal wrong."

No one then present can forget the thrilling power, the manly bearing, the intensity of suppressed feeling, with which these words were uttered.

In a few following sentences he explained how he was compelled to relinquish all public work for the future, thanked his brethren for the kindness he had received from them, and bidding farewell to the Church he had served with life-long affection, he ended in accents broken with emotion, 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning—if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.'

It was a last and fatal effort. The hearts of many present trembled for him as they watched the unnatural flush upon his cheeks, and marked the expenditure of energy the exertion cost him. To more than one of those whose eye wistfully followed him, as he left the house, the sad foreboding came that it was their last look of him.

"I was so glad," one writes, "I heard that magnificent oration. When it was over, I bowed my head in my hands, wishing to shut out everything but the solemn thoughts such words had conjured up. I felt how much too great the exertion had been for him. I took a long last look at him before I left—the conviction being somehow strong upon me that with my mortal eyes I should never see him again."

For the next few days he complained of uneasiness and unaccountable depression of spirits, but was able to preach in his own church on the afternoon of the following Lord's-day. It was his last sermon, and on the strikingly appropriate subject, 'We have forsaken all, and followed Thee; what shall we have, therefore?' A sheet of note-paper contains all he had written beforehand, but it is enough to show that his last counsels to his people were strangely in harmony with the situation. His theme was the way in which

Christ educated His disciples, and he urged upon his hearers the truth that if they were willing to accept His guidance every day, they would at last be prepared cheerfully to surrender life and all into His hands.

Next day, the 3rd of June, he was to enter his sixty-first year, and he had such a strong desire to have all his family with him on this birthday, that he brought his aged mother from the country and asked leave for his son to come from Liverpool. There was no foreboding in all this of immediate danger. He said and did some things which afterwards seemed to indicate a feeling of approaching death. When at Balmoral the previous week he spoke to more than one of its being his last visit, and in some of his letters there were expressions so solemn as to have startled the friends who received them. But he did not really think that his end was so near. A great sadness weighed on him, a weariness of the noise and disputings of men, of 'the burden and the mystery' of life; and out of this arose a more childlike clinging to Christ and to the love and goodness of God. Deeply affected by the disturbed condition of opinion in the world and the Church, he cherished only a fuller confidence in order finally coming out of disorder; and feeling his own life-work was over, he entered the more keenly into speculations as to the character of the life beyond the grave. The future state, the society, occupations and joy of the blessed dead, had been a favourite theme with him for many years, but during the last few days of his life, it seemed to engross his thoughts. No friend could be

with him for many minutes without his reverting to it. Under the influence of the same feelings he spoke of his death. 'My father often took me at that time to drive with him,' writes one of his daughters. 'He talked, or rather thought aloud, almost always about death and dying—the dread every one has of the act of dying; and how merciful it was, that though a man in health fears death, yet when he is weakened by disease, he is indifferent to its terror; 'above all, what a comfort it is to know that the *Man* Christ Jesus died!' On the Friday after he was taken ill, I was sitting on his bed hearing how he was, and he said, 'How dreadful it would be if a God of hate ruled the world; how he could torture us! For instance, he could make us die more than once, and each death become a dreadful experience. Let us thank God for His love. After all,' he added after a pause, 'death is a wrong name for it—it is birth into the true life.'

The greater part of Monday, 3rd June, was spent by him alone in the outside study. He passed the day chiefly in writing letters to valued friends and in quiet meditation. One of his aunts found him reading the seventy-first psalm, and he at once made it the groundwork of one of those out-pourings of his deepest, most inward experiences which none who ever heard them can forget. In the evening all his family were gathered round his table.

From his JOURNAL:—

"*June* 2.—To-morrow, if I live, I am sixty. I enter on the last decade allotted to man. I cannot take it in. In one sense I am young in heart. I dream, as I have,

alas! done for many a year, of what I may, or might do—in literature, in practical work, in many a thing. While I dream life passes, powers fail, and I feel as one who had done nothing, and know that I have done little in comparison with what I could have done, had I only been self-denying and diligent in college and in riper years. I confess with shame my off-putting, my want of painstaking and earnestness in mastering difficulties and details, my indolence, and selfishness, and want of principle, in not attending each day, from youth upwards, in doing, to the best of my ability, that one work, whether of mastering a lesson or anything else, given me to do. It is no comfort to tell me what I have done, for it is false comfort. I feel it truer to confess what I have not done, what I ought to have done, what I could have done, and which being left undone has been a felt, real, and shameful loss to me all my life. Whatever a man's natural talent may be, whatever success he has had in the world, whatever good he has accomplished, it yet remains true that he would have been better, wiser, more influential, and glorified God far more if he had been a careful, accurate, diligent scholar at school and college, and acquired those habits of study, that foundation of knowledge, without which talent is stunted, and genius itself is very far from accomplishing that which it otherwise could do. God blesses the self-sacrifice of study, and that I never had in my youth, and for that I have suffered, and more especially as I have in later years become fully alive to its importance. Morally and intellectually I am a dismasted wreck, praising and blessing God if I get into the harbour, and reverencing those who are good men, because they have been all their lives dutiful.

"My life has been to me a mystery of love. I know that God's education of each man is in perfect righteousness. I know that the best on earth have been the greatest sufferers, because they were the best, and, like gold, could stand the fire and be purified by it. I know this, and a great deal more, and yet the mercy of God to me is such a mystery, that I have been tempted to think that I was utterly unworthy of suffering.

"God have mercy on my thoughts! I may be unable to stand suffering. I do not know. But I lay myself at Thy feet and say—not that I am prepared—but that Thou art good, and wise, and wilt prepare me. I am a poor selfish creature.

"God is all in all.

"God is love. Amen.

"The doctors tell me I am in danger, and that unless I give up work I may not live. I have been ill for the last sixteen years. The doctors tell me that I must get quit of worry. I have, by their command, given up on Thursday last the Convenership of the India Mission. I feel this. I spoke an hour and a half on the subject, but the reports of my speech are fearful; empty of all I said that is worth anything, full of horrors and absurdities I never said."

To PRINCIPAL SHAIRP:—

3rd June, 1872.

"I am three-score years to-day!

"John dear, I cannot speak about myself. I am dumb with thoughts that cannot be uttered.

"The doctors tell me that unless by rest of body and mind I can conquer incipient disease, it will kill me.

"So I am obeying to the best of my ability.

"As I feel time so rapidly passing, I take your hand, dear old friend, with a firmer grip!

"I have many friends; few old ones!

"Oh that I loved my oldest and truest, my Father and Saviour, better! But should I enter heaven as a forlorn ship, dismasted, and a mere log—it is enough—for I will be repaired.

"But I have been a poor concern, and have no peace but in God's mercy to a miserable sinner.

"I spoke in the Assembly on India Missions for an hour and a half. I will probably print it. It is my programme for India. It knocked me up."

To Mrs. Macnab (Sister of Dr. Macleod Campbell) : —

3rd June, 1872.
3rd June, 1812.

"You did not intend it to be a birthday gift to the child you had in your arms sixty years ago! But so it is, and it is doubly precious as a pledge of a love that has remained ever bright for three-score years, and will be brighter still when time shall be no more. God bless you and preserve you to us on earth! I am dumb with a sense of awe, and full of thoughts that cannot be uttered. My only rest in thinking of the past and in anticipating the future is in the one thought of 'God my Father.'

"I am so glad you would like me to republish my sketch of dear John Campbell. What would you say to putting in an appendix some extracts from his books, expressive of his leading 'views?' This might help some souls in perplexity, and induce them to read his books. They would be of use in India.

"As to his letters, &c., no one felt more strongly than John Mackintosh regarding biographies. The only thing which induced us to go against his expressed wishes was the conviction, that *now* he would wish to do whatever seemed best to others, whom he loved and trusted, for the glory of God. And surely the result justified us. It seems to me that the responsibility of not permitting men to speak when dead is as great as in enabling them to do so. How is it likely they would judge now? is a question I cannot help putting."

To Rev. A. Clerk, whose son, Duncan Clerk, was then dying :—

June 3, 1872.

"It is very solemn and very affecting, and I need not say how deeply we sympathize with you. Yet there is but One who can do so perfectly, and give you and dear Jessie faith and strength at this terrible crisis. I feel how impossible it is to convey in words what one would like to say at such a time, if indeed silence does not best express the sense of darkness and oppression. I enter to-day my sixty-first year, and have my mother and all my family

around me, and the contrast presented between my house and yours makes your affliction only more dark and solemn. We can only fall back on God to deliver me from a slavish fear of coming sorrows, and you, my dear Archy, from a want of faith in His constant and deep love to you and yours. What God may be giving you in this form, I don't know. But I am sure He is giving. Those He has taken, and seems to be taking, have been among His elect ones if any such there be on earth. A finer boy than Duncan could not be. Every one loved and respected him. He was a girl in purity, a child in humility, modesty, and obedience. Fit for Heaven! fit to join his sainted sister and brothers. You have both sent precious treasures there to be your own riches for ever, and I doubt not every soul in your house will get a blessing. A holy family! what an awful gift from God! I don't wish to speak about myself, but I am not well. The doctors have discovered symptoms so serious in me as to necessitate my getting rest for mind and body, and so ward off what would very soon kill me. So I gave up the India Mission, and am trying to sell my house in town, and get one in the country. All my lameness, weariness, all are from the same cause. I am utterly unable to stand fatigue, and I am still suffering from my long (one hour and a half) speech and probably my last in the Assembly. I fear to attempt to go to you, as I believe I would add to your trouble, I get so prostrate. I am seriously alarmed for myself and can see no escape at present."

To the MARCHIONESS OF ELY (then Lady in Waiting at Balmoral):—

June 3rd, 1872.

"DEAR LADY ELY,

"Whether it is that my head is empty or my heart full, or that both conditions are realised in my experience, the fact, however, is that I cannot express myself as I feel, in replying to your ladyship's kind—far too kind—note, which I received when in the whirlwind, or miasma of Assembly business. Thanks deep and true to you and to my Sovereign Lady for thinking of me. I

spoke for nearly two hours in the Assembly, which did no good to me, nor I fear to any other! I was able to preach yesterday. As I have got nice summer quarters, I hope to recruit, so as to cast off this dull, hopeless sort of feeling. I ought to be a happy, thankful man to-day. I am to-day sixty, and round my table will meet my mother, my wife, and all my nine children, six brothers and sisters, and two aunts—one eighty-nine, the other seventy-six, and all these are a source of joy and thanksgiving. Why such mercies to me, and such suffering as I often see sent to the best on earth? God alone knows. I don't. But I am sure He always acts as a wise, loving, and impartial Father to all His children. What we know not now, we shall know hereafter. God bless the Queen for all her unwearied goodness! I admire her as a woman, love her as a friend, and reverence her as a Queen; and you know that what I say, I feel. Her courage, patience, and endurance are marvellous to me."

From his JOURNAL—

"*June* 3.—I am this day three-score years.

"The Lord is mysterious in His ways! I bless and praise Him.

"I commit myself and my all into His loving hands, feeling the high improbability of such a birthday as this ever being repeated.

"But we shall be united after the last birthday into heaven.

"Glory to God, for His mercy towards us guilty sinners, through Jesus Christ His Son, my Lord.

"I preached at Balmoral ('Thy Kingdom come'), on the 27th May. The Queen, as usual, very kind. As she noticed my feebleness, she asked me to be seated during the private interview. When last at Balmoral, I met Forster (the Cabinet Minister) there. He and Helps and I had great arguments on all important theological questions till very late. I never was more impressed by any man, as deep, independent, *thoroughly* honest and sincere. I conceived a great love for him. I never met a statesman whom, for

high-minded honesty and *justice*, I would sooner follow. He will be Premier some day.

"Dear Helps! man of men, or rather brother of brothers.

"The last Assembly has been the most reactionary I have ever seen; all because Dr. Cairns and others have attacked the Church for her latitudinarianism! The lectures of Stanley have aroused the wrath of the Pharisees, and every trembler wishes to prove that we are not latitudinarian, forsooth! If by this term is meant any want of faith in the teaching of Christ and His apostles, any want of faith in the Bible, or in the supernatural, or in Christ's person or atonement (though not the Church theory), or in all the essentials of the faith common to the Church catholic; then I am no latitudinarian. But if by this is meant that man's conscience or reason (in Coleridge's sense) is not the ultimate judge of a divine revelation, that I am bound to stick to the letter of the Confession, and to believe, for example, that all mankind are damned to 'excruciating torments in soul and body for all eternity,' because of Adam's sin, and the original corruption springing therefrom, and that God has sent a Saviour for a select few only, and that death determines the eternal condition of all men; then, thank God, I am a latitudinarian, have preached it, confessed it, and can die for it! Nothing amazes or pains me more than the total absence of all pain, all anxiety, all sense of burden or of difficulty among nine-tenths of the clergy I meet, as to questions which keep other men sleepless. Give me only a man who knows, who feels, who takes in, however feebly (like myself), the life and death problems which agitate the best (yes, the *best*) and most thoughtful among clergy and laity, who thinks and prays about them, who feels the difficulties which exist, who has faith in God that the right will come right, in God's way, if not in his, I am strengthened, comforted, and feel deeply thankful to be taught. But what good can self-satisfied, infallible Ultramontanes do for a poor, weak, perplexed soul? Nay, what good can *puppies* do who may accept congenial conclusions without feeling the difficulties by which they are surrounded? What have I suffered and endured in this my little back study, which I must soon leave! How often from my

books have I gazed out of this window before me, and found strength and peace in the little bit of the sky revealed, with its big *cumuli* clouds, its far-away *cirri* streaks, and, farther still, its deep, unfathomable blue—its infinite depths I could not pierce! yet seeing—in the great sunlight, in the glory of cloudland, in the peace of the sky—such a revelation of God as made me say, 'The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!'

"The older I get I find more and more teaching from God's revelation in nature.

"The confusion that exists at this moment, and which began soon after the war of '15, and is as eventful as the Reformation, is most oppressive.

> 'Every thing is sundering,
> And every one is wondering,
> As this huge globe goes thundering
> On for ever on.'

"On the one hand, there is a breaking up of the old forms of thought about everything, social, political, scientific, philosophic, and theological. In spite of much foolish conceit and sense of power on the part of those who guide the battering-rams against the old walls, there is on the part of many more, a great sense of the paramount importance of truth and duty which, if piously considered, would but express faith in God, Who is ever on the side of truth, whether Huxley, Darwin, or any other express it, albeit without sympathy for the speakers unless they be truthful. On the part of the defenders there are all shades of feeling. Not a few from faith in God and Christ, and in the verities of that moral and spiritual kingdom which, having in themselves, they know cannot be moved, accept of these attacks, not as from real enemies, but friends, because believing that Christianity will ever be found far ahead of men, will soon 'prepare a place' for all real truth, so that wherever Christ is, there it may be also. But others are in terror, and either refuse to look at what professes to be truth in the face, and only call its professors nick-names, or try the Romish Syllabus dodge, and gather into clubs, like Jesuits, and in vain, by assertion, try to stop the movement.

"So we are split up into fragments, and while Rome remains whole,—in its blindness swearing there is no light because it does not see it, and cursing all eye-doctors and spectacles.

"As for Scotland! The Church of the future is not here! We ignore great world-questions. We squabble like fishwomen over skate and turbot.

"Where is the germ of the Church of the future? In what Church? In what creed? In what forms of government? It may come from India, as the first came from the East. But all our old forms are effete, as old oaks, although young ones may grow out of them. Neither Calvinism, nor Presbyterianism, nor Thirty-nine Articles, nor High Churchism, nor Low Churchism, nor any existing organization can be the Church of the future! May God give us patience to wait! It may be a thousand, or three thousand years yet, ere it comes, but come it will! I do not think any Broad Church can be *the* Church yet; it wants definiteness to meet the common mind of rough humanity. But in a Church it can modify and liberalise extremes, witness for individuality against any extreme views of the body, and so help to an ultimate solution of the problem between the individual and the Church. I shall see it from the other side; but not from this.

"I resigned the Convenership of the India Mission as I have said. I made a long speech not reported. Dear Watson has been rejected as Convener. Herdman appointed. This is of interest merely as showing the contest between the parties in the Church. These are the Ultra-Evangelical and the Liberal "

Thus ends the journal he kept so faithfully through his busy life.

On the same day his birthday festival was held with a joy that was shadowed by haunting fears of coming change. His worn and shattered aspect, and his sad, tender bearing, suggested painful forebodings to those

who loved him, and who could scarcely refrain from showing their anxiety.

On the following Thursday he took his mother and aunt for a drive in an open carriage. The day was treacherous, and, before they returned, the bright sunshine, which had tempted them to go out, departed, and a piercing east wind came on. In his anxiety for his delicate aunt he wrapped his own plaid round her, and exposed himself to a chill, which, in his broken condition of health, proved fatal. When he came home he was seized with a shiver, followed by an intense pain in the chest, and for the next few days experienced extreme suffering, combined with overpowering attacks of sickness. He spent some hours that evening with his mother, and aunts, and sister, who resided a few doors from his own house. It was the day of the funeral of a favourite nephew, Duncan Clerk, and partly to comfort his sorrowing niece, who was present, as well as to give expression to thoughts of which his mind was full, he talked with more than usual power—almost with excitement—regarding the glorified life of those who had departed in the Lord. He recalled the names and characters of deceased relatives, and described the joy of meeting and recognising them. He spoke of his father, of James, of sisters and uncles who were dead, and of John Mackintosh; and when one of the party chanced to allude to their departure as loss, he vehemently remonstrated against such a view. 'Love is possession, love is possession,' he repeated with an emphasis, which those who listened to him have since learned to apply to

the separation they feared, but the imminence of which they did not then anticipate. Before parting from his mother that evening—the last they were to spend together on earth—he poured out his soul in a prayer which melted every heart. It was a triumphant thanksgiving to God, which recalled his own past history, and the history of the family, revived the names of many dear ones who had entered into rest, and concluded with a glorious profession of gratitude, confidence, and joy.

His restlessness night and day became dreadful, but as the symptoms seemed to arise from indigestion, for a time no strong measures were taken. In order to alleviate this, and to give him greater freedom, Mrs. Macleod removed his bed to the drawing-room. The pain gradually lessened, but his strength went visibly down, and his brother, Professor Macleod, who had been out of town, was, on his return, so much struck by the change in his appearance, that, though not anticipating any immediately fatal result, he suspected the imminence of graver complications. In order to secure complete rest for him, arrangements were made for his giving up every kind of work for six months. This fact was communicated to him on Tuesday the 11th, and was received with perfect composure; but when his brother left, Mrs. Macleod found him in the drawing-room deadly pale and nearly fainting. The proposal had shocked him more than he knew, as indicating the cessation of his active life; but he revived after a little, and spoke of how delightful it would be to take all his children to Cannstadt, and how he would enjoy six months' rest with his family and his books.

The rapid sinking of his strength, the increasing tendency to faintness, the casual rambling of his thoughts, showed, however, too plainly the severity of the attack, and his medical attendants held a consultation on Thursday, in which Professor Gairdner joined. Their examination showed that rapid effusion had taken place into the pericardium.

That morning, when one of his brothers saw him, he described a dream which seemed for the time to fill him with happiness:—'I have had such a glorious dream! I thought the whole Punjaub was suddenly Christianised, and such noble fellows, with their native churches and clergy.'

The next day he was very weak, but on Saturday the doctors found him considerably better. The birth of his brother Donald's eldest son, which occurred that morning, took a strange hold of his mind, and when the father called for him he found him filled with solemn thoughts suggested by the gift of this new life. He was seated in a stooping position, his elbows resting on his knees, to relieve the pain in his chest, and while he spoke his eyes overflowed with tears, as with broken utterance he touched on what had always been a congenial theme:—'Christ spoke of the joy of a man-child being born into the world. He alone could measure all that is implied in the beginning of such an existence. A man born! One that may know God and be with Him for ever. A son of God like Jesus Christ—how grand—how awfully grand!'*

* The same newspaper which announced the birth of this boy, Norman, contained the news of his uncle's death.

That evening he was so much better as to enjoy music, and his daughters played and sang some of his favourite pieces,—the 'Marche Funèbre' of Beethoven, with a part of the Sonata; Mozart's 'Kyrie Eleison;' 'Ach wie ist es möglich!' 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' He was greatly moved by Newman's well-known hymn, 'Lead kindly light,' which, strange to say, he had never heard sung before. Every word seemed so appropriate that he made his daughter sit beside him that he might hear her more distinctly, and he shook his head and bowed it with emphatic acquiescence at different passages, especially at the lines,—

> "Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
> The distant scene: one step enough for me."

On that night, as well as on the previous one, his brother George sat up with him. On the Friday night he had suffered extremely, but he was now slightly better. He had snatches of sleep, often rose and walked through the room, sometimes indulging in bits of fun, and shaking with laughter at sallies of wit which were evidently intended to relieve his brother's anxiety. Sometimes his mind slightly wandered. More than once he engaged in silent prayer, and after one of these still moments he said, 'I have been praying for this little boy of Donald's—that he may live to be a good man, and by God's grace be a minister in the Church of Christ—the grandest of all callings!'

He described with great delight the dreams he had been enjoying, or rather the visions which seemed to be passing vividly before his eyes even while he

was speaking. 'You cannot imagine what exquisite pictures I see. I never beheld more glorious Highlands, majestic mountains and glens, brown heather tinted with purple, and burns—clear, clear burns—and above, a sky of intense blue—so blue, without a cloud!'

He spoke of an unusual number of friends, and remembering that the Queen was then leaving Balmoral for Windsor, he prayed aloud for her and her children.

Seeing that his brother was anxious that he should sleep, he said, 'Tell me about the Crimea, and what you saw there. There is nothing I like so much as stories of battles. If you tell me what you saw you will soothe me to sleep like a child. I never could well make out the position of the Flagstaff battery. Now, just go on!' Once, during the night, he asked his brother, with great tenderness, to kiss him; and at another time, when awaking from sleep, he held up his hands, as if pronouncing the benediction in church, and said with much solemnity, 'May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the Communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you all. Amen.' So passed his last night on earth, troubled, yet peaceful, and full of the unselfishness and simplicity of his life.

On the morning of Sunday, the sixteenth of June, he was so much better that his brother left him in comparative comfort, and when Professor Andrew Buchanan saw him some hours afterwards, he was surprised at the great improvement which had taken place. He felt so refreshed after taking some food,

about seven in the morning, that he asked his wife to sit beside him while he told her the deeper thoughts that were possessing his soul. 'I believe I will get better,' he said, 'but I wish you to record for my good and for our good afterwards, that in this hurricane I have had deep thoughts of God. I feel as if He said, 'We know one another, I love you, I forgive you; I put my hands round you,' just as I would with my son Norman,' and here he laid his own hand tenderly on his wife's head. 'I have had few religious exercises for the last ten days. If my son were ill I would not be angry with him for not sending me a letter. But I have had constant joy, and the happy thought continually whispered, 'Thou art with me!' Not many would understand me. They would put down much that I have felt to the delirium of weakness, but I have had deep spiritual insight.' When he was speaking of God's dealings, the expression of his face and his accents were as if he was addressing One actually present. Still more intimately, it seemed, than ever, his fellowship was with the Father and the Son. He again repeated that he believed he would get better, and that his latter days would be more useful than any former ones. 'I have neglected many things. I have not felt as I ought how awfully good God is; how generous and long-suffering; how He has 'put up' with all my rubbish. It is enough to crush me when I think of all His mercies' (as he said this he was melted in tears), 'mercy, mercy, from beginning to end. You and I have passed through many life-storms, but we can say with peace, it has been all

right.' He added something she could not follow as to what he would wish to do in his latter days, and as to how he 'would teach his darling children to know and realise God's presence.' He told her once more to write down all he had said, that it might do her good when her own day of sorrow came. He frequently said that this visitation was quite unexpected.

Some hours afterwards two of his daughters came to kiss him before going to church. 'He took my hands in both of his,' one of them writes, 'and told me I must come to see him oftener. 'If I had strength,' he said, 'I could tell you things would do you good through all your life. I am an old man, and have passed through many experiences, but now all is perfect peace and perfect calm. I have glimpses of heaven that no tongue, or pen, or words can describe.' I kissed him on his dear forehead and went away, crying only because he was so ill. When I next saw him he was indeed 'in perfect peace and perfect calm.'

The church bells had for some time ceased to ring, and the quiet of the Lord's-day rested on the city. His wife and one of his sons were with him in the drawing-room, where he remained chiefly sitting on the sofa. About twelve o'clock Mrs. Macleod went to the door to give some directions about food. The sudden cry, 'Mother, mother!' startled her, and when she hurried in she saw his head had fallen back. There was a soft sigh, and, gently as one sinking into sleep, his spirit entered the eternal rest.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FUNERAL.

'HAD I a wish on so solemn a subject, I would be disposed to choose a sudden death.' So had he written some years before; and those who knew and loved him best, when their grief was so far assuaged as to allow them to judge calmly, thanked God for the time and manner in which it pleased Him to take His servant to Himself. His death came when his work was in a sense complete. He had all but accomplished his plans for meeting the spiritual necessities of his great parish.* He had borne his last mature testimony on behalf of India; and his work in the Church and in the country had, in many ways, reached its fulness. Had it pleased God so to order it, he would doubtless have meekly accepted the burden of an enfeebled old age spent in retirement, or, by divine grace, would have patiently endured protracted suffer-

* What remained to be done was rapidly executed after his death. Three of the Mission Chapels were endowed as parishes by three of his friends—Kelvinhaugh and Bluevale (the first and the last he built), being severally endowed by Mr. Whitelaw and Mr. James Baird, and his own Mission Church erected into what is now called 'The Macleod Parish,' by Mr. J. H. Houldsworth. The congregation of the Barony completed in like manner the remaining parochial appliances which he had projected, and built a Memorial Missionary Institute in a destitute part of the parish.

ing, and watched with fortitude the slow approach of certain death. But neither of these experiences—both so trying to a temperament like his—was allotted to him. His active nature did not survive its usefulness; and instead of being kept under what, to his vivid imagination, might have been the appalling consciousness of life slowly ebbing away, his spirit passed, without a struggle, into that Presence in which his thoughts and affections had long made themselves a beloved abode.

The news of his death passed with extraordinary speed through the kingdom, and everywhere produced a profound impression. No man, since Chalmers, was so much mourned in Scotland. People who had never exchanged a word with him felt and spoke as if a personal friend had been taken away, and those who had deemed it their duty sometimes to oppose him even with bitterness, were the foremost to pay honour to the rich humanity and religious nobleness, which had raised him above the influence of all party strife.

A vague rumour of his death having reached the Queen she at once telegraphed for information, and with that ready sympathy which has so endeared her to the nation, she addressed the following letter to his brother:—

BALMORAL, *June 17th*, 1872.

"The Queen hardly knows how to begin a letter to Mr. Donald Macleod, so deep and strong are her feelings on this most sad and most painful occasion—for words are all too weak to say what she feels, and what all must feel who ever knew his beloved, excellent, and highly gifted brother, Dr. Norman Macleod!

First of all, to his family—his venerable, loved, and

honoured mother, his wife and large family of children—the loss of this good man is irreparable and overwhelming! But it is an irreparable public loss, and the Queen feels this deeply. To herself personally, the loss of dear Dr. Macleod is a very great one; he was so kind, and on all occasions showed her such warm sympathy, and in the early days of her great sorrow, gave the Queen so much comfort whenever she saw him, that she always looked forward eagerly to those occasions when she saw him here; and she cannot realise the idea that in this world she is never to see his kind face, and listen to those admirable discourses which did every one good, and to his charming conversation again!

"The Queen is gratified that she was able to see him this last time, and to have some lengthened conversation with him, when he dwelt much on that future world to which he now belongs. He was sadly depressed and suffering, but still so near a termination of his career of intense usefulness and loving-kindness, never struck her or any of us as likely, and the Queen was terribly shocked on learning the sad, sad news. All her children, present and absent, deeply mourn his loss. The Queen would be very grateful for all the details which Mr. D. Macleod can give her of the last moments and illness of her dear friend.

"Pray, say everything kind and sympathising to their venerable mother, to Mrs. N. Macleod, and all the family; and she asks him to accept himself of her true heart-felt sympathy."

Among many valued tributes of respect paid to his memory, but which it would be superfluous to mention here in detail,* there was one that, for many reasons, has a peculiar interest.

* Among these may be mentioned the touching allusions made on the Sunday after his burial in so many of the pulpits of all churches in the kingdom; and of these there were none truer or more beautiful than those spoken in the Barony by Dr. Watson of Dundee, and Dr. Taylor of Crathie. Many kind notices of his life appeared at the time in the Press, among which was an exquisite sketch of his career and character, contributed to the *Times* by Dean Stanley; and simi-

The Archbishop of Canterbury, with characteristic catholicity of spirit, thus addressed the Moderator of the Church of Scotland:—

LAMBETH PALACE, LONDON, *June 19th*, 1873.

"MY DEAR MODERATOR,

"Will you allow me to express to you officially the deep feeling of sorrow with which I have heard of the loss that has befallen the Established Church of Scotland by the death of Dr. Norman Macleod? He was so widely known in England as well as in Scotland, and, indeed, wherever our mother tongue is spoken, that his death seems a national loss. So zealous, large-hearted, and gifted a pastor could ill be spared at any time to the Christian Church. While his own people lament that they no longer hear his familiar voice, winning them by his wise spoken counsels, his written words will be missed in thousands of homes in every quarter of the world; and the Established Church, over which you preside, will deeply

larly affectionate and appreciative papers were written by Dr. Walter Smith in *Good Words*, and by Mr. Strahan in the *Contemporary*. Addresses of condolence were sent to his family from such public bodies as the Presbytery of Glasgow, the India Mission, the Barony Kirk Session, the Barony Sabbath School Association, the Bible Society, the Sunday School Society of Stockport, the Scottish Amicable Insurance Society, of which he was a director, the Sons of the Clergy, and several others. A tablet to his memory has been put up in the Parish Church of Loudoun, where his early labours are still cherished in the affectionate memory of the people, and a statue is about to be erected in Glasgow. At Crathie, two stained windows have been placed in the church by Her Majesty—the one bearing a figure of King David, and the other one of St. Paul—representing the gifts of poetry and missionary zeal. On the former there is inscribed:—"In Memory of the Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D., Dean of the Most Noble and Most Ancient Order of the Thistle, Dean of the Chapel Royal, and One of Her Majesty's Chaplains, a man eminent in the Church, honoured in the State, and in many lands greatly beloved;" on the other, the text—'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.'—Dan. xii. 3. Several months after his death, his family were surprised and gratified by finding the competency he had provided for them largely increased by those who had loved him; and this was done in a manner so delicate, as to make the mention of it here a privilege.

feel the removal of one who held so high a place amongst its wisest and most strenuous defenders.

"Believe me to be, my dear Moderator,

"Your faithful servant,

"A. C. CANTUAR."

It is unfortunately so seldom the representatives of the National Churches of England and Scotland exchange official communications, that this letter becomes the more remarkable as indicating at once the wide influence exercised by Dr. Macleod, and the reality of that unity in virtue of which, if one branch of the Church suffers, the whole Church suffers with it.

His funeral took place on Thursday, the 20th, and was celebrated with a solemnity unparalleled in the history of the city with which his labours were so long associated.

The day was of heavenly beauty, seeming the more beautiful that it had been preceded and was followed by days of storm. There was a private service at his own house, for the members of his family, at which his friend Dr. Watson officiated, and from his house to the Barony church, where his remains were first borne, the streets were lined with an observant multitude. The Barony church was filled with the members of his own congregation, and of his Mission churches, and the venerable Cathedral seemed doubly solemn from the reverent throng of mourning friends and representatives of public bodies gathered there to do honour to the dead.

Among those present were Dr. Robertson, Queen's commissioner, sent by Her Majesty to represent Herself and the Prince of Wales, and the Hon. E. C.

Yorke, who acted in a similar capacity for the Duke of Edinburgh.

The service in the Barony was conducted by Dr. Burns, the minister of the Cathedral, and by Dr. Walter C. Smith, of the Free Church, while Professor Eadie, of the United Presbyterian Church, and Dr. Smith, of North Leith, officiated in the Cathedral.

When the solemn services were concluded, the cortége was accompanied to the outskirts of the city by the magistrates of Glasgow, the sheriffs, the representatives of Royalty, the senate of the University, and by other public functionaries in their official robes; by clergymen of all Churches, gathered from many districts of the country, and by the members of various religious and other societies with which he had been connected. These preceded the hearse, and behind it and the mourning relatives, there followed a long line of nearly three thousand persons of all classes of the community. This demonstration of respect was the more gratifying that it was entirely spontaneous. As the great procession moved on to the sad music of the 'Dead March,' it was watched along the whole route by a vast multitude, occupying every available position from which a view could be obtained, and showing by their saddened aspect how deeply the hearts of the people had been touched. One of the most remarkable features in that crowd was the large proportion of working men and of the poor, who came to pay honour to the memory of him who had laboured so earnestly for their good. More than one touching testimony was audibly expressed by these onlookers to the benefit they had received from him. 'There

goes Norman Macleod,' a brawny working man was heard saying, as the dark column moved past; 'if he had done no more than what he did for my soul, he would shine as the stars for ever.'

As the funeral approached Campsie, it was not only met by many friends, but as business had been for the time suspended in the town, and the shops closed, the entire population united in paying respect to the

honoured dead, whose ashes were to rest in the old parish where his early life had been spent.

He was laid beside his father, and as the grave which was prepared for him was discovered, unexpectedly, to be that of James, the two brothers, whose lives had been linked by the holiest of all ties, were thus united in their last resting-place.

Ere the coffin was lowered, three wreaths of *Immortelles* were placed upon it. The first bore the inscrip-

tion, 'A token of respect and friendship from Queen Victoria;' the second, 'A token of respect from Prince Leopold,' and the third, 'A token of respect from Princess Beatrice.'

The spot where he sleeps is a suggestive emblem of his life. On the one side are the hum of business and the houses of toiling humanity. On the other, green pastoral hills, and the silence of Highland solitudes. More than one eye rested that day on the sunny slope where he had so lately dreamt of building a home for his old age—more than one heart thanked God for the more glorious mansion into which he had entered.

APPENDIX.

A.

Address presented before landing at Bombay.

To The Reverend Norman Macleod, D.D.

"Steamship Rangoon,
"25*th Nov.*, 1867.

"Reverend and Dear Sir,

"We, the Captain, Officers, and Passengers on board the steamship *Rangoon*, cannot bid you adieu without expressing our grateful sense of the peculiar privilege we have enjoyed in your society and your ministrations.

"As being all of us connected with India, we cannot but feel and believe that the visit to that country of one who exercises so great and beneficial an influence on public opinion at home must be productive of the greatest benefit.

"We all most sincerely unite in wishing you and your colleague Dr. Watson a prosperous journey, and a safe and happy return to your country and families.

"We beg to remain,
"Reverend and dear Sir,
"Yours gratefully and affectionately,

(Signed)

"D. Ronaldson, Captain.
"Campbell Keir, Solicitor.
"G. A. Leckie, Col., B. Staff Corps.
"George Campbell, Commissioner at Nagpore.
"W. D. Robertson, C.S., Bombay.
"M. Mull, *F. of India* Newspaper.
"A. A. Munro, Major, Bengal Army.
"John M. Champion, Major, R.E.
"J. H. B. Hallen, B. Army, Inspector of Garrisons.
"Wm. Thorn, M.D., B. Army.
"John D. Fuller, Lieut.-Col., R.E.

"A. E. Haighly, B.A. Revenue Survey.
"H. E. Bright, Esq., or *Ensign*.
"Thomas D. Rogers.
"James Sheldon.
"Jessie M'Culloch.
"Frances Marriott.
"Anna M. Lynch.
"S. M'Culloch, Barrister.
"George Birdwood, M.D.
"Arthur Phelps, Capt., B. Staff Corps.
"M. Edwards, Ben. C.S.
"Helena Sorter.
"F. J. Oliphant.
"J. H. Champion, Lieut-Col.
"Fredk. Jas. Parsons, B. Staff. Corps.
"Maria Berthon.
"Charlotte Webb.
"Jeanie Cameron.
"Alice Thomas.
"R. A. Elphinstone, Major, B. Staff. Corps.
"John Wm. Yorke Fishbourne, M.D.
"William F. Best.
"Diana J. Walton.
"G. Boileau Reid, B.C.S.
"Mary S. Walker.
"J. W. Sanderson.
"M. J. O'Kearny.
"Wm. Morland.
"Art. Richmond, Assist. Surg.
"Wm. Fuller, Col., R.H.A.
"M. A. Tapp.
"E. Edwards.
"J. D. Williams.
"H. A. Williams, Col., R.S.
"G. E. Thomas, B. Staff Corps.
"Walter Pains.
"George S. Lynch, Solicitor.
"W. Porteous, C.S.
"F. Stanger Leathes, Solicitor.
"Wm. M. Leckie, Lieut-Col., B.N.I.
"J. Bayley, Capt., 7th Hussars.
"J. M. G. Bayley.
"A. Y. Kennedy.

"M. A. Elphinstone.
"J. A. Slater.
"Agnes J. Hill.
"Robt. Brown, C.E.
"Janet V. Munro.
"W. S. C. Lockhart, Bengal Cavalry.
"C. A. Heller.
"C. L. D. Newmarch, Col., Bengal E.
"A. W. Newmarch.
"Wm. Clonstar, Civil Engineer.
"George Arbuthnot, Capt., and A.D.C.
"L. B. Hallett, Capt., B. Staff Corps.
"W. S. Hallett.
"Wm. B. Preston, Capt., B. Staff Corps.
"Tho. Ed. Rodger.
"Emily J. Thorn.
"George M. Huckebert
"Stephen H. M'Thirne, C.S.
"J. Ireland.
"St. Clair Ireland.
"T. S. Ireland.
"James W. Noble, P. and O. Co.
"Charles Turner.
"W. Birthon, Major, Staff Corps.
"Afleck Moodie, Barrister.
"Annie Best.
"Georgina A. Taylor.
"Henry S. Kinncard.
"J. L. Johnston, C.E.
"J. Jackson.
"R. T. Hare, Capt.
"G. A. Hare.
"A. C. Howden, Civil Engineer.
"Mrs. A. C. Howden."

B.

Copy of Medical Certificate.

"Certified that we have carefully examined into the state of health of the Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., and we are unanimously of

opinion, that it would be attended with danger to his life, should he persist in his intention of continuing his tour to Sealkote.

"We consider that he ought to leave India at the latest on the 3rd March, and till then, we believe that he may with safety visit any stations which can be reached by rail.

(Signed)

"J. Farquhar, M.D.
Surgeon to Viceroy.
"J. Fayer, M.D.
"J. Edmonston Charles, M.D.,
M.R.C.P. Lond., Art. Obstet. Prof.

"Calcutta, 8*th February*, 1868.

C.

Extract from Address on Missions.

". . . . What, then, it may be asked, have missions done generally for India? What measure of success have they had, or are they likely to have? Or such questions may be summed up in the more general and inclusive one, What is the state and what are the prospects of Christianity in India?

"In attempting, in the most general manner, to deal with questions which demand volumes instead of a speech, however long, to reply to them, I shall assume for the moment that I am addressing here, or through the reporters, those only who have not thought or inquired much on the subject.

"Recollect, then, that we are speaking of a country of enormous extent, with a population of at least 180,000,000, the Bengal Presidency alone numbering more than the whole empire of Austria—that this great country is occupied by various races from the most savage to the most cultivated, having various religious beliefs, and speaking languages which differ from each other as much as Gaelic does from Italian, most of them broken up by dialects so numerous as practically to form probably twenty separate languages. Remember that the vast majority of this people have inherited a religion and a civilisation, of which I shall have to speak afterwards, from a vast antiquity. Recollect, further, that the attempt to impart the truth and life of Christianity to this great mass has been systematically begun by the Protestant Church in British India within the memory of living men; so that the age of our Scottish missions is represented by

Dr. Duff, who commenced them, and still lives to aid them in connection with the Free Church. Realise, if you can, the difficulties which the missionaries engaged in such a tremendous enterprise have had to overcome in the ignorance and indifference, even the opposition, of professing Chrstians at home, and of timid European officials abroad; their want, for a time, of the very tools and instruments with which to conduct their operations; their ignorance of the language, of the religious systems, of the mental habits and national idiosyncrasies of the people; their want of a Bible which could be used, and of an educated people who could read it, and of any Christian natives able and willing to interpret it to their countrymen. Remember, finally, the agencies which are at present labouring in India before asking the question as to results. There are in India, say, in round numbers, five hundred European and American missionaries. You will notice that the members of this General Assembly, with those of the Assembly of the Free Church meeting in our immediate neighbourhood, number more than the whole mission staff in British India. Yet these Assemblies represent two churches only in all Scotland; while all Scotland's inhabitants would hardly be missed out of one district of Bengal alone! Or, let us put the proportion of missionaries to the population in another way: There are in England and Scotland about 36,000 ordained Protestant clergy of every denomination, supported at a cost of several millions annually. These clergy have, moreover, connected with them a vast agency, amounting to hundreds of thousands of Sunday-school teachers, local missionaries, Scripture readers, elders, and deacons, teachers of Christian schools, and pious members of churches, who are engaged in diffusing a knowledge of Christianity, and in dispensing its practical blessings in ways and forms innumerable. Now, suppose all this great agency taken across the ocean and located in the Presidency of Bengal alone, leaving all the rest of India as it is, giving not one missionary to the Presidency of Madras with a population of twenty-two millions; none to Bombay or Scindh with twelve millions; none to the North-West Provinces with thirty millions; none to the Punjab with fourteen millions; none to Oudh with eight millions; none to the Central Provinces with six millions; none to other districts with five millions—but giving all to Bengal, and confining their ministrations there to a population equal to that which they left behind in all England and Scotland, there would still remain in that Presidency *a surplus population of fourteen millions without a single missionary!* Without presuming to solve the problem when that blessed period is to

arrive in which, having no more to do at home, we may be set free to do more for India, I wish you at present to understand what is being done by us, *along with other countries*, for the diffusion of Christianity in the Eastern, as compared with this, the Northern, portion of our great empire. Now, assuming as I do that the missionaries abroad are equal to our missionaries—or, what is the same thing, our ministers at home—yet, deducting from their small band of five hundred men those who are advanced in years, and whose day is well-nigh done—those who are young and inexperienced, and whose day is hardly begun—those who have not the gifts, or the knowledge, or the mental habits, or the spiritual power which is required for thoroughly effective work—and deducting also, as I presume we must do, a few who are unfit from other causes, such as sloth or mere professionalism, then we necessarily reduce the number of such men as are able to cope with the gigantic evils and errors of India—men able by the power of their teaching and of their character to impress the observant and thinking natives with a sense of the truth and glory of Christianity. In regard, however, to the moral character of all those missionaries, I rejoice to say that our information, derived from every quarter, fully realised our hopes that they were worthy of the Churches which had sent them forth. Hindoos and Christians, natives and Europeans of every rank and class, were unanimous in their hearty testimony upon this point, and fully appreciated the unselfishness of their motives, the sincerity of their convictions, their intimate knowledge of and interest in the natives, and the wholesomeness of their influence upon the whole body of Indian society. Among these missionaries, too, there are some everywhere who, as regards mental power, learning, and earnestness, would do honour to any Church, and who have largely contributed to advance the interests of social science, Oriental literature and history, as well as of Christianity, and who have a right to deepest respect, sympathy, and gratitude from all who have at heart the conversion of India. It is gratifying and assuring to know, also, that the number of missionaries and of their stations is steadily on the increase, while conversions increase in a still greater ratio.

"I have not, of course, spoken here of the labours or influence of chaplains with reference to missions. In numerous instances these have been very effective, but they might be greater in many more. Nor have I alluded to the English bishops, who, as a rule, have been, as gentlemen of learning and highest character, an honour to the Church and to Christianity.

"But we have been taking into our calculation the difficulties only

on our own side, so to speak, in the way of imparting knowledge to the natives of India. Ought we not also to consider the difficulties of the other side in receiving our message? Of these, as peculiar to Hindoos, I shall have occasion to speak afterwards; but here I would have you remember that, in addition to the difficulties common to inert, slothful, prejudiced, and self-satisfied people in every part of the world,—in Christendom as well as heathendom,—to change any opinion, however erroneous or indefensible, or any habit, however foolish or absurd, the natives of India generally, among other hindrances, have presented to them for their acceptance a religion wholly different in *kind* from all they or their fathers ever heard of or believed in. It therefore demands time, intelligence, and patience to examine and understand it even when preached to them. It is a religion, moreover, which they have never seen adequately embodied or expressed in its social aspects, whether of the Church or the family, but only as a creed; and this, too, of a strange people, whom, as a rule, they dislike, as being alien to them in language, in race, in feelings, and manners, and who have conquered and revolutionised their country by acts, as they think, of cruelty, injustice, and avarice.

"But let us suppose that the intelligent and educated Hindoo has been convinced by English education of the falsehood of his own religion. I beg of you to realise and to sympathize with his difficulties of another kind, when Christianity, as the only true religion, is presented to him for his acceptance. He has brought his Brahminical creed and practices, we shall assume, under the light of reason, conscience, and science, for their judgment, and he has had pronounced upon them the sentence of condemnation. He has discovered that he has hitherto believed a lie, and been the slave of a degrading or childish superstition. But must he not subject this new religion of Christianity, with its sacred books, to the same scrutiny, and judge of them by the same light? Unquestionably he must; and so far a great point is gained, and one most hopeful to the accomplished and earnest missionary, when his teaching is examined honestly and sincerely in the light of truth, instead of being judged by the mere authority of custom or tradition. But such an investigation necessarily implies a trial of the severest and yet of the noblest kind, both to the inquirer and his teacher. And we need not be surprised if the first and most general, indeed, I might say, the universal, result of this scrutiny on the part of the Hindoo, should be the impression that Christianity, as a religion whose characteristic and essential doctrines

are alleged *facts*, is but another form of superstition, with false miracles, false science, and false everything, which professes to belong to the region of the supernatural. These difficulties are moreover increased and intensified by those schools of thought which at present, and as a reaction from the past, exercise such an influence in Europe and America. Their views and opinions are in every possible form reproduced in India, and take root the more readily, owing to the remarkable inability of the Hindoo mind, whatever be its cause, to weigh historical evidence, and to appreciate the value of *facts* in their bearing on the grounds of religious belief.

"If to this is added the manner in which Christianity, even as a creed, has sometimes, we fear, by truly Christian men, been represented, or rather misrepresented—with its doctrines, if not falsely put, yet sometimes put in a harsh, distorted, one-sided, or exaggerated light, proclaimed with little love, and defended with less logic—we shall be the more prepared to weigh the results of Christian missions with some approximation to the truth.

"In so far as the results of missions in India can be given by mere statistics, these have been collected with remarkable care, and published in 1864 by Dr. Mullens, himself an able and distinguished missionary. From these we gather that there are in round numbers about 140,000 natives in Hindostan professing Christianity; 28,000 in communion; with upwards of 900 native churches, which contribute £10,000 annually for the support of the Gospel. About 100 natives have been ordained to the ministry, while 1,300 labour as catechists. Upwards of 33,000 boys and 8,000 girls receive a Christian education at mission schools. As a means as well as a result of mission work, I may state that the whole Bible has been translated into fourteen of the languages of India, including all the principal tongues of the empire; the New Testament into five more; and twenty separate books of the Old and New Testament into seven more. These mission agencies are scattered over all India, and shine as sources of intellectual, moral, and Christian light amidst the surrounding darkness of heathenism. Now, surely some good and lasting work has been thus done, and seed sown by these means, which may yet spring up in the hearts of men.

"But I will by no means peril the results of missions on any mere statistics. Not that I have any doubt as to the care and honesty with which these have been furnished or collected, but because of the impossibility of obtaining by this method a just impression of what has been actually accomplished by Christian

missions. To some they would seem to prove too much, unless the races, the districts, the beliefs out of which the conversions have come are taken into account, along with the intelligence and character of the converts. To most they might prove less than they are capable of proving, as they afford no evidence of the indirect results of missions, or of what is being more and more effected by them on the whole tone and spirit of Hindoo society, as *preparatory* to deeper and more extensive ultimate results. Nevertheless, the more the real value of the work which has been accomplished is judged of by the individual history of those returned as converts, making every deduction which can with fairness be demanded for want of knowledge, want of moral strength, or want of influence, there yet remains such a number of native converts of intelligence and thorough sincerity, such a number of native Christian clergy of acquirements, mental power, and eloquence, and of strength of convictions and practical piety, as commands the respect of even educated and high-caste Hindoos. Such facts disprove, at least, the bold assertions of those who allege that missions have done nothing in India. One fact, most creditable to native Christians, ought not to be forgotten by us—that of the two thousand involved in the troubles of the Mutiny, all proved loyal, six only apostatised, and even they afterwards returned.

"But in estimating the present condition of India with reference to the probable overthrow of its false religions, and the substitution for them of a living Christianity, we must look at India *as a whole*. Now, we are all aware of the vast changes which have taken place during a comparatively recent period in most of those customs, which, though strictly religious according to the views of the Brahmans, are now prohibited by law, and have passed, or are rapidly passing, away in practice—such as Suttee, infanticide, the self-tortures and deaths of fanatics at great idol-festivals, &c. We know, too, of other reforms which must be in the end successful, such as those affecting the marriage of widows, polygamy, the education of females, &c. Such facts indicate great changes in *public opinion*, and that the tide of thought has turned, and is slowly but surely rising, soon to float off or immerse all the idols of India. In truth, the whole intelligent and informed mind of India, native and European, is convinced, and multitudes within a wider circle more than suspect, that, come what may in its place, *idolatry is doomed*. The poor and ignorant millions will be the last to perceive any such revolution. They will continue to visit and bathe in their old muddy stream, as their ancestors have done during vast ages, wondering at first why those whom they have

been taught to follow as their religious guides have left its banks, and drink no more of its waters, wondering most of all when at last they discover these waters to be dried up. Others of a higher intelligence may endeavour for a while to purify them, or to give a symbolic and spiritual meaning to the very mud and filth which cannot be separated from them. Men of greater learning and finer spiritual mould will seek to drink from those purer fountains that bubble up in the distant heights of their own Vedas, at the watershed of so many holy streams, and ere these have become contaminated with the more earthy mixtures of the lower valleys. But all are doomed. For neither the filthy and symbolic stream of the Puranas, nor the purer fountain of the Vedas alone, can satisfy the thirst of the heart of man, more especially when it has once tasted the waters of life as brought to us by Jesus Christ: or, to change the simile, although the transition between the old and new may be a wide expanse of desert filled up with strange mirages, fantastic forms, and barren wastes, yet whether this generation or another may reach the Land of Promise flowing with milk and honey, the people must now leave Egypt with its idols, and in spite of murmurings, regrets, and rebellions, can return to it no more.

"When I thus speak of the destruction of Hindooism, I am far from attributing this result solely to the efforts of missionaries, though these have not only taken a most worthy share in the work of destruction, but have also laboured at the more difficult and more important work of construction. The whole varied and combined forces of Western civilisation must be taken into account. The indomitable power of England, with the extension of its government and the justice of its administration, has, in spite of every drawback that can be charged against it, largely contributed to this result. So also, in their own way, have railroads and telegraphs, helping to unite even outwardly the people and the several parts of India to each other, and all to Europe. The light which has been shed by the Oriental scholars of Europe upon the sacred books and ancient literature of the Hindoos, has been an incalculable advantage to the missionary, and to all who wish to understand and to instruct the people of India. But nothing has so directly and rapidly told upon their intellectual and moral history as the education which they owe solely to European wisdom and energy. The wave-line which marks its flow, marks also the ebb of idolatry. This influence will be more easily appreciated when it is remembered that 3,089,000 Hindoos and about 90,000 Mohammedans attend Government schools, and upwards of 40,000

of these attend schools which educate up to a University entrance standard, in which English is a branch of examination. These schools have been found fault with because they do not directly teach religion. It has been said that they practically make all their pupils mere Deists. But apart from the difficulties which attend any attempt on the part of Government to do more, even were it to assume the grave responsibility of determining what system of theology should be taught, and of selecting the men to teach it, yet surely Deism is a great advance on Hindooism. If a man occupies a position half-way between the valley and the mountain-top, that alone cannot determine whether he is ascending or descending. We must know the point from which he has started on his journey. Thus departing from the low level of the Puranas, it seems to me that the Hindoo pupil who has reached the Theism of even the Vedas only, has ascended towards the purer and far-seeing heights of Christian revelation. Anyhow, the fact is certain, whatever be the ultimate results, that education itself, which opens up a new world to the native eye, has destroyed his old world as a system of religious belief.

"I know few things, indeed, which strike one more who for the first time comes into contact with an educated native, than hearing him converse in the purest English on subjects and in a manner which are associated, not with oriental dress and features, but with all that is cultivated and refined at home. You feel at once that here at least is a way opened up for communication by the mighty power of a common language, and of a mind so trained and taught as to be able thoroughly to comprehend and discuss all we wish to teach or explain. The traveller sometimes accidentally meets with other evidences of the silent but effective influences of English education. I remember, for example, visiting with my friend a heathen temple in Southern India. It was a great day, on which festive crowds had assembled to do honour to a famous Guru. There were some thousands within and without the temple. While seeking to obtain an entrance, we were surrounded by an eager and inquisitive crowd, but civil and courteous, as we ever found the natives to be. Soon we were addressed in good English by a native, and then by about a dozen more who were taking part in the ceremonies of the place. After some conversation I asked them, the crowd beyond this inner circle listening to but not comprehending us, whether they believed in all this idolatry? One, speaking for the rest, said, 'We do.' But from his smile, and knowing the effects of such education as he had evidently acquired, I said kindly to him, 'My friend, I candidly tell you

that I don't think you believe a bit of it.' He laughed, and said, 'You are right, sir, we believe nothing!' 'What?' I asked; 'nothing? not even your own existence?' 'Oh yes, we believe that,' he replied. 'And no existence higher than your own?' I continued to inquire. 'Yes,' he said, 'we believe in a great God who has created all things.' 'But if so, why then this idolatry?' I asked again. 'We wish to honour our fathers,' said another of the group to my question. On which the first speaker addressed his countryman, saying, 'What did your fathers ever do for you? Did they give you the steam-engine, or the railway, or the telegraph?' Then turning to me, he said, with a smile, 'Though we must keep up and cannot forsake these national customs while they exist in our country, and our people believe in them, yet, if you educate the people they will give them up of themselves, and so they will pass away.' Whatever may have been the intention of the speaker, I believe this conversation gives a fair impression, not of the deepest and most earnest minds in Hindostan, but of the mind of the ordinary pupil who has received an English education, though little more. It is thus, however, that all things are working together for the ultimate conversion of India to the truth and life of Christianity under Him who is the Head of all things to His Church.

"In endeavouring to sketch, however rapidly and imperfectly, the general results of all the combined forces I have alluded to, I must not omit to notice the religious school of the *Brahmo Somaj*. The educated and more enlightened Hindoos occupy almost every position of religious belief between that of a little less than pure Brahmanism and a little less than pure Christianity. Some defend idolatry as being a mere outward symbolic worship of the one God everywhere the same, and also as a national custom; and, without opposing Christianity, they would have it remain as one of many other religions, asking, as has been done indignantly and in the name of 'Christianity which preaches love to one's enemies,' 'Why should the God of Jesus Christ be at daggers-drawing with the Gods of heathendom?" Others are more enlightened and more sincere. Of these, the greatest undoubtedly was the late Rajah Rammohun Roy, one of the most learned and accomplished men in India. In order to obtain a religion at once true and national, he fell back on the Vedas as embodying a pure Monotheism, rejecting at the same time the authority of all later Hindoo books, however venerable, from the heroic Mahabharat and Ramayana down to the Puranas. He did not, however, despise or reject the New Testament, but gathered from it and published 'The

Precepts of Jesus the Guide to Happiness.' He called his Church,—for his followers were organised into a society which met for worship,—'The Brahmo' (the neuter impersonal name for the supreme) 'Shabha,' now changed into 'Somaj,' or assembly. The position thus occupied by the Rajah is yet to a large extent maintained by the representatives of the old Hindoo Conservative party, whether their Church is called the 'Veda Somaj,' or 'Prathana Somaj.' But the Vedas having been found untenable by others, as tending necessarily to pure Pantheism, a religious system with better foundations was accordingly sought for, and after in vain endeavouring to discover it in 'Nature,' or to evolve it from 'Intuition,' the new movement has, under the guidance of Keshub Chunder Sen, approached Christianity. After having heard that distinguished man preach, and having seen the response given to his teaching by his splendid audience, numbering the most enlightened natives as well as Europeans in Calcutta, and after having had a very pleasing conversation with him, I cannot but indulge the hope, from his sincerity, his earnestness, as well as from his logic, that in the end he will be led to accept the whole truth as it is in Jesus. But of one thing I feel profoundly convinced, that the Brahma Somaj, which numbers thousands of adherents, is to be attributed indirectly to the teaching and labours of Christian missionaries; and its existence, in spite of all I have read and heard against it, brightens my hopes of India's future.

"I would here remind you of facts in the history of the Church in past ages as worthy of being remembered, in order to modify the eager desires of the too sanguine as to immediate results, and to cheer the hopes of the too desponding as to future results, as well as to check the rash conclusions of those who, arguing from the past history of a few years, prophesy no results at all in the ages to come. As signs of the progress of that religion which, through the seed of Abraham, was in the end to bless, and is now blessing all nations, what conversions, let me ask, were made from the days of Abraham to the Exodus? How many during the long night in Egypt? Yet, each of these intervals represents a period as long as what separates us from the day when the first Englishman visited the shores of India, or when the Church sprang into renewed life at the Reformation. What, again, of results during the brief period, yet so full of teaching, under Moses, accompanied by such mighty signs and wonders, when the Church was in the wilderness? Why, on entering the land of promise, two men only represented the faith of all who had left idolatrous Egypt? And yet, when it looked

as if all was lost, God spake these words, 'As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.' Recollect, too, what long periods of confusion and darkness followed the settlement of the tribes in Palestine. The experiment, if I may so call it, seemed to have utterly failed of educating a peculiar people, and so preparing it for the ulterior work of converting the world. That chosen race ended in captivity in the country from whence Abraham, its father, began in faith, his journey fourteen centuries before. Nevertheless, that race did its work at last! The first forms of its religious faith yet live, being cleansed from all idolatry since the time of the Captivity, but since that time only; and Christianity, as its flower and fruit, lives, and, after marvellous and strange vicissitudes, is grown into a mighty tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, and which is destined to be the one tree of life for the whole world. And so this feature in history constantly repeats itself—a time of activity and repose, of winter and summer, of sleep and waking, of death and resurrection; a time of long and varied preparations, with not unfrequently very rapid fulfilments, like sudden outbursts of a long-seething flood, or volcano; while these fulfilments become again beginnings of a new and as varied a course in history, ever accumulating blessings for the whole family of man.

"Having thus spoken generally of missions in India and their results, I must proceed more particularly to the consideration of the various methods adopted by missionaries for Christianising the Hindoos.

"But, before we can reply satisfactorily to the question regarding means, we must first have a still clearer apprehension of the nature of the end to be attained by them, involving some knowledge of the Hindoo religion as a system of belief and of social life. If we do so, we shall soon learn that we cannot, as is too often done, class Hindoos with other heathens (whether in India or beyond its shores), nor argue from what has been done by this or that instrumentality in the Sandwich Islands, for example, or in Africa, Burmah, or even Tinnevelly, that the same instrumentality will necessarily be as effectual in Calcutta or Benares. It is admitted, of course, that among all races and in all countries the *Truth*, as revealed by Jesus Christ, is the one grand means of Christianising them; but the practical question before us is, What is the best way of communicating this truth in certain given circumstances? Now, to obtain the true answer to this question necessitates other questions regarding the character, habits, and beliefs of the people we have to deal with, and regarding those

peculiar circumstances, within and without, in which they are placed, which must materially affect their reception of Christian doctrine and life.

"With the risk, therefore, of repeating to some extent what, as bearing on other parts of my subject, I have already alluded to, let me direct your attention more particularly and more fully than I have yet done to some of those characteristics of the Hindoos which distinguish them from every other people in India or in the world. Observe, in the first place, that they are a distinct race. I have already said that various races make up the population of the great continent of Hindostan. The Hindoo belongs to that Indo-Germanic or Aryan stream of which we ourselves are a branch, and which has flowed over the world. It entered India from the north-west, and advanced, during long ages of the far past, towards its southern plains. It found there other and older races, who either fled to the mountains and jungles to maintain their freedom, or were conquered and degraded into Sudras or Pariahs, without caste or social position. These Aryans, like a lava flood, poured themselves over the land, breaking through the older formations, overlying them or surrounding them, but never utterly obliterating or absorbing them. Now it is not with those aboriginal races—who, though probably once possessing a higher civilisation, are now comparative savages, and have religions peculiar to themselves, such as the Bheels, Khonds, Santals, Coles, &c.—that we have at present to do; nor yet with races of low caste or no caste, like the Shanars of Tinnevelly, the Mairs of Ahmednugger, or the lower population still of Chamba. But it is of this Hindoo race, whose religion is Brahmanism, and which, above all others, constitute *the* people of India, numbering about a hundred and fifty millions of its inhabitants—it is of them only I at present speak; for if they were Christianised, India practically would be so, but not otherwise. That lofty, unbending portion of the community, the Mohammedan, numbering twenty millions, is not within the scope of my present argument.

"Secondly, we must not forget that this Hindoo people represent a remarkable civilisation, which they have inherited from a time when earth was young. They possess a language (the Sanscrit, the earliest cultivated) which scholars tell us is the fullest, the most flexible and musical in existence, to which Greek, although its child, is immensely inferior; which is capable, as no other is, of expressing the subtlest thoughts of the metaphysician, and the most shadowy and transient gleams of the poet. In that language the Hindoos produced a heroic and philosophic poetry, centuries

before the Christian era, which even now holds a foremost place in the literature of the world. It has been asserted—I know not on what authority—that they were proficient in astronomy long ere its very name was mentioned by the Greeks; and that in comparatively recent times they solved problems in algebra which not until centuries afterwards dawned on the acutest minds of modern Europe. When we add to this a structure of society—to which I shall immediately allude—so compact as to have held together for more than two thousand years, we must feel admiration, if not for their physical, at least for their intellectual powers, and acknowledge that we have here no rude or savage people, but a highly cultivated and deeply interesting portion of the human family.

"Thirdly, we must consider the *religion* of the Hindoos, both as a creed and as a social system, with its effects on their general temperament and habits of life.

"The Hindoo religion, like Judaism and Christianity, is one which has survived the revolutions of long ages. The religions of the Greeks and Romans, of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Assyrians, with many others, are to us as fossils of a dead world. Hindooism, older than these, still exists as a power affecting the destinies of teeming millions. We can gaze upon it as a living specimen of one out of many of the monster forms which once inhabited the globe. Unlike all those extinct religions, it has its sacred books, and I doubt not that to this written word it greatly owes its preservation. These books have been written at intervals representing vast periods of history. The Vedas, at once the most ancient and the most pure and lofty, date as far back, possibly, as the time of Moses, and contain many true and sublime ideas of a Divine Being without any trace of the peculiarities of Brahmanism—nay, declaring positively that 'there is no distinction of castes.' The great collection of the Puranas was compiled in the middle ages of our era, and forms the real everyday 'Bible' of the everyday religion of Hindoos, the Vedas being now known to and read by only a few learned pundits, and having from the first been a forbidden book to all except the priesthood. Now, these Puranas are one mass of follies and immoralities, of dreaming pantheism, of degrading and disgusting idolatry.

"Mr. Wheeler, in his recently published volume, the first of his 'History of India,' thus writes of the great epics of Mahá Bhárata, or the great war of Bharata, and the Rámáyana, or 'Adventures of Ráma,' with their present influence on the Hindoos. It is his opinion, I may state, that while the events recorded in these epics

belong to the Vedic period, their composition belongs to the Brahmanic age, when caste was introduced, a new religion established, and the Brahmans had formed themselves into a powerful ecclesiastical hierarchy, and when, instead of the old Vedic gods and forms of faith, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva took their place. These epics are, practically, to the Hindoos, religious poems, and consequently are the most powerful and popular props to Brahmanism. 'Few Hindoos,' writes Mr. Wheeler, 'may perhaps be acquainted with the whole of these epics, and none have ventured to subject them to a critical analysis and investigation; yet their influence upon the masses of the people is beyond calculation, and infinitely greater and more universal than the influence of the Bible over modern Europe. The leading incidents and scenes are familiar to the Hindoos from childhood. They are frequently represented at village festivals, whilst the stories are chanted about at almost every social gathering, and indeed form the leading topic of conversation amongst Hindoos generally, and especially amongst those who have passed the meridian of life. In a word, these poems are to the Hindoos all that the Library, the Newspaper, and the Bible are to the European; whilst the books themselves are regarded with a superstitious reverence, which far exceeds that which has ever been accorded to any other revelation real or supposed. To this day it is the common belief that to peruse or merely to listen to the perusal of the Mahá Bhárata or Rámáyana, will insure prosperity in this world and eternal happiness hereafter.' Now, making every allowance for (what appears to me to be) the exaggerated terms in which Mr. Wheeler describes the comparative influence of the Bible and these 'Scriptures,' there can be no doubt that, as far as India is concerned, he is correct.

"This religion, as embodied in its Sacred Books, affords the widest scope for the indulgence of every phase of human thought, sentiment, and passion; furnishing as it does in the Vedic hymns and poetry an atmosphere so rare, and presenting such shadowy heights of speculation, as to tempt the most ambitious wing to put forth its powers to gain their summits; and furnishing in the Puranas the vilest mire, where the filthiest and most obscene may wallow. Among its disciples, the dreamy ascetic, labouring to emancipate his spirit by pure meditation and the destruction of the material flesh, and the profound scholar, rare though he be, nourishing his intellectual life by the abstract themes and endless speculative questions suggested by his creed, may meet with the disgusting faqueer or yogi, with the ignorant millions who care for

nothing but a round of dead superstitious observances, or with the cunning or depraved crew who indulge in the vilest practices as the natural results of their heathen principles.

"Lastly, it is in its *social* aspects, as already hinted, that Brahmanism manifests its intense, comprehensive, and tyrannous power. Its system of caste presents to us a feature in the organization of human beings unparalleled in history. It must not be mistaken for a mere aristocratic arrangement, as accidental to or lying outside of Brahmanism, but it is an essential element of its very being. It is quite true, as I have said, and the fact is of importance, that the Vedas know nothing of it; but then the people know not the Vedas, and those who do conceal or pervert their teaching. According to the existing and, as long as Brahmanism lives, unalterable belief of the people, the streams of caste, flowing side by side but never mingling, are traced up to the very fountain of Deity; or, to change the simile, each great caste is believed to be a development of the very body of Brahma the Creator, and is mystically united to him as parts of his very flesh and bones. Hence no one can become a Hindoo in religion who is not one by birth; nor can any member belonging to this divine body break his caste without thereby becoming dead, as a limb amputated from living communion with the source of life, and therefore to be thrown away as a curse, a reproach—a polluted, horrible thing, to be hated and disowned. Marvellous, indeed, are the power and endurance of such an organization as this, that can dominate over all those political and social changes which, in other respects, alter the relative position of its possessors as to wealth or rank, whether in the army or in the civil service.

"But Brahmanism does more than make each man a member of this compact mass. Having fixed him there, it holds him fast, and governs him as a mere thing in which no personality, and consequently no will, is recognised, save that measure which is required to consent to the destruction of his being, or its subordination, at least, to a system of mechanical rules that fashion his whole inward and outward life. As far almost as it is possible to conceive, that life is in everything and every day the obedient slave of 'religion;' not, of course, in the sense which we attach to the expression—that of all things being done, endured, or enjoyed in a right spirit, or according to the rule of eternal righteousness towards God and man—but according to fixed authoritative rules, professing to embrace the whole life, obedience to which is as mechanical as can be yielded by a human being. For to the religious Hindoo all that is to be believed and done on earth is

revealed, and as such is obligatory. All the arts and sciences; the methods of every trade; the manifold duties incumbent on the architect, the mason, the carpenter, or the musician, and on the member of the family or community—what ought to be done upon ordinary days and on holy days; in youth, in manhood, and in old age; in health and sickness, and in the hour of death; and what ought to be done for those who are dead. Rules are prescribed to him as a sinner or a saint, in joy or in sorrow; directing him how to act towards superiors, inferiors, and equals; towards priests and princes; towards all men on earth, and towards all the gods on earth and in the heavens. No polype, in the vast gelatinous mass which contributes to the building up of a great island from the deep, can be more a part of that mysterious whole than an orthodox Hindoo is of this marvellous religious brotherhood. His individuality is lost. His conscience, will, and affections are in the strong grasp of habits and customs sanctioned by Divine authority, consecrated by the faith of his race, and made venerable by a hoary antiquity. And, what might seem very strange to us if we could not point to parallel phases of human nature within even the Church of Christ, this slavery is not disliked or felt to be a heavy burden—a 'bondage to the elements of the world'—but, on the contrary, is clung to with a desperate tenacity. The elements which give this undying vigour to caste may possibly be found not chiefly in sloth and indifference, or in the supposed deliverance which it affords from the irksome sense of personal responsibility, but in its recognition of two great principles in social life, which, though in this case perverted, are adjusted by the Christian creed and a true Christian Church; the first, that our place in the world is assigned to us by Divine sovereignty; and the second, that the co-operation and sympathy of a brotherhood are essential to our usefulness and happiness in the world. Whatever be the secret of its strength, it is profoundly interesting to gaze on this gigantic system existing like the Great Pyramid—each stone in its place, firmly cemented into the vast whole, towering over the arid plain, defying hitherto the attacks of time, which destroys all that is perishable—an object of wonder because of its magnitude and power of endurance, yet hollow-hearted withal, and preserving only the dust of ages.

"And yet even this tremendous system of caste is not wholly antagonistic to the efforts of the Christian Church. Its very strength may at last prove its weakness. If on the side of wrong it 'moveth all together if it move at all,' it may do so also on the side of right. Let the wall be so far sapped that it must fall, it

will do so, not by crumbling down in minute fragments, or even in separate masses, but as a whole. If the great army mutinies against Brahmanism, it will desert, not in units, but *en masse*.

"It is with this system that we have in the mean time to deal; and it may well nerve a Christian's courage, and make him examine his weapons, test his armour, and carefully calculate his resources of power and patience, of faith and love, ere he enters, with a zeal which can be vindicated and a hope that will not be put to shame, on the grand enterprise of substituting pure Christianity in its place. I hesitate not to express the opinion that no such battle has ever before been given to the Church of God to fight since history began, and that no victory, if gained, will be followed by greater consequences. It seems to me as if the spiritual conquest of India was a work reserved for these latter days to accomplish, because requiring all the previous dear-bought experiences of the Church, and all the preliminary education of the world, and that, when accomplished—as by the help of the living Christ it shall!—it will be a very Armageddon; the last great battle against every form of unbelief, the last fortress of the enemy stormed, the last victory gained as necessary to secure the unimpeded progress and the final triumph of the world's regeneration!

"In these statements regarding Brahmanism I have said nothing of its effects upon the morals of the people, although this is a most important aspect of it, not only as producing habits congenial to human depravity, but as raising the most formidable obstacles against the reception of Christianity even as a pure and uncompromising system of morals. Not that we would charge the actual vices of a people to their religion, unless, as in the case before us, these could be proved to be the necessary and legitimate consequences of faith in its teaching, and of obedience to its enjoined observances and practices. As far, indeed, as the observation of the ordinary traveller goes, I am bound to say, as the result of our own very limited experience, that nothing meets the eye or ear in any way offensive to good manners throughout India, not even in its temples, unless it be in symbols for worship to which I cannot allude, and the influence of which on the worshippers it is difficult for any stranger to determine, not knowing even how far their significance is understood by the multitude. I must therefore refer to others better acquainted with India to say what its moral condition is as flowing positively from its religion. But I have no doubt whatever myself, from all I have heard, that, except where affected by European influence, it is, among both Hindoos and Mohammedans, as a rule, far below what is generally supposed.

In spite of that amount of morality, and the play of those affections among friends and the members of the family, without which society could not hang together; and while I refuse to believe that there are not, among such a mass of human beings, some true light and life received from Him who is the Father of light, in ways we wot not of and may never discover; yet I have no doubt that the description of heathendom as existing in the latter period of Roman life, and as described by St. Paul in the beginning of his Epistle to the Romans, is true to a fearful extent of India. Facts, besides, have come out in trials showing how 'religion,' so called, may become the source of the most hideous abominations, for which it is righteously chargeable. Immortal man is seldom so degraded as not to seek some apparently good reason, and in the holy name of "religion" too, for doing the worst things. Thus the Thug strangles his victim as he prays to the goddess of murder; and the member of a hereditary band of robbers consecrates his services to the goddess of rapine.

"But enough has been said to give some idea of Brahmanism, and we are thus better prepared to entertain the question as to the *means* by which it can be destroyed, and Christianity, with its truth, holiness, brotherhood, and peace, take its place.

"As to the question of *means*, I assume that, as a Church of Christ, we are at liberty to adopt any means whatever, in consistency with the spirit of the Gospel and the holy ends we have in view, which, according to our knowledge as derived from the Word of God, interpreted by sound judgment and experience, we believe best calculated to accomplish those ends. The example of the Apostles as recorded in the Book of Acts, that missionary history of the early Church, and in the letters of the great missionary St. Paul, however precious to us and invaluable as a repository of facts and principles, can never bind us to adopt the very same methods in our day in India, if it were even possible for us to do so, as were adopted by the Apostles in the Asia Minor or Europe of their day, unless it can be shown that the fields in both cases are so far similar as to admit of a similar mode of cultivation in order to secure that crop which the Christian missionaries of every age desire and labour to obtain. St. Paul had nothing like the heathenism of India, in its social aspects or vast extent, to deal with. But we shall be fellow-labourers with him if we understand his 'ways,' 'manner of life,' and possess his spirit. Let us only, as far as possible, endeavour to share what, without irreverence for his inspired authority, I may venture to call his grand comprehensive common-sense—his clear eye in discerning the real plan of

battle, and all that was essential to success—his firm and unfaltering march to the centre of the enemy's position, in the best way practicable in the given place and time—his determination to become all things to all men, limited only, yet expanded also, by the holy and unselfish aim of 'gaining some,' not to himself, but to Christ; and, in doing so, we shall not miss the best methods of Christianising India. Right men will make the right methods.

"In reviewing the various mission agencies at work in India, we may at once lay aside the consideration of minor methods—such, for example, as that of orphanages, male and female: for, whatever blessings may be bestowed by them as charitable institutions, or whatever advantages—and there are many such—may be derived from them as furnishing Christian teachers for male, and, above all, for female schools; and colporteurs or catechists, to aid missionaries; or as providing wives for Christian converts, who could neither seek nor obtain any alliances from among the 'castes;'—nevertheless, these institutions, however multiplied and however successful, cannot, in my opinion, tell on the ultimate conversion of the bulk of the Hindoos proper, more than so many orphans taken from Europe would do if trained and taught in the same way. I am not to be understood as objecting to orphanages, more especially when they are, as with us, generously supported by the contributions of the young at home, and not paid for out of the general funds of the Mission. Yet I would not have you attach undue importance to the baptism of orphans as telling upon Hindooism, or to weigh their number—as, alas! I have heard done in Scotland—against those connected with our great educational institutions, to the disparagement of the latter as compared with the former. It seems to me that it would be just as wise as if, in seeking to convert the Jews, we imagined that the baptism of any number of orphan Jews within a charitable house of refuge would tell as much on Judaism as the education of a thousand intelligent young Rabbis in a Christian college, if such a blessing were possible, in the intensely bigoted towns of Saphet or Tiberias.

"Nor need I discuss here what has been or what may be accomplished by the dissemination of the Bible and an effective Christian literature, and other similar details of mission work, the excellence of which is obvious and admitted, but I will confine myself to what have been called the preaching and the teaching systems, protesting, however, against this erroneous classification, and accepting it only as the best at hand.

"When we speak of *preaching* the Gospel to the natives of India,

I exclude those who have received an English education, for as regards preaching to *them* there can be no doubt or question. Nor by *preaching* do I mean the giving of addresses in churches to native congregations, but addressing all who will hear, whether in the streets, bazaars, or anywhere else. And unquestionably there *are* difficulties in the way of thus preaching which are not, I think, sufficiently weighed by friends of missions at home. We must, for example, dispel the idea that an evangelist, when addressing persons in the streets of a city in heathen India, is engaging in a work—except in its mere outward aspects—like that of an 'evangelist' preaching in the streets or fields at home to those ignorant of the Gospel—although, in passing, I may express my conviction that even at home such efforts are more unavailing than is supposed, where there has been no previous instruction of some kind. Outdoor preaching in India, as it often is at home, is almost universally addressed to passing and ever-changing crowds, not one of whom possibly ever heard such an address before, or will hear even this one calmly to the end, or ever hear another. In no case, moreover, will the educated and influential classes listen to such preaching. Consider, also, the almost utter impossibility of giving, in the most favourable circumstances, by those means, anything like a true idea of the simplest facts of the Christian religion; while to treat of its evidences is, of course, out of the question. Should the evangelist adopt another method by directly appealing to the moral instincts of his hearers, to the wants of their immortal nature, to their conscience, their sense of responsibility, or to their eternal hopes and fears, seeking thus to rouse the will to action, where, we ask, are all those subjective conditions, necessary for the reception of the truth, to be found in hearers saturated through their whole being since childhood with all that must weaken, pervert, deaden, and almost annihilate what we assume must exist in them so as to respond at once to truth so revealed?

"These difficulties are immensely increased when we learn, moreover, that there is not a single term which can be used in preaching the Gospel, by the evangelist who is most master of the language and can select the choicest words and nicest expressions, but has fixed and definite though false ideas attached to it in the familiar theological vocabulary of his audience: nor can it be transposed by his hearer, without long and patient efforts, into the totally opposite and Christian ideas attached to the same term. We speak of one God; so will he: but what ideas have we in common of His character and attributes, or even of His personality and unity? We use the words *sin*, *salvation*, *regeneration*, *holiness*, *atonement*,

incarna'ion, and so will he; but each term represents to him an old and familiar falsehood which he understands, believes, and clings to, and which fills up his whole eye, blinding it to the perception of Gospel truths altogether different although expressed by the same terms. The uneducated thus not unfrequently confuse even the name of our Saviour, *Yishu Khrishta*, with *Ishi Khista*, a companion of their god Khristna! If you fairly consider such difficulties as these, even you will also cease to wonder at the almost barren results from preaching alone to the genuine Hindoo as distinct from low caste or no caste—and that the most earnest men have failed to make any decided impression on the mass, any more than the rain or light of heaven do on the solid works of a fortress. One of the noblest and most devoted of men, Mr. Bowen, of Bombay, whom I heard thus preach, and who has done so for a quarter of a century, informed me, in his own humble, truthful way—and his case is not singular, except for its patience and earnestness—that, as far as he knew, he had never made one single convert.

"But while, in trying to estimate the most likely means of communicating a knowledge of Christianity to the Hindoos, I would have you fairly consider the difficulties in the way of preaching only, I would not have you suppose that I condemn it as useless, even although it has made few converts among thinking Hindoos apart from the co-operative power of education. I recognise it rather as among those influences which in very many ways prepare for the brighter day of harvest, by prompting inquiry, removing prejudices, accustoming people to the very terms of the Gospel, causing new ideas of truth to enter their minds in some form, however crude and defective, and by giving impressions of the moral worth and intellectual power of earnest and able missionaries who have come from afar, and who seek with so much unselfishness, patience, and love to do good to their fellow-men. By all these means we must also ever strive and hope to gain immediate results, as some preachers have done, in the conversion of sinners towards God. Let us rejoice in believing that in proportion as education of every kind advances, it prepares a wider field for the preacher, if the seed he sows as 'the Word' is to be 'understood' so as to be received 'into the heart.'

"It must, I think, be admitted that, up to the period at which Christian education was introduced as an essential element of missionary labour among the Hindoos, every attempt to make any breach in the old fortress had failed. A remarkable illustration of this fact is frankly given by the Abbé Dubois. He was an able,

accomplished, earnest, and honest Roman Catholic missionary, who had laboured for a quarter of a century, living among the people, and endeavouring to convert them. He published his volume in 1822, and in it gives the results of his experience, summed up in a single sentence—'It is my decided opinion that, under existing circumstances, there is no human possibility of converting the Hindoos to any sect of Christianity.' He illustrates and confirms this conclusion by the peculiarities of the Hindoo religion, and by the history of all missionary efforts down to his own day, including those of Xavier and the Jesuits. He also gives it as his opinion that, 'as long as we are unable to make an impression on the polished part of the nation or the heads of public opinion—on the body of the Brahmins, in short—there remain but very faint hopes of propagating Christianity among the Hindoos; and as long as the only result of our labours shall be, as is at present the case, to bring into our respective communions here and there a few desperate vagrants, outcasts, pariahs, housekeepers, beggars, and other persons of the lowest description, such results cannot fail to be detrimental to the interests of Christianity among a people who in all circumstances are ruled by the force of custom and example, and are in no case allowed to judge for themselves.' It is no answer to this picture that it describes the failure of Romanism only; for it holds equally true of every other effort made in the same direction and among the same people. The Abbé had no hope whatever of the difficulty ever being mastered; but thought the people, for their lies and abominations, were 'lying under an everlasting anathema.'

"It was shortly after this time that Christian education, although it had to some extent been adopted previously in Western India by the Americans, was systematically and vigorously begun in Bengal by the Church of Scotland as the best means of making an impression upon all castes, the highest as well as the lowest. This educational system, associated as it has become with the name of Scotland, is one of which our Church and country have reason to be proud, and will ever be connected with the names of Dr. Inglis as having planned it, and Dr. Duff as having first carried it out. It is surely a presumption in its favour that every mission from Great Britain which has to do with the *same class* of people, has now adopted, without one exception, the same method as an essential part of its operations.

"Let me now endeavour to explain to the members of the Church what we mean by the education system, as it is called, with some of the results at which it aims.

"First of all, a *secular* education, so termed, though in this case inaccurately, is given in our missionary institutions equal to that given by any seminary in India. The importance and value of this fact arises from another—that education, especially in the knowledge of the English language and its literature, is the high-road to what is all in all in the estimation of a Hindoo—*Preferment*. The opening up of lucrative situations, and of important civil offices in the gift of Government, and the passing a University examination by every applicant for them, are thus linked together. The privilege, moreover, of being presented as a candidate for these examinations is confined to those schools or institutions, missionary or others, which are 'affiliated' to the University or Board of Examiners in each Presidency town, which can be done only when they have proved their fitness to give the required education, and are willing to submit to Government inspection as far as their mere secular teaching is concerned. It is for this kind of education, and for these ends alone, that the Hindoo youth enters a mission school. I need hardly say that he has no desire to obtain by so doing any knowledge of Christianity; his willingness to encounter which, arising not from courage—of which he has little or none—but from self-confidence in his ability to despise, if not its arguments, at least its influence. When a mission school is preferred to a Government one, it is probably owing to the fact that lower fees are charged in the former; and, as I am also disposed to think, from the life and power and superior teaching necessarily imparted by educated missionaries when they throw their whole soul into their work, inspired by the high and unselfish aims which they have in view. Be this as it may, right missionaries *can*, by means of the school, *secure* a large and steady assemblage, day by day, of from 500 to 1,000 pupils, representing the very life of Hindoo society, eager to obtain education.

"While to impart this education is itself a boon, and an indirect means of doing much real good, yet by itself it is obviously not that *kind* of good which it is the distinct function of the Christian missionary to confer. His work is to teach men a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, and so to reconcile them to their God. Hence instruction in the Bible as the record of God's will revealed to man specially through Jesus Christ, is an *essential* part of his work, and distinguishes his school from every other. The acceptance on the part of the pupil of this direct Christian instruction, accompanied by all that can be done by the missionary to make it find an entrance into the pupil's heart, and to *keep* possession

of it, is a *sine qua non* of his being received into the school, and is taken by him with his eyes open.

"Mere *teaching*, however, whether secular or Christian, does not adequately express what is included in the idea of *education* as aimed at by the intelligent and efficient missionary. His object is, by these and all other means in his power—by argument and appeal—by that whole personal influence emanating from head and heart, from lip and eye—to educate the Hindoo mind out of all that is weak, perverted, false, and vain, into *truth* and reality as embodied in Christian faith and life. To do this involves, as I have tried to explain, a work requiring time and patience, the nicest handling, and the greatest force. To quicken a conscience almost dead; to waken any sense of personal responsibility almost annihilated; to give any strength to a will weak and powerless for all manly effort and action; to open the long-closed and unused spiritual eye, and train it to discern the unseen, 'Him who is invisible;' to inspire with a love of truth, or with a perception, however faint, of the unworthiness and vileness of falsehood, a soul which has never felt the sense of shame in lying, and seems almost to have lost the power of knowing what it means;—this is the education which the missionary gives as preparatory to and accompanying the reception of Christianity. He has to penetrate through the drifting sands of centuries in order to reach what he believes lies deeper down, that *humanity* which, however weak, is capable of being elevated as sure as the Son of God has become the Son of Man! In seeking to do this there is no part of his work, the most common or the most secular, which cannot be turned by the skilful workman to account. 'Every wise-hearted man in whom the Lord puts wisdom and understanding' will thus 'know how to work all manner of work for the service of the sanctuary.' While everything is thus made subservient to the highest end, most unquestionably the Gospel itself, by the very ideas which it gives, through doctrine and precept, history and biography—above all, through the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ—regarding the character of God and man, is, by its own divine light, the most powerful means of opening and educating the eye which is itself to see and appreciate this light. The Gospel, therefore, must ever accompany, as master and guide, every other kind of instrumentality employed in an educational Christian mission.

"Another object originally contemplated by these institutions was *to raise up a native ministry* from among the converts, who should be able to carry on the work of evangelisation among their

brethren as no foreigners or temporary residents in the country could possibly do, and thus ultimately to obtain from among the people themselves that supply of missionaries which should permanently meet the wants of the country. The advantages of such a class are so obvious that I need do little more than allude to the subject. When India is Christianised it must be by her own people. We are strangers and foreigners, and, as far as we can discover, must ever be so. Nature decrees, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further.' Immigration and permanent settlement are for us impossible. Our work towards India must therefore be from without, and in order to quicken and develop from within her own individuality in a Christian form. At present we are singularly and almost profoundly ignorant of the inner life of the people of India, almost as much as if we had visited a different race in a different planet. We come into outward contact with them, but oceans of thought, feeling, association, habits, and beliefs separate us mentally, socially, and spiritually, until we can meet in the fellowship of a common Christianity as well as of a common citizenship. It is thus evident that we must ultimately rely upon native evangelists and pastors to educate the masess of the natives in the Christian religion, and to form them into a Christian Church. Every method, therefore, which can be devised for the raising up and thoroughly educating such men, suited to meet the various ranks and castes of Hindoo and Mohammedan society, the most learned as well as the most ignorant, should engage the most earnest attention of the Christian Church. At present we are but feeling our way towards this all-important end.

"You will now very naturally inquire how far our school system has succeeded, after having had a fair trial, in adding converts and native evangelists to the Christian Church. The results of Dr. Duff's missionary schools may be taken as the most favourable example. He had the honour not only of beginning the system in Calcutta, but of carrying it on for the long period of thirty-five years; for although he left the Church of Scotland and joined the Free Church in 1843, yet he continued his mission in other buildings with unabated vigour and unwearied zeal. He was assisted, moreover, by a staff of missionaries who, in learning and ability, were worthy of their distinguished leader; so that the system, it must be confessed, has had the fairest possible trial, without interruption or weakness. Its agency, too, has always been strong and effective. The number of its principal and branch stations in Bengal is 12, with 51 Christian agents, including 4 ordained European missionaries; an average attend-

ance of upwards of 3,000 scholars, male and female. Two ordained native evangelists are employed, and 5 agents are engaged in vernacular preaching in the Mofussil, or in 'the country.' Now, the number of converts since the beginning of the mission until the present year has been 206. Not one, as far as I can discover, is reported for last year. As to *ordained* missionaries, three only have been contributed by the institution since its commencement. The same general results have been obtained from the institution at Madras and Bombay, hitherto conducted by as able, accomplished, and devoted missionaries as have laboured in India. The names of the late John Anderson, of Madras, and of the venerable and learned Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, whom God has spared to labour, will ever be associated with the history of missions in India.

"Looking only to such results as can be expressed by mere statistics, those I have given may possibly be recognised as proofs of failure by one ignorant of India, or comparing them with those gathered from other fields of missionary labour. I might, however, easily show the value of those results, and defend them from the charge of insignificance, by showing the quality and influence of the converts who form the native churches connected with that mission and with other mission schools in India, and thus prove the greatness of the victory by the difficulty of the battle, and the strength and importance of the position which it has thus secured with reference to the final conquest of the land; or I might even compare the number of those converts with the number of missionaries employed, as proving a success equal to that of any other mission in similar circumstances. But putting aside these and many other elements of a success which, in my opinion, is unquestionable and remarkable, even as tested by statistics, I could most conscientiously defend it on a lower but sufficiently solid and hopeful ground. Were its work confined to the walls of the institution, and had it as yet never made a single convert, would it, I ask, in this case, however painful and disappointing it might be to the ardent and hopeful missionary or to the Church, be unworthy of our continued confidence and unfaltering support? I can anticipate but one reply by those who have at all comprehended the actual condition of Hindoo society, even as I have tried to describe it, and the nature and difficulty of the work to be done before its heathenism can be given up, and a genuine living Christianity substituted in its place. For realise if you can what the effect must be, as preparing the way for Christianity, of thousands of youth nearly every year sent forth into society to occupy positions of trust and influence from *all* the

mission schools in India; not a few of their pupils truly converted to God, and all well instructed in Christianity, in its evidences, facts, and moral teaching; the minds of all considerably enlightened, their knowledge and means of knowledge vastly increased, and their whole moral tone and feelings changed and elevated! I am compelled to reiterate the idea that the work thus done by the mission school is not the taking down a brick here or there from the beleaguered wall, but that of sapping it from below, until, like the walls of Jericho, and by the same Almighty power, though differently applied, it falls in one great ruin to the ground; while at the same time it is preparing the ground, digging the foundations, and gathering materials for building up a new living temple to the Lord.

"In regard to the raising up of a native ministry, that too may be pronounced a failure, if those who have been ordained are counted merely and not weighed. But that the different mission schools in India *have* raised from among their converts a most intelligent, educated, and respected body of native clergy, cannot be denied. I remember a high caste native gentleman of wealth and education speaking of one of those clergy, and saying to me, 'that is a man whose acquaintance you should, if possible, make. He was of my caste, and became a Christian; but he is a learned and thoroughly sincere man, and people here honour him.' This said much for both Hindoo and Christian. Nor do I think such cases so rare as people at home or abroad are apt to imagine. It is, no doubt, greatly to be desired, that we had many more such men—hundreds, or even thousands, instead of a few dozen or so; but the difficulties are at present great, not only in finding the right kind of men, but, when found, in supporting them where as yet no congregations exist, and in inducing them to be the subordinates of foreign missionaries with comparatively small salaries, when so many better paid and more independent positions can be found in other departments of labour. For while there are many cases of unselfish and disinterested labour among native pastors, yet the demands of others for 'pay and power' make the question of native pastors in towns embarrassing at times to the home Churches. But, in spite of those difficulties, good men have been and are being ordained, and we can at present see no more likely source of obtaining them, for the cities at least, than by our missionary educational institutions. Before closing this part of my subject and proceeding to offer a few practical suggestions as to present duties with reference to our Missions, permit me to repeat a conviction which I stated at our great missionary meeting at Calcutta as to our keeping steadily before the mind of the Churches

at home and abroad the vast importance of a native Church being organized in India. By a native Church I do not certainly mean —what, in present circumstances, we thankfully accept—native Churches in ecclesiastical connection with the different European and American missions. It surely cannot be desired by any intelligent Christian. I might use stronger language, and assert that it ought not to be tolerated by any reasonable man, unless proved to be unavoidable, that our several Churches should reproduce, in order to perpetuate in the new world of a Christianized India, those forms and symbols which in the old world have become marks, not of our union as Christians, but of our disunion as sects. We may not, indeed, be responsible for these divisions in the Church which have come down to us from the past. We did not make them, nor can we now, perhaps, unmake them. We find ourselves born into some one of them, and so we accept of it, and make the most of it as the best we can get in the whole circumstances in which we are placed. But must we establish these different organizations in India? Is each part to be made to represent the whole? Is the grand army to remain broken up into separate divisions, each to recruit to its own standard, and to invite the Hindoos to wear our respective uniforms, adopt our respective Shibboleths, learn and repeat our respective war cries, and even make caste marks of our wounds and scars, which to us are but the sad mementoes of old battles? Or, to drop all metaphors, shall Christian converts in India be necessarily grouped and stereotyped into Episcopal Churches, Presbyterian Churches, Lutheran Churches, Methodist Churches, Baptist Churches, or Independent Churches, and adopt as their respective creeds the Confession of Faith, the Thirty-nine Articles, or some other formula approved of by our forefathers, and the separating sign of some British or American sect? Whether any Church seriously entertains this design I know not, though I suspect it of some, and I feel assured that it will be realised in part, as conversions increase by means of foreign missions, and be at last perpetuated, unless it is now carefully guarded against by every opportunity being watched and taken advantage of to propagate a different idea, and to rear up an independent and all-inclusive native Indian Church. By such a Church I mean one which shall be organized and governed by the natives themselves, as far as possible, independently of us. We could of course claim, as Christians and fellow subjects, to be recognised as brethren, and to be received among its members, or, if it should so please both parties, serve among its ministers, and rejoice always to be its best friends and generous supporters. In all this we would only have them to

do to us as we should feel bound to do to them. Such a Church might, as taught by experience, mould its outward form of government and worship according to its inner wants and outward circumstances, guided by history and by the teaching and spirit of Christianity. Its creed—for no Christian society can exist without some known and professed beliefs—would include those truths which had been confessed by the Catholic Church of Christ since the first; and, as necessary to its very existence as a Church it would recognise the supreme authority of Jesus Christ and His apostles. It would also have, like the whole Church, its Lord's-day for public worship, and the Sacraments of Baptism, and the Lord's Supper. Thus might a new temple be reared on the plains of India unlike perhaps any to be seen in our western lands, yet with all our goodly stones built up in its fabric, and with all our spiritual worship within its walls of the one living and true God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit. A Church like this would, from its very nationality, attract many a man who does not wish to be ranked among the adherents of Mission Churches. It would dispose, also, of many difficulties inseparable from our position, whether regarding baptism or the selection and support of a native ministry. And, finally, it would give ample scope, for many a year to come, for all the aid and efforts which our home Churches and Missionaries could afford by schools and colleges, personal labour, and also by money contributions, to establish, strengthen, and extend it.

"Moreover, it seems to me that India affords varied and remarkable elements for contributing many varied gifts and talents to such a Church as this. The simple peasant and scholarly pundit, the speculative mystic or self-torturing devotee, the peaceful South-man and the manly North-man; the weak Hindoo who clings to others of his caste for strength, and the strong aborigines who love their individuality and independence;—one and all possess a power which could find its place of rest and blessing in the faith of Christ and in fellowship with one another through Him. The incarnate but unseen Christ, the Divine yet human brother, would dethrone every idol; God's word be substituted for the Puranas; Christian brotherhood for caste; and the peace of God, instead of these and every weary rite and empty ceremony, would satisfy the heart. Such is my ideal, which I hope and believe will one day become real in India. The day, indeed, seems to be far off when 'the Church of India,' worthy of the country, shall occupy its place within what may then be the Christendom of the world. A period of chaos may intervene ere it is created; and after that, how many days full of change and of strange revolutions, with their 'evenings' and 'mornings,' may succeed, ere it enjoys a

Sabbath rest of holiness and peace! But yet that Church must be, if India is ever to become *one*, or a nation in any true sense of the word. For union, strength, and real progress can never henceforth in this world's history either result from or coalesce with Mohammedanism or Hindooism, far less with the cold and heartless abstractions of an atheistic philosophy. Hence English government, by physical force and moral power, *must*, with a firm and unswerving grasp, hold the broken fragments of the Indian races together, until they are united from within by Christianity into a living organism, which can then, and then only, dispense with the force without. The wild olive must be grafted into the 'root and fatness' of the good olive-tree of the Church of Christ; and while the living union is being formed, and until the living sap begins to flow from the root to every branch, English power must firmly bind and hold the parts together. Our hopes of an Indian nation are bound up with our hopes of an Indian Church; and it is a high privilege for us to be able to help on this consummation. The West thus gives back to the East the riches which it has from the East received, to be returned again, I doubt not, with interest to ourselves.

"But when shall there be a resurrection in this great valley of death? When shall these dry bones live? Lord, Thou knowest, with whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day! Let us have faith and patience. There may at first be but a noise and a shaking, and then the bones of the poor broken-up and disjointed skeletons of humanity may come together, and after a while sinews and flesh may cover them, and yet no breath be in them! But these preparatory processes are not in vain. A resurrection-day of life and power will dawn in the fulness of time, and the Lord of Life will raise up prophets, it may be from among the people of India, who will meekly and obediently prophesy as the Lord commands them; and then the glorious result will be witnessed from heaven and earth which we have all prayed and laboured and longed for; the Spirit of Life will come, and these dead bodies will live and stand on their feet an exceeding great army! 'I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.' 'Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.'

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